

NO ONE ESCAPES THE LAW!

In Mega-City One Judge Dredd is the Law. From the League of Fatties to Trapper Hag and the Starborn Thing no perp escapes the instant justice he dispenses with an iron fist. Now in this sixth volume of his collected adventures you'll meet some of Dredd's most bizarre adversaries yet!

Written by comic supremos John Wagner (*A History of Violence*) and Alan Grant (*Batman*) with art by Carlos Ezquerro (*Strontium Dog*) and Steve Dillon (*Preacher*) amongst others, this is classic *2000 AD*!

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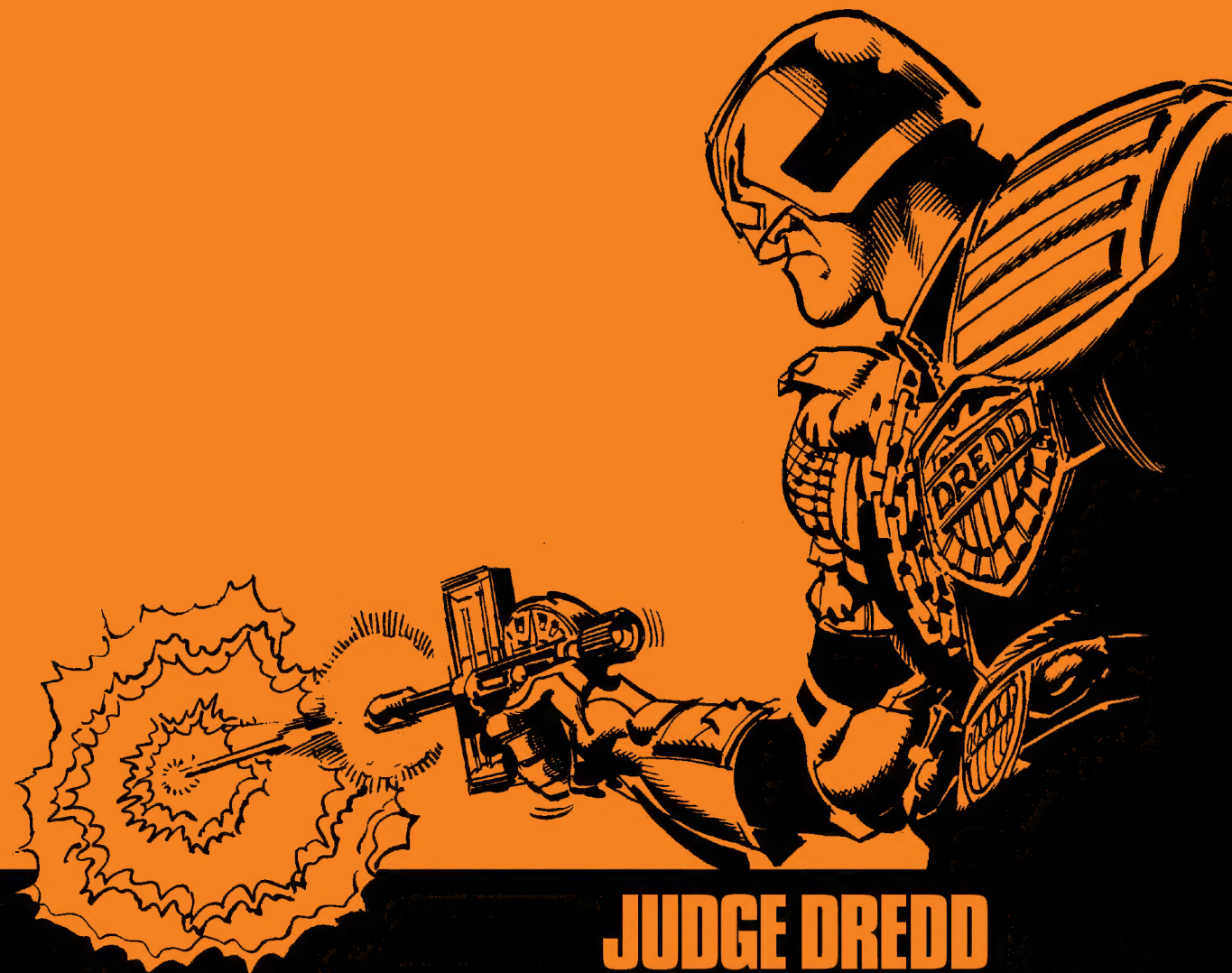
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE
CASE FILES

06

2000AD PROGS
271 - 321
YEAR:
2104 - 2105



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Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant
Art by
Jose Casanovas
John Cooper
Steve Dillon
Carlos Ezquerro
Ron Smith





JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 06

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 06

JOHN WAGNER ★ ALAN GRANT

Writers

JOSE CASANOVAS ★ JOHN COOPER ★ STEVE DILLON

CARLOS EZQUERRA ★ RON SMITH

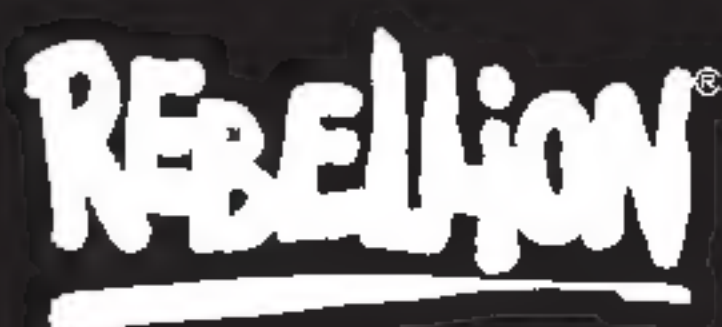
Artists

TOM FRAME

Letters

RON SMITH

Cover Artist



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson

Designers: Simon Parr & Luke Preece

Reprographics: Kathryn Symes

Original Commissioning Editor: Steve MacManus

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MEKA CITY

PART 1

WHILE THE APOCALYPSE WAR RAGED IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THE APPALLING TOLL ON HUMAN LIFE LEFT MANY THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS OWNERLESS. AIMLESSLY, THEY WANDERED THE SHATTERED STREETS, SEARCHING FOR A PURPOSE - A REASON FOR EXISTING -

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME



WHAT WE NEED'S A LEADER!
SOMEONE TO TELL US WHAT
TO DO!

THEN, FROM AMIDST THE THRONG,
ONE ROBOT STEPPED BOLDY
FORWARD - HIS CASING ENCRUSTED
WITH GLITTERING JEWELS, HIS
HEART AS BLACK AS THE DEEPEST
RAD-PIT!

HELLO, YOU LUCKY ROBOTS!
FORTUNE SMILES ON YOU
TODAY!

IT'S PRECIOUS
LEGLOCK - THE
ALL-IN ROBOT
WRESTLING
CHAMP!

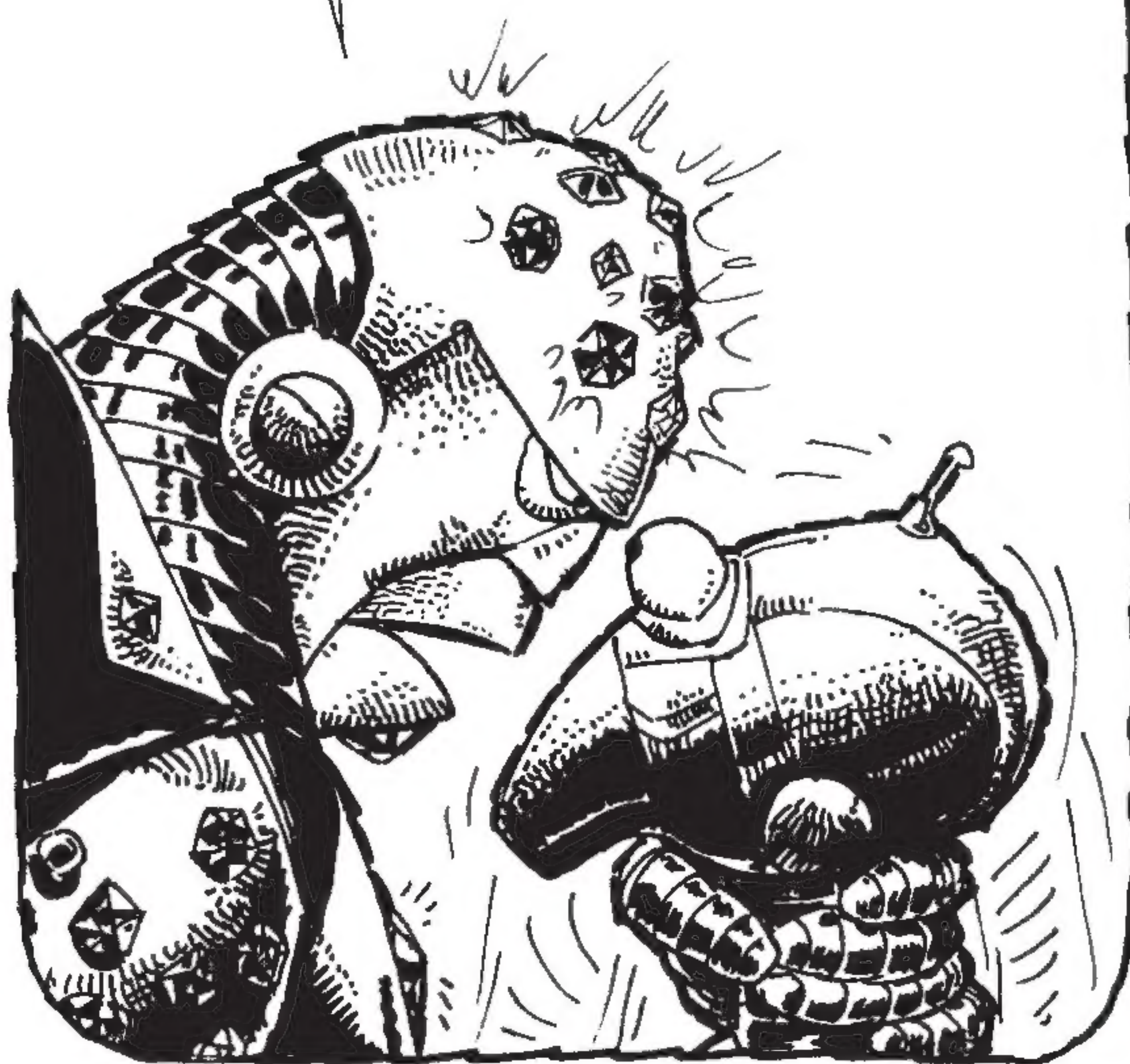


YA PENCIL-NECK GEEK! DON'T INTERRUPT ME
WHEN I'M TALKIN'! YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THE
GREATEST DROID WHO EVER STEPPED INTO THE
SQUARED RING! THE FINEST EXPONENT OF
ORGANISED MAYHEM EVER BUILT! THAT'S RIGHT!
WHEN PRECIOUS LEGLOCK SPEAKS, THE WORLD
LISTENS!



E-EXCUSE ME,
MR LEGLOCK -

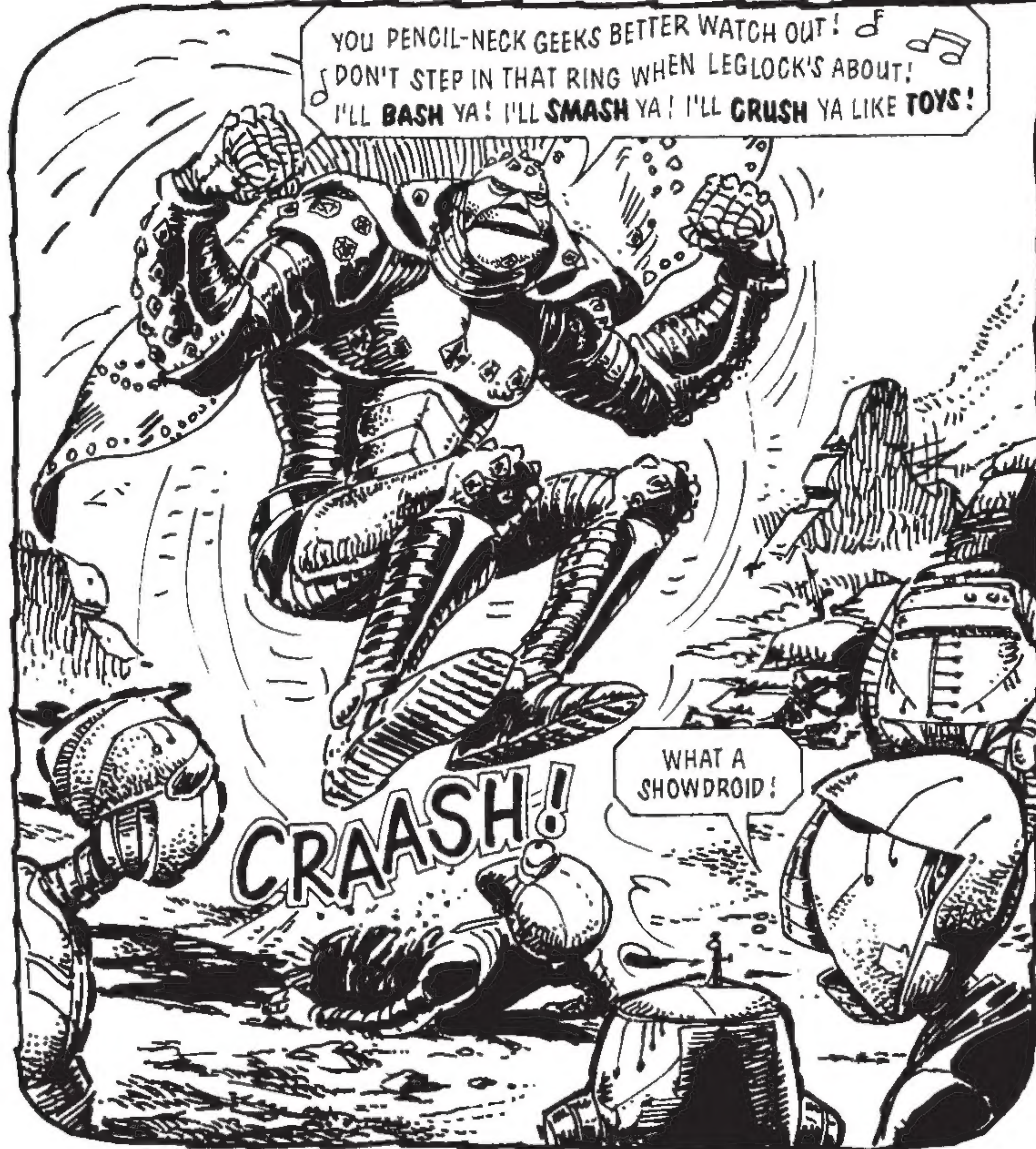
THERE HE GOES AGAIN! I COME HERE TO LEAD YOU DINGALINGS - AN' ALL I GET'S THIS GEEK INTERRUPTIN'! HE'S GETTIN' ME SO ALL-FIRED UP I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



I WANNA TELL ALL YOU DINGALINGS JUST ONE THING - THERE'S PLENTY OF ROBOTS BUT JUST ONE KING! I'M THE BIGGEST - THE BADDEST - THE ONE TO AVOID! MY NAME IS LEGLOCK - KING OF DROIDS!



YOU PENCIL-NECK GEEKS BETTER WATCH OUT! DON'T STEP IN THAT RING WHEN LEGLOCK'S ABOUT! I'LL BASH YA! I'LL SMASH YA! I'LL CRUSH YA LIKE TOYS!



MY NAME IS LEGLOCK -



KING OF DROIDS!

MEGA-CITY ONE, THREE DAYS LATER.
THE APOCALYPSE WAR IS OVER, AND THE CITY IS COUNTING THE HORRIFIC COST OF VICTORY.

OVER HALF THE POPULATION OF 800 MILLION HAS PERISHED. 65% OF THE CITY IS LITTLE MORE THAN RUBBLE, POCKMARKED BY FOUL **CHEMICAL SWAMPS** AND LETHAL **RADIATION PITS**.

HOUSING IS IN SHORT SUPPLY, FOOD EVEN SHORTER. RATS AND PESTILENCE ABOUND.

McGRUDER, THE CITY'S NEW **CHIEF JUDGE**, BROADCASTS TO THE SURVIVING CITIZENS —

EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WILL BE CONSCRIPTED INTO ONE OF MY NEW **COMPULSORY LABOUR UNITS**.

FEW OF YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF **WORK**. YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEARN.

WE HAVE A CITY TO REBUILD. **GET TO IT!**

ONE OF THE FIRST TASKS OF THE NEW LABOUR UNITS IS THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR. . . **THE APOCALYPSE MONUMENT**.

IF WE'VE LEARNED NOTHING ELSE FROM THE APOCALYPSE, WE'VE LEARNED **ONE** VALUABLE LESSON.

WHAT'S THAT, DREDD?

NEXT TIME, WE GET OUR RETALIATION IN **FIRST**.

LATER, DREDD CALLS AT TEMPORARY JUSTICE DEPT H.Q., SET UP IN THE RUINS OF THE ACADEMY OF LAW -

THIS IS WHERE THE CADETS MADE THEIR LAST STAND. ALMOST A THOUSAND PERISHED - SOME OF THEM ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD, DREDD.

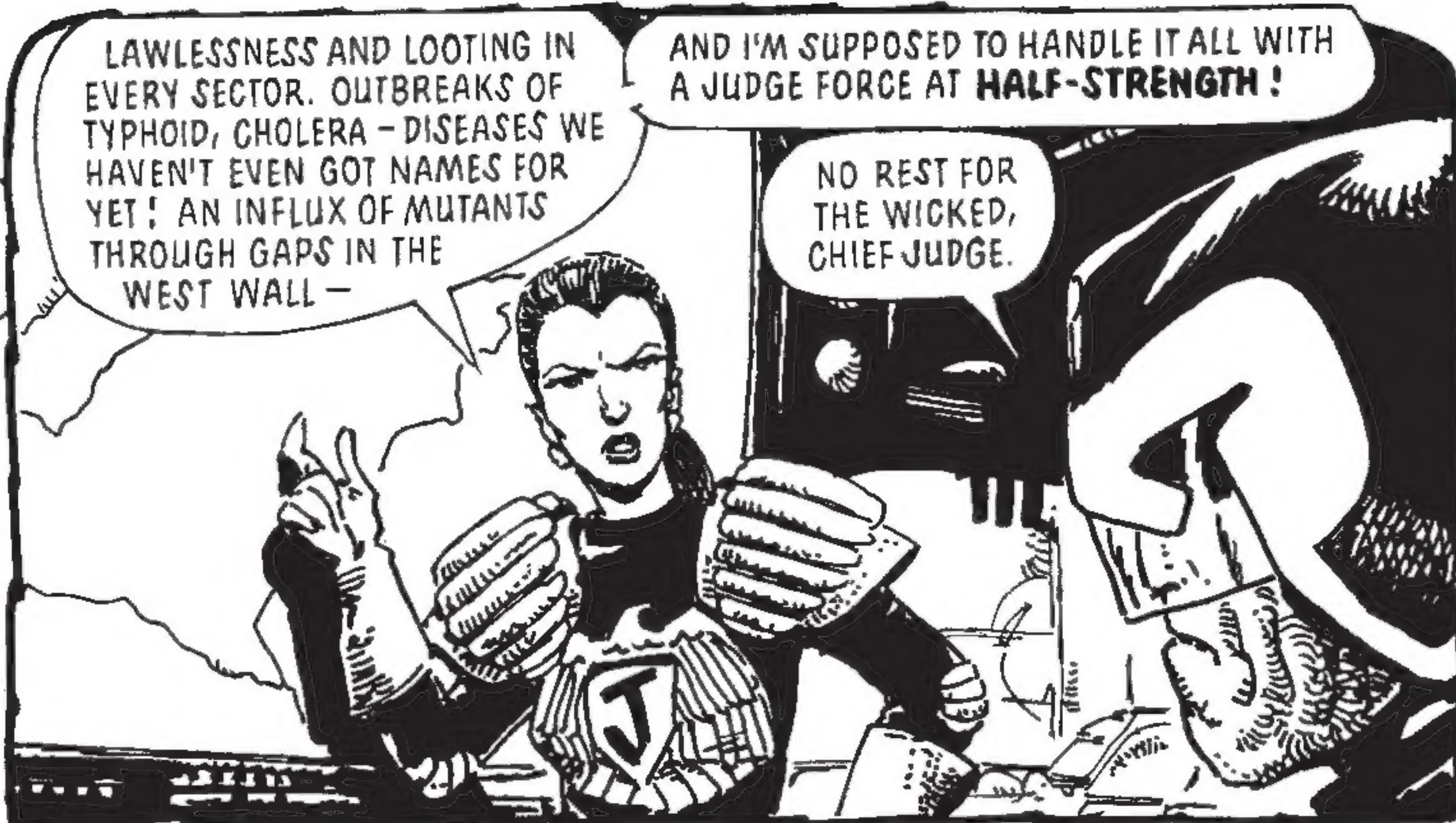
STILL, WE CAN'T SPEND TIME LAMENTING THE PAST. THERE'S TOO MUCH TO BE DONE NOW.



LAWLESSNESS AND LOOTING IN EVERY SECTOR. OUTBREAKS OF TYPHOID, CHOLERA - DISEASES WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT NAMES FOR YET! AN INFLUX OF MUTANTS THROUGH GAPS IN THE WEST WALL -

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO HANDLE IT ALL WITH A JUDGE FORCE AT HALF-STRENGTH!

NO REST FOR THE WICKED, CHIEF JUDGE.

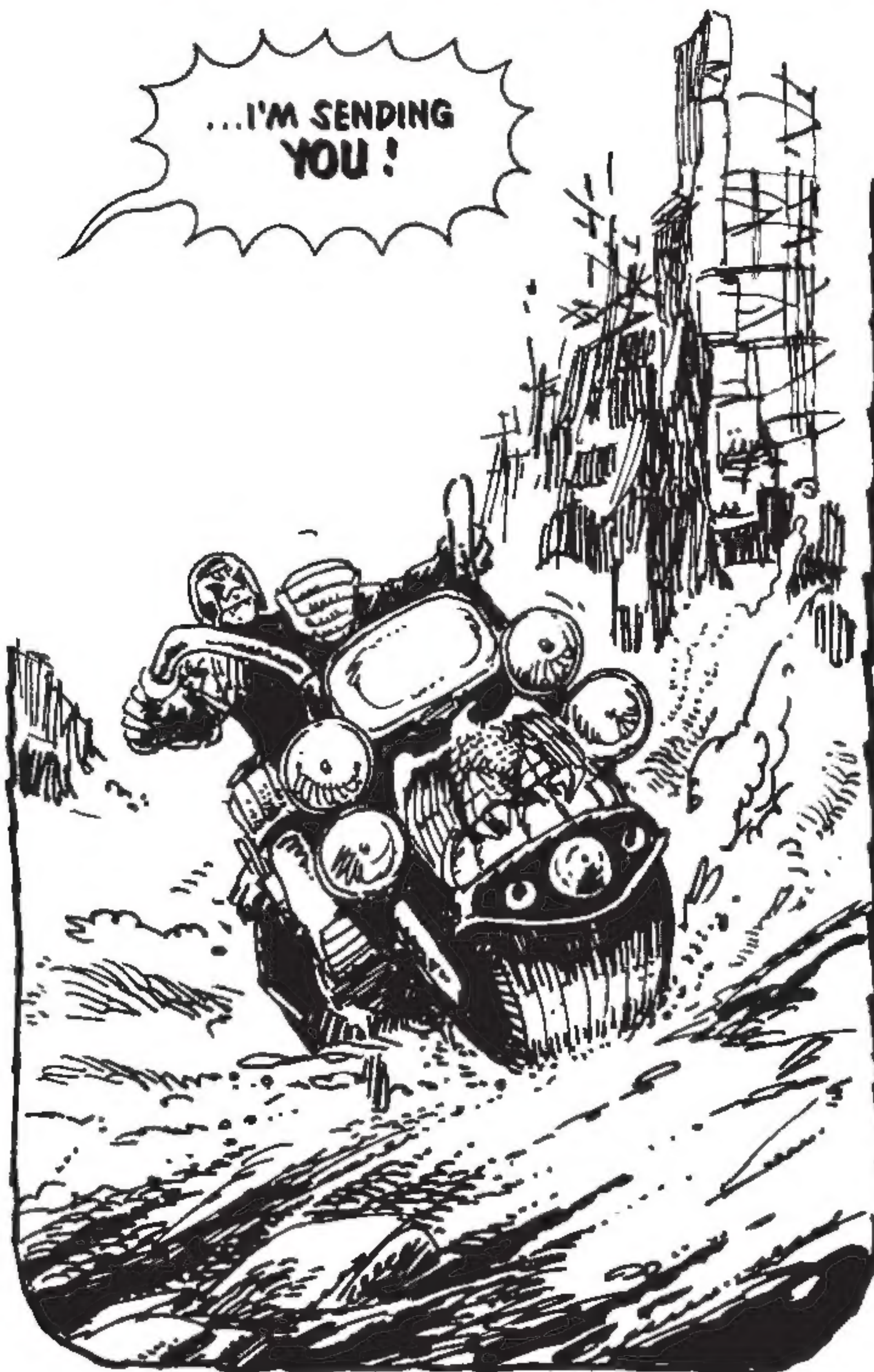


TO CAP IT ALL, WE HAVE A SERIOUS ROBOT REBELLION IN SOUTH SECTOR 555. I SENT IN AN H-WAGON TO QUELL THE REVOLT - HASN'T BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

I'VE DECIDED IT'S TIME TO GET TOUGH WITH THEM, DREDD...



...I'M SENDING YOU!



HOURS LATER, DREDD LOOKS OUT OVER THE PULVERISED SOUTH SECTORS -

BETTER TAKE A HANDFUL OF ANTI-RAD TABLETS.

WEATHER'S WORSENING. GIVE ME THE LATEST FORECAST, COMPUTER.



SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF WEATHER CONTROL, CLIMATIC CONDITIONS IN THE CITY HAVE GONE HAYWIRE -

EXPECT SEVERE GALES FOLLOWED BY FLASH FLOODS. POSSIBILITY MAGNETIC STORM MOVING IN FROM THE EAST.

NICE.



THREE DAYS EARLIER, **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK** HAD LED HIS SWARM OF ROBOTS SOUTHWARDS, UNTIL —

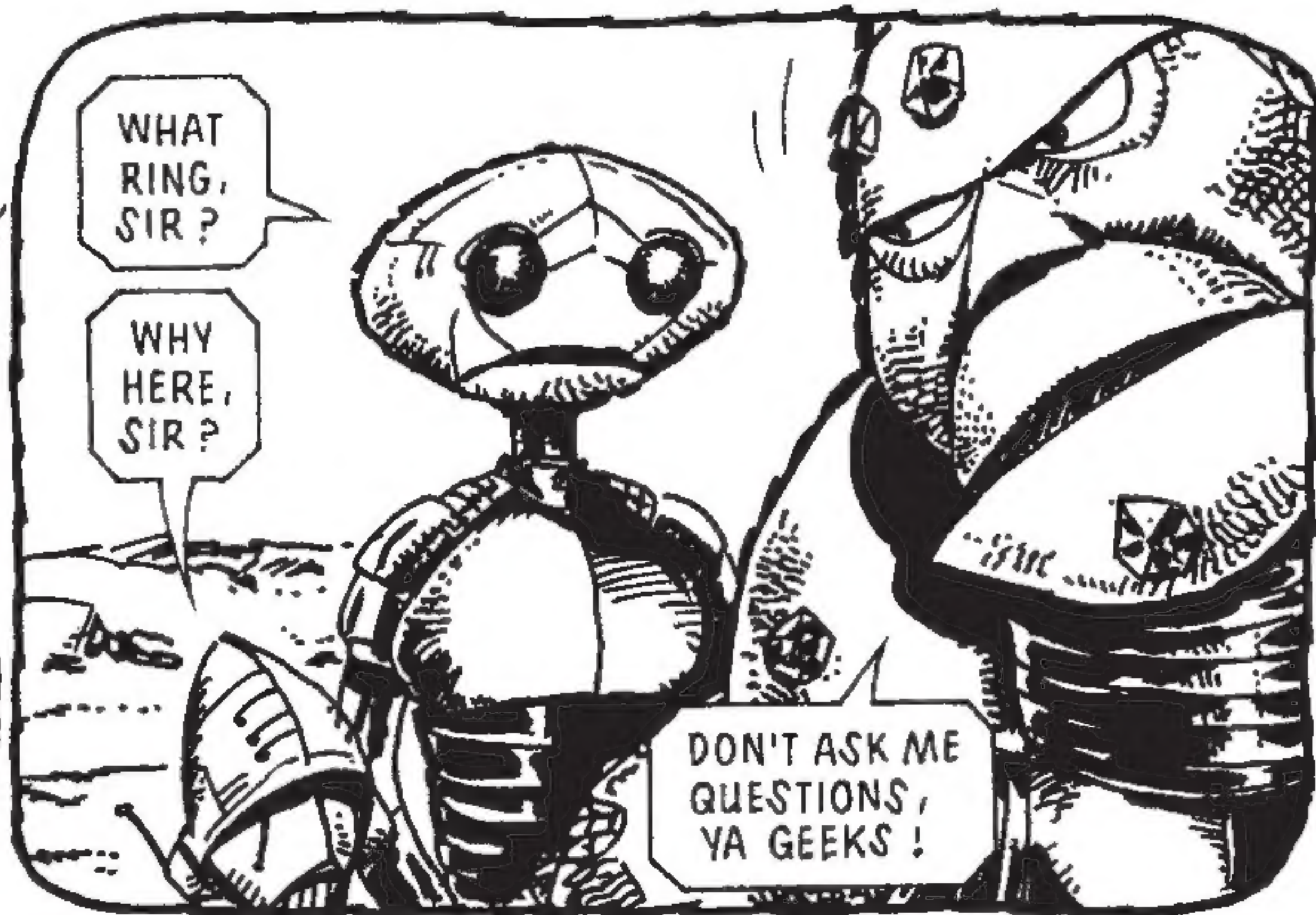
STOP! YOU'LL BUILD MY RING HERE!



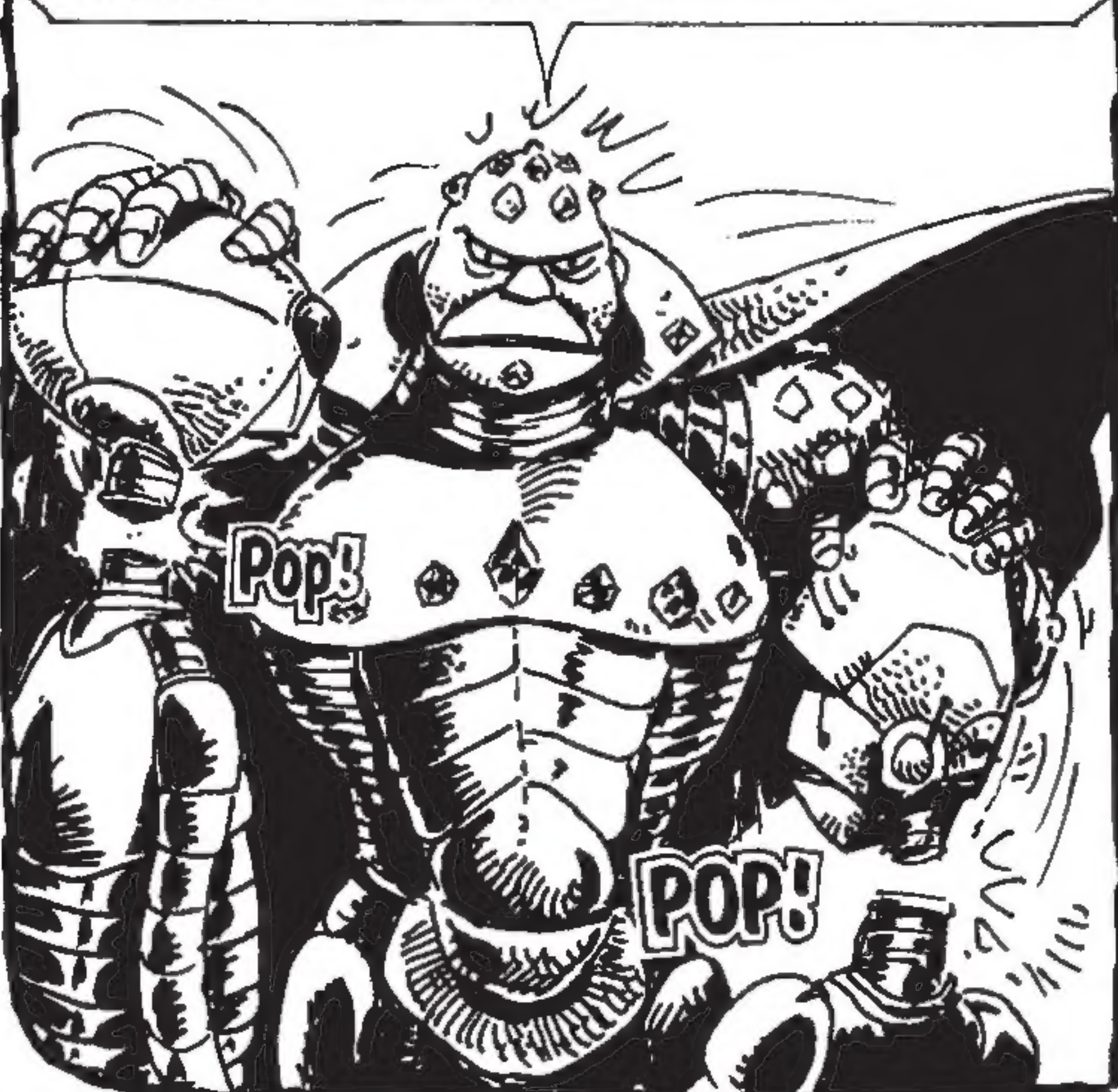
WHAT RING, SIR?

WHY HERE, SIR?

DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS, YA GEEKS!



YA DONE IT NOW! YA GOT ME RILED UP! NO DINGALING ASKS ME QUESTIONS 'LESS I ASK 'EM TO ASK ME QUESTIONS! WHEN YOU WANNA ASK ME A QUESTION, YOU COME ON YOUR KNEES AND YOU ASK ME IF YOU CAN ASK ME A QUESTION!

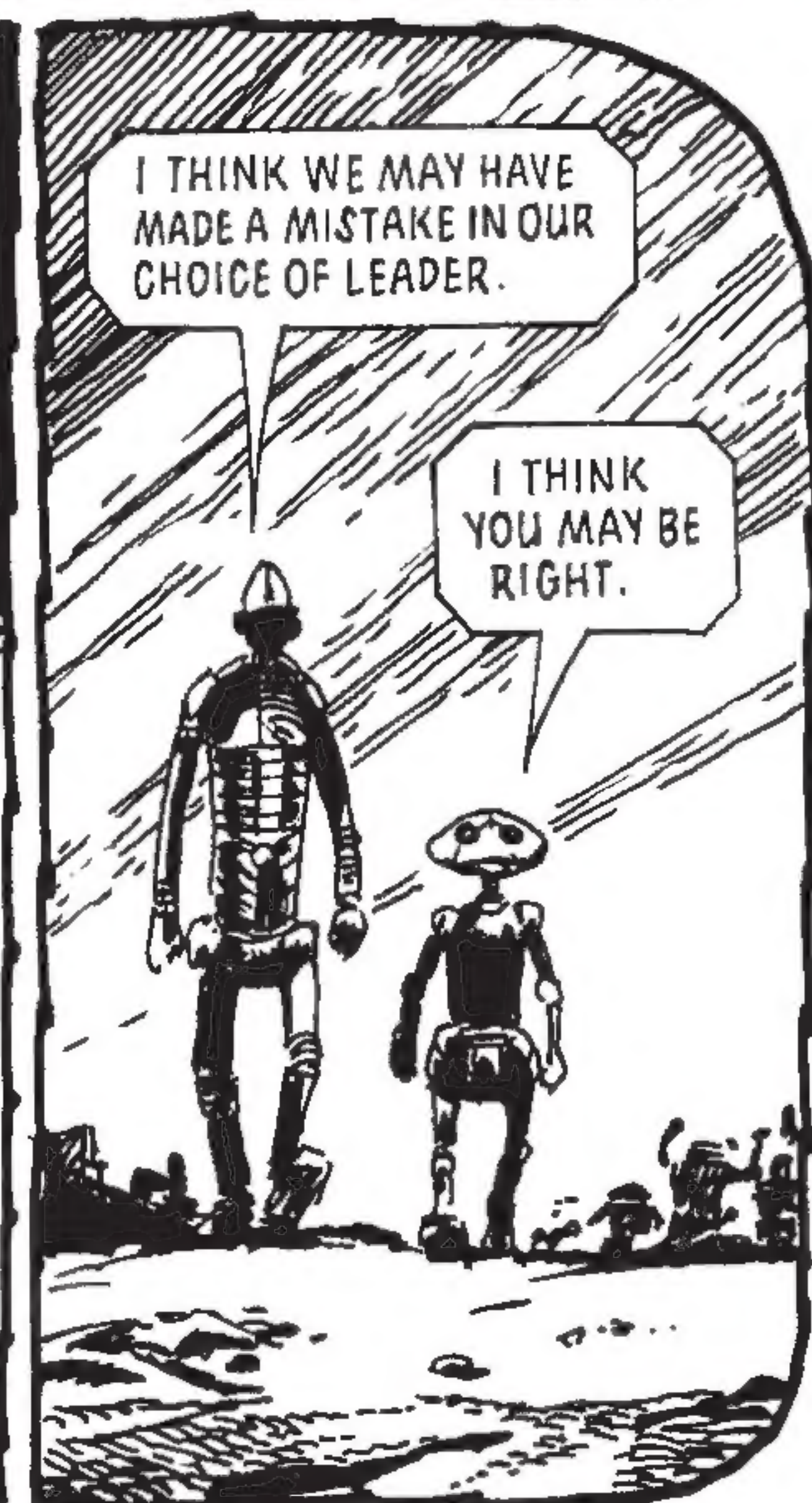


GOT THAT?



I THINK WE MAY HAVE MADE A MISTAKE IN OUR CHOICE OF LEADER.

I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT.

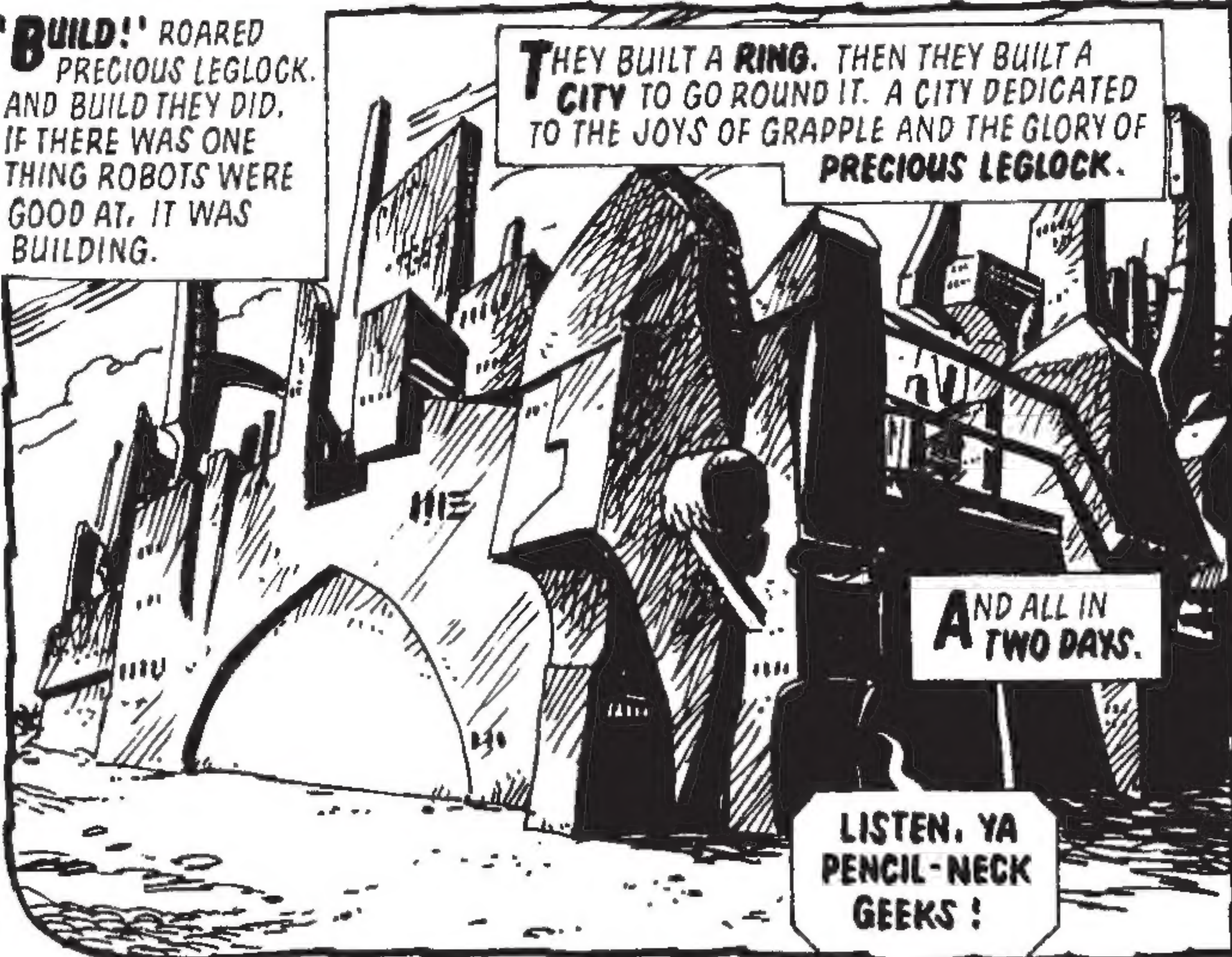


'BUILD!' ROARED **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK**. AND BUILD THEY DID. IF THERE WAS ONE THING ROBOTS WERE GOOD AT, IT WAS BUILDING.

THEY BUILT A RING. THEN THEY BUILT A CITY TO GO ROUND IT. A CITY DEDICATED TO THE JOYS OF GRAPPLE AND THE GLORY OF **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK**.

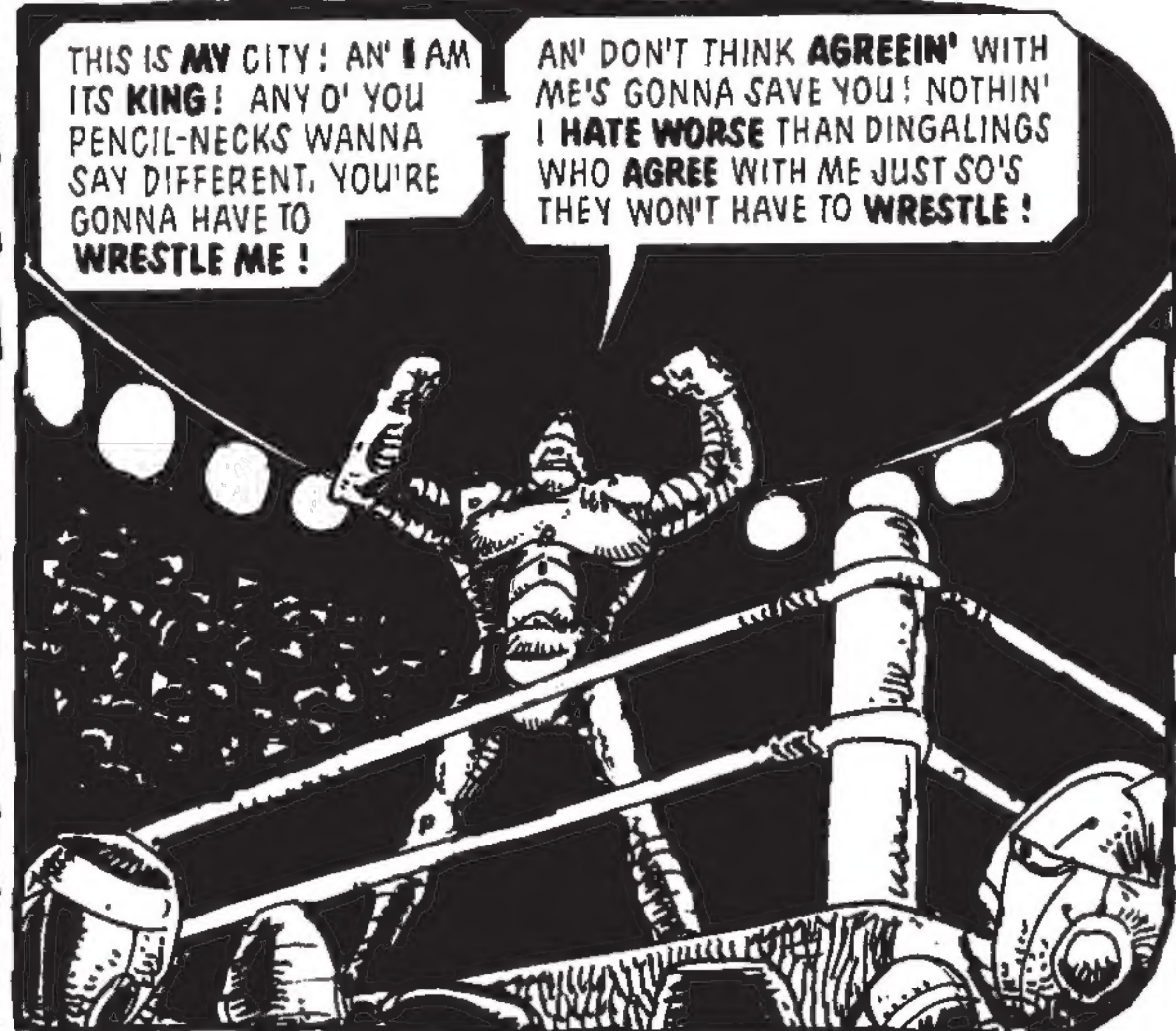
AND ALL IN TWO DAYS.

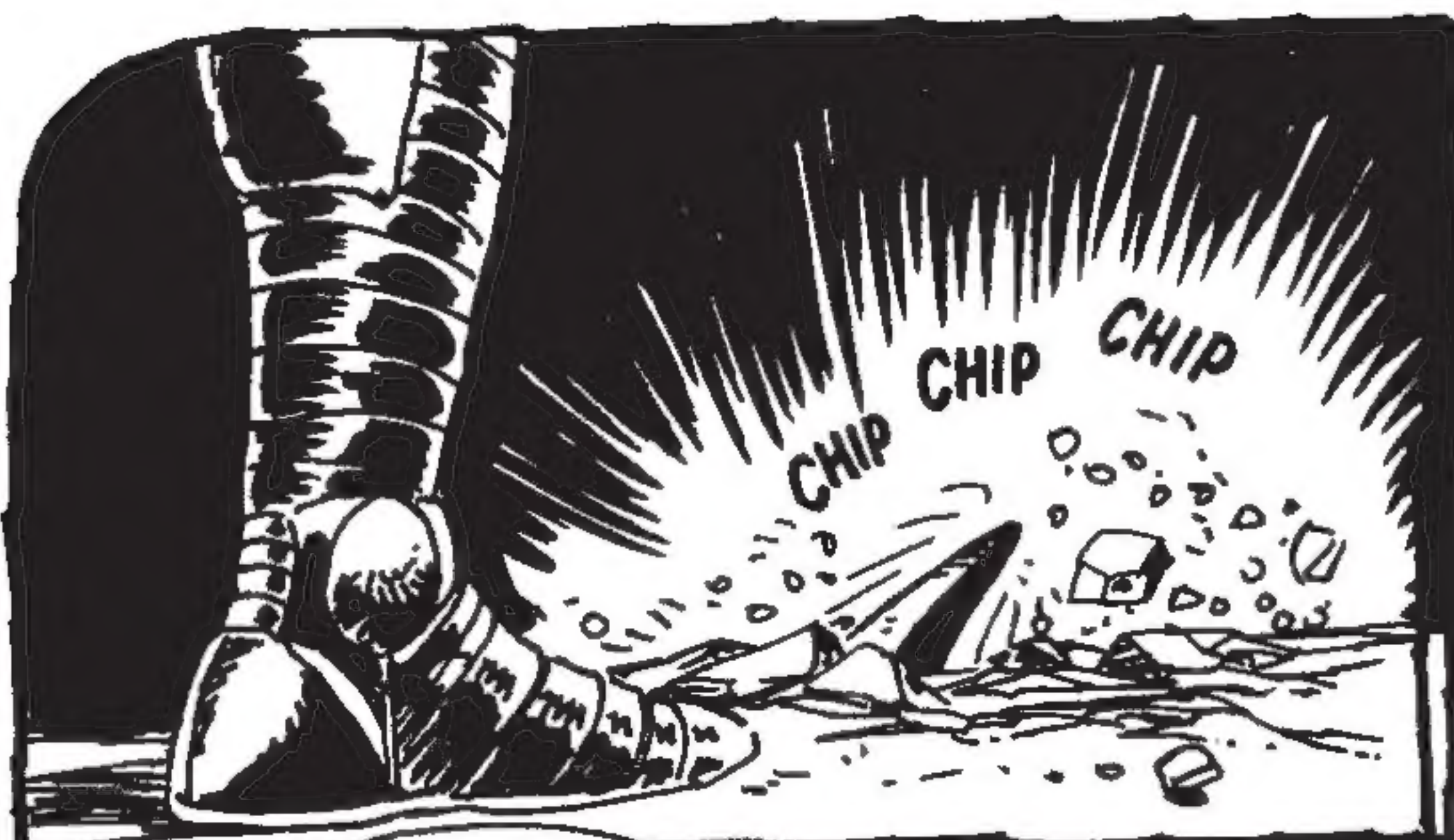
LISTEN, YA PENCIL-NECK GEEKS!



THIS IS MY CITY! AN' I AM ITS KING! ANY O' YOU PENCIL-NECKS WANNA SAY DIFFERENT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO **WRESTLE ME!**

AN' DON'T THINK **AGREEIN'** WITH ME'S GONNA SAVE YOU! NOTHIN' I **HATE WORSE** THAN DINGALINGS WHO **AGREE** WITH ME JUST SO'S THEY WON'T HAVE TO **WRESTLE!**





IS THE **WAR**
OVER YET?



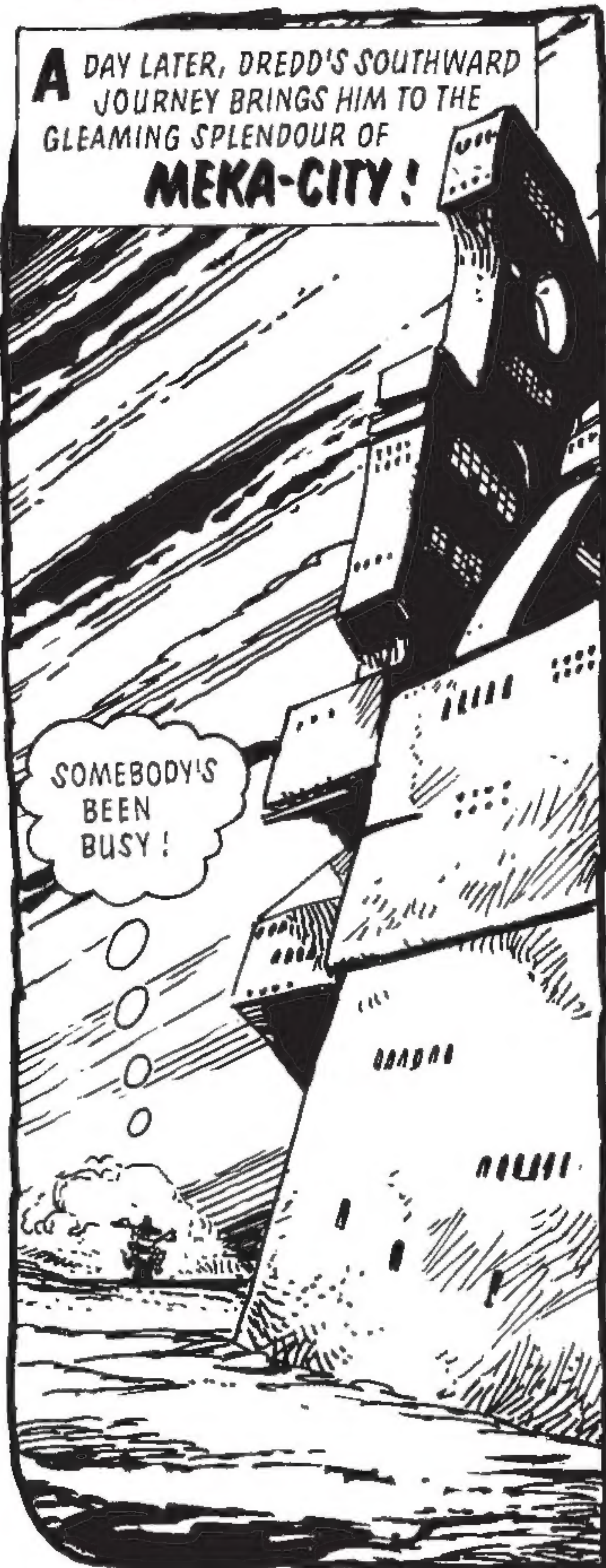
WE'VE BEEN DOWN IN OUR SHELTER
AN' WE'VE BEEN WONDERIN' —

HEY — WHAT
ARE ALL THESE
ROBOTS
DOING
HERE?

WH-WHERE
ARE WE?

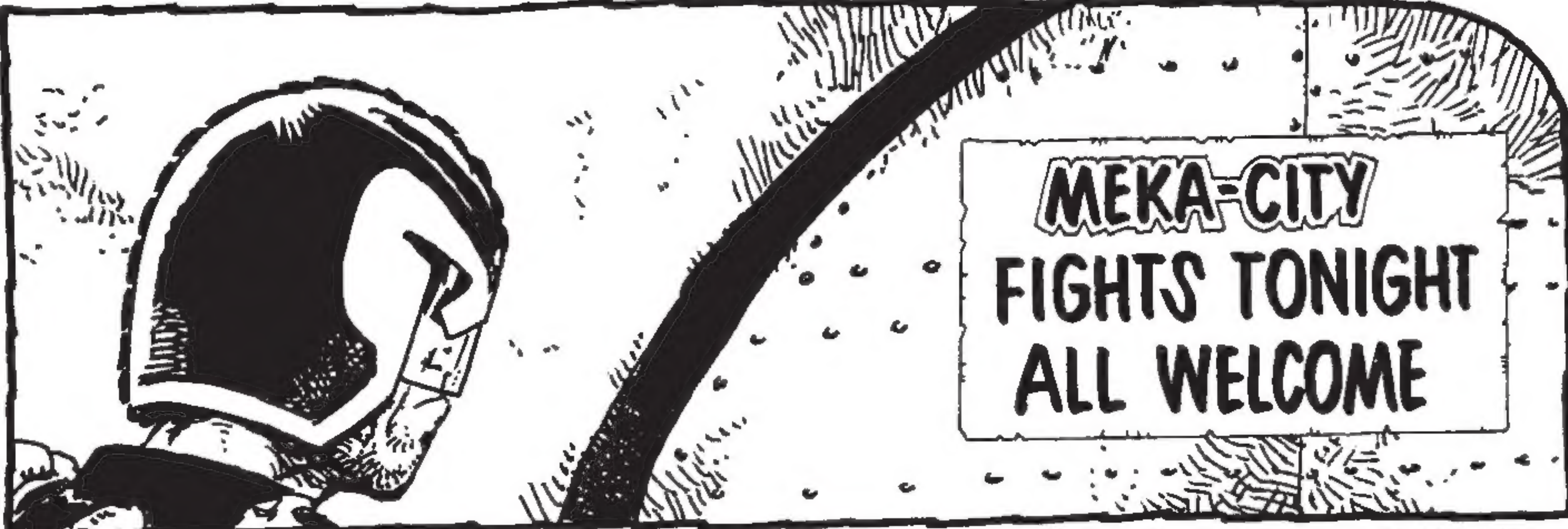


YOU GEEKS EVER
WRESTLED **TAG-TEAM**?



A DAY LATER, DREDD'S SOUTHWARD
JOURNEY BRINGS HIM TO THE
GLEAMING SPLENDOR OF
MEKA-CITY!

SOMEBODY'S
BEEN
BUSY!



MEKA-CITY
FIGHTS TONIGHT
ALL WELCOME



I'LL SAY THERE'S
GONNA BE A
FIGHT!



BETTER TELL PRECIOUS LEGLOCK!
ANOTHER OPPONENT'S ARRIVED!

NEXT
PROG: **THE STEP-OVER DREDD-LOCK!**

MEKA-CITY

PART

2



IN THE RED CORNER — THE GREATEST DROID WHO EVER GRACED THE SQUARED CIRCLE !
THE WORLD ALL-IN WRESTLING CHAMPION ! THE ONE — THE ONLY — PRECIOUS LEGLOCK !

AND IN THE BLUE CORNER —
A PENCIL-NECKED GEEK !



HERE'S THE RULES,
PENCIL-NECK !
NO FALLS — NO
SUBMISSIONS —
NO ROUNDS !



AN' WHEN I'M
FINISHED —
NO YOU !



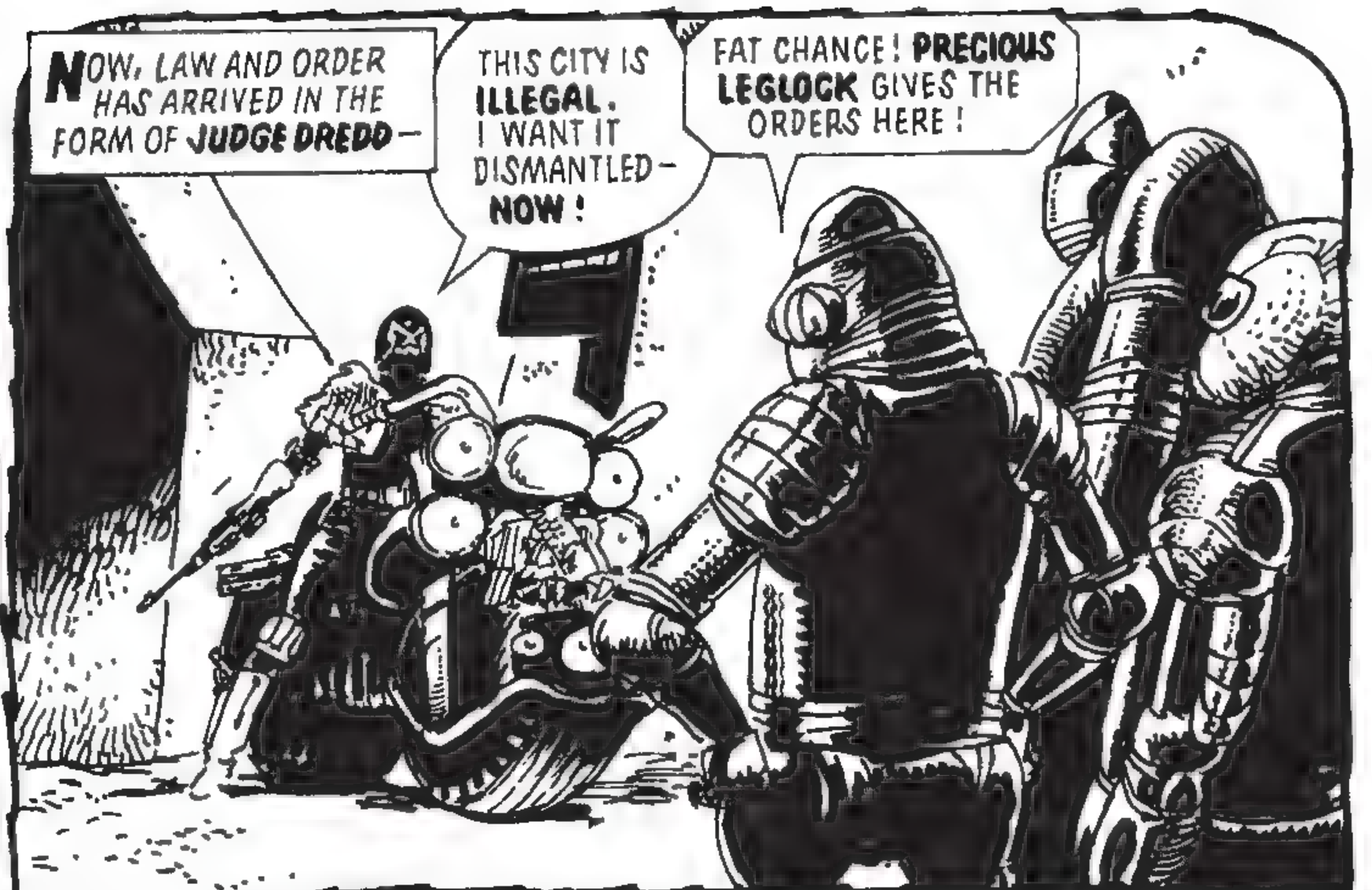
PRECIOUS LEGLOCK HAD ASSUMED LEADERSHIP OF THOUSANDS OF **ROBOTS** DISPLACED BY THE **APOCALYPSE WAR**, AND FORCED THEM TO BUILD HIM **MEKA-CITY**... A GLEAMING METAL METROPOLIS DEDICATED TO THE ART OF **WRESTLING**!



NOW, LAW AND ORDER HAS ARRIVED IN THE FORM OF **JUDGE DREDD**—

THIS CITY IS **ILLEGAL**. I WANT IT **DISMANTLED—NOW!**

FAT CHANCE! **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK** GIVES THE ORDERS HERE!



OH YEAH?

ZZZAKTHH!



PLEASE, JUDGE, A LOT OF US ROBOTS WOULD LIKE TO GO ALONG WITH YOU—BUT NONE OF US DARE GO AGAINST **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK**!

THE ROBOT WRESTLER?



THAT'S HIM! HE'S CRAZY! HE'S ELECTED HIMSELF **KING**! NOW ANY DROID THAT GETS ON HIS NERVES GETS **RIPPED TO PIECES**!

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER JUDGES WHO CAME HERE?

THEY GOT... **WRESTLED**.

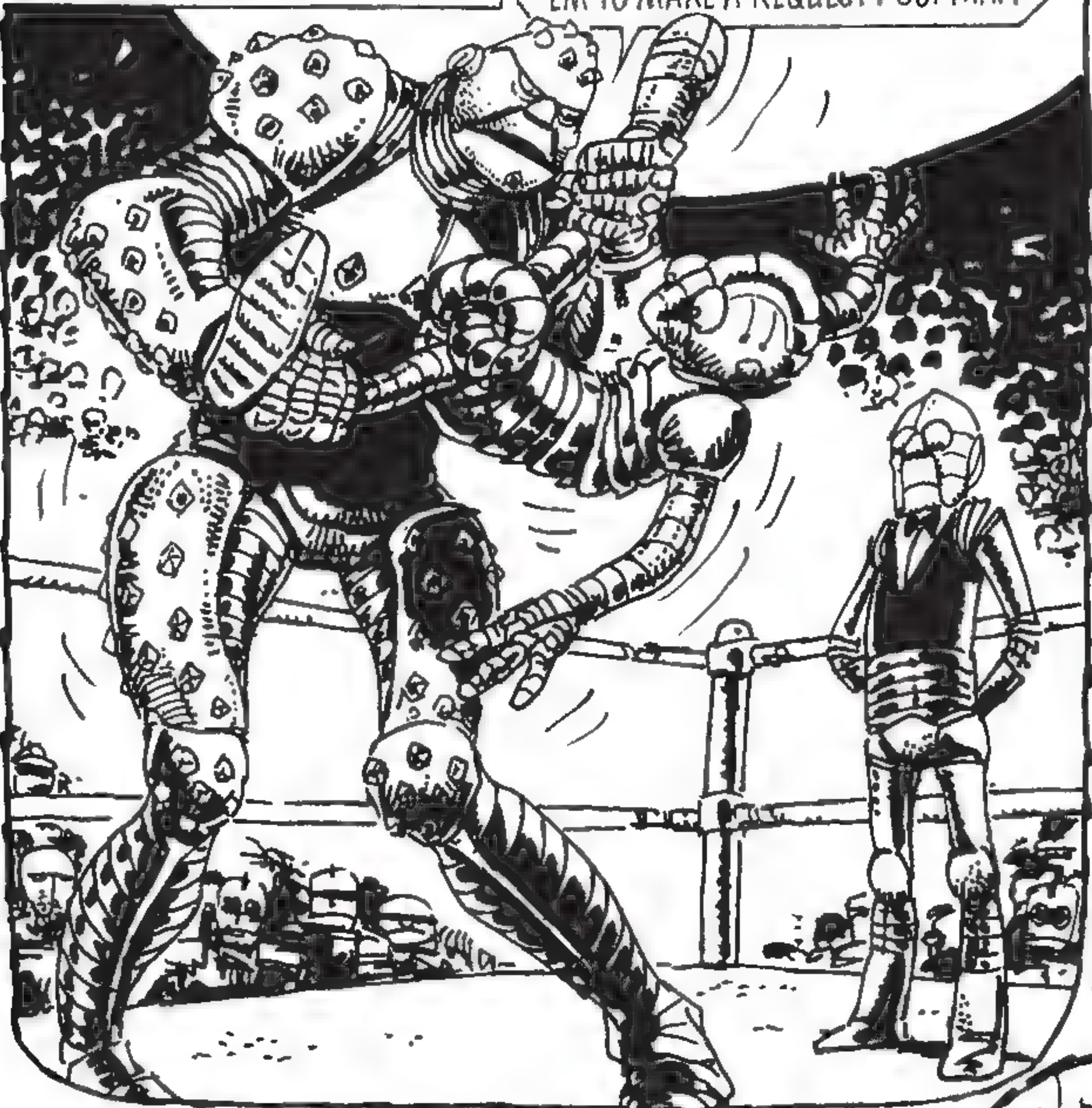


I BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH THIS **PRECIOUS LEGLOCK**. LEAD THE WAY!



PRECIOUS LEGLOCK HAD DECREED THAT ALL MEKA-CITY BUSINESS HAD TO BE SETTLED IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE - THE WRESTLING RING!

SO YOU WANNA MAKE A REQUEST? LISTEN, DINGALING - **NO DROID** MAKES A REQUEST 'LESS I REQUEST 'EM TO MAKE A REQUEST! GOT THAT?



WHO'S NEXT?

IT'S **OLIVER ELEVEN**. HE'S REQUESTING PERMISSION **NOT** TO MAKE A REQUEST!



OKAY, PENCIL-NECK! UP HERE!

ULP!



BUT THEN -

PRECIOUS LEGLOCK! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! SURRENDER TO ME OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!

IT'S **JUDGE DREDD!**



YA PENCIL-NECK GEEK JUDGE! PRECIOUS LEGLOCK DON'T TAKE CONSEQUENCES FROM **NOBODY!**

YOU GOT ME **RILED UP** NOW! I'M GONNA **SKIN** YA! I'M GONNA **SQUASH** YA! I'M GONNA COMMIT THE ACT OF **MAYHEM** ON YOUR BODY IN **SEVENTEEN HORRIBLE** WAYS!



GET UP HERE AN' WRESTLE!

I'M NOT PLAYING SILLY GAMES, ROBOT! **HIGH EXPLOSIVE!**

BLAM!





BUT EVEN HIGH EXPLOSIVE HAS NO EFFECT ON THE ARMOUR-PLATED WRESTLING DROID -

NOW YA GOT ME **REAL** RILED UP! **GET UP HERE, PENCIL-NECK!**



LOOKS LIKE I **AM** PLAYING SILLY GAMES!



IT'S A SILLY GAME I'VE **GOT** TO WIN. NO ROBOT CAN BE ALLOWED TO BUCK THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



BATTLE COMMENCES, AND FOR THE MEGA-CITY LAWMAN THE ODDS DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD -

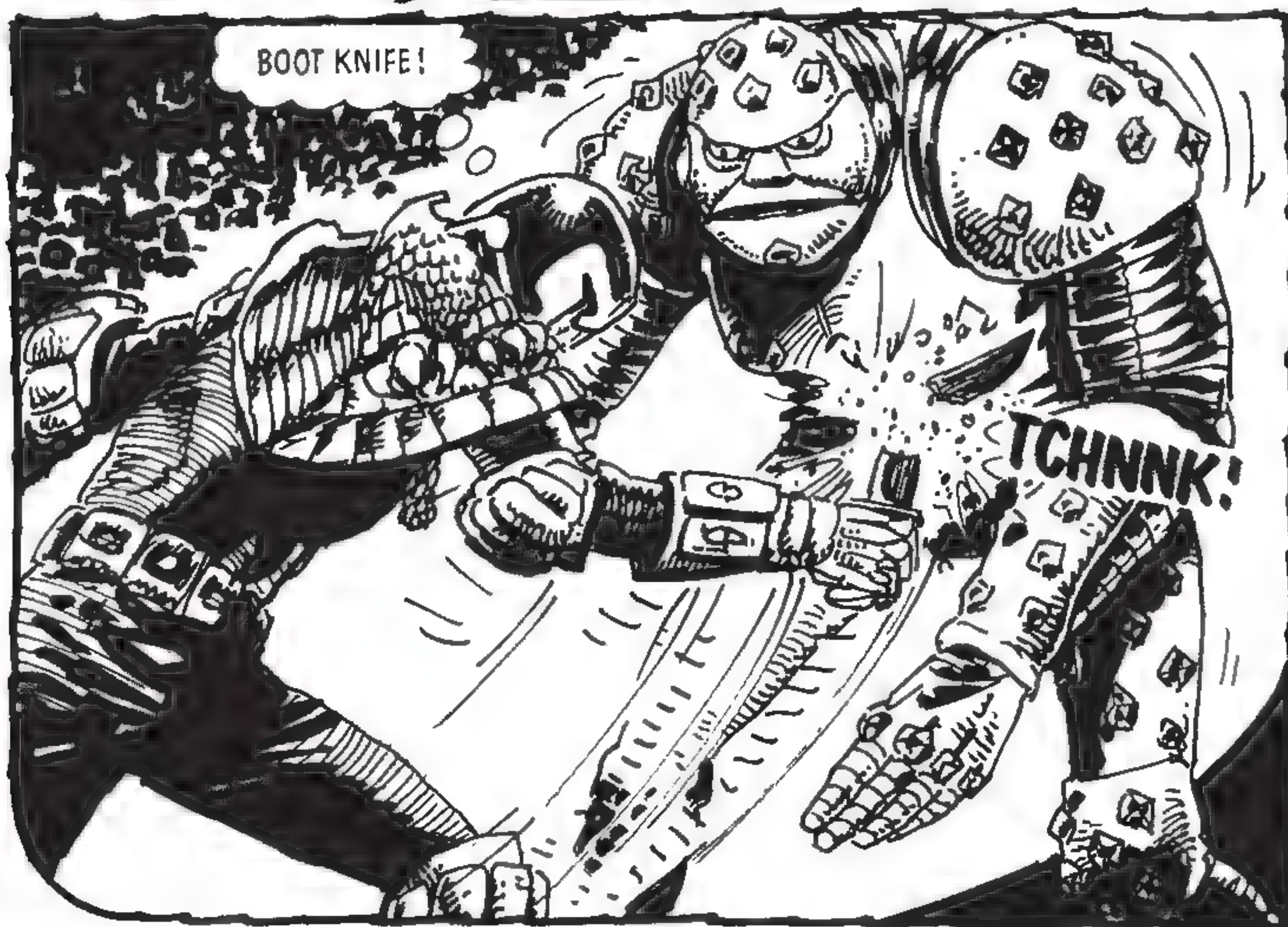
I'M GONNA TAKE MY TIME ON YA, DINGALING -



ONE BONE AT A TIME!

WHAPP!

THERE GOES MY JAW!

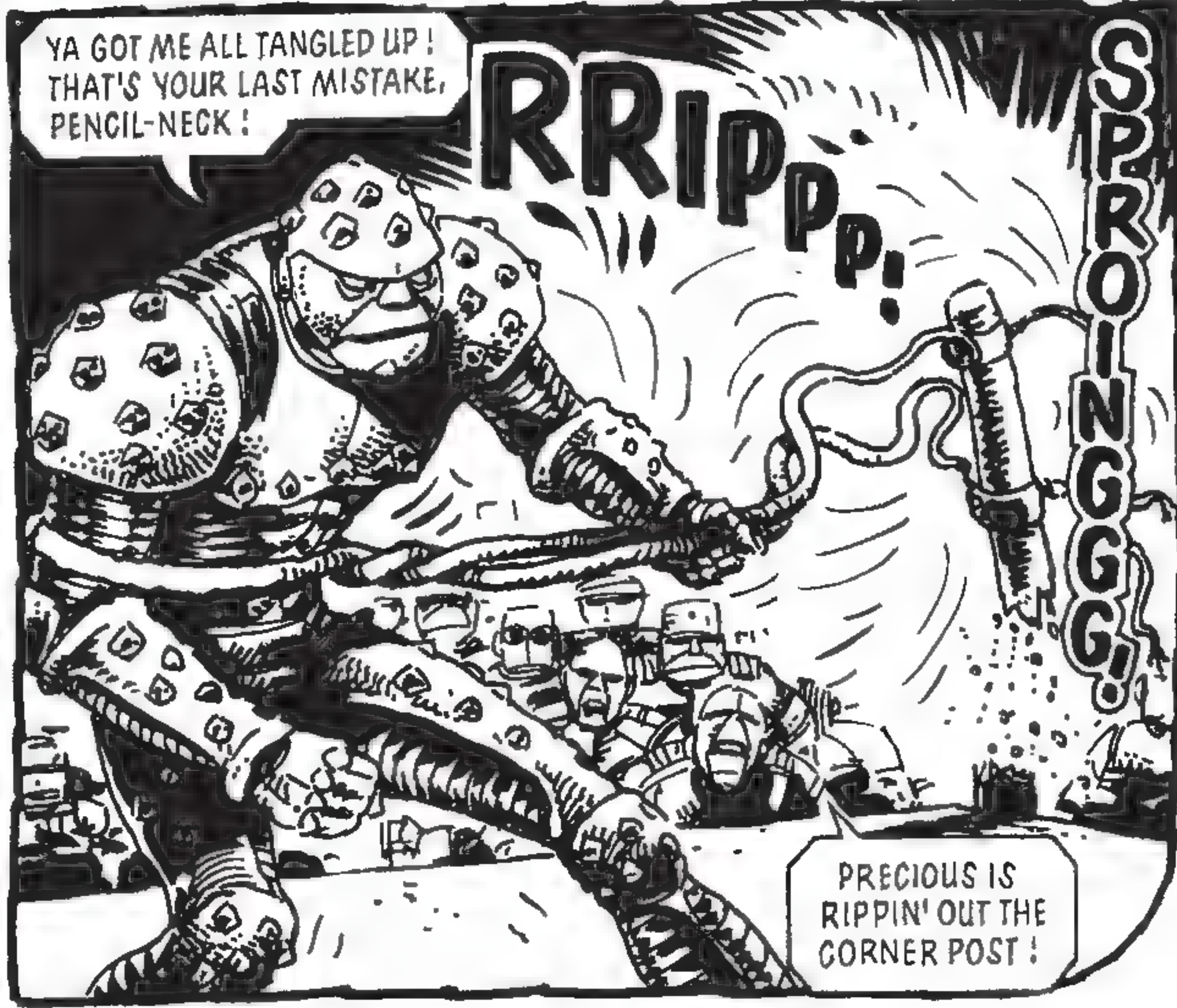
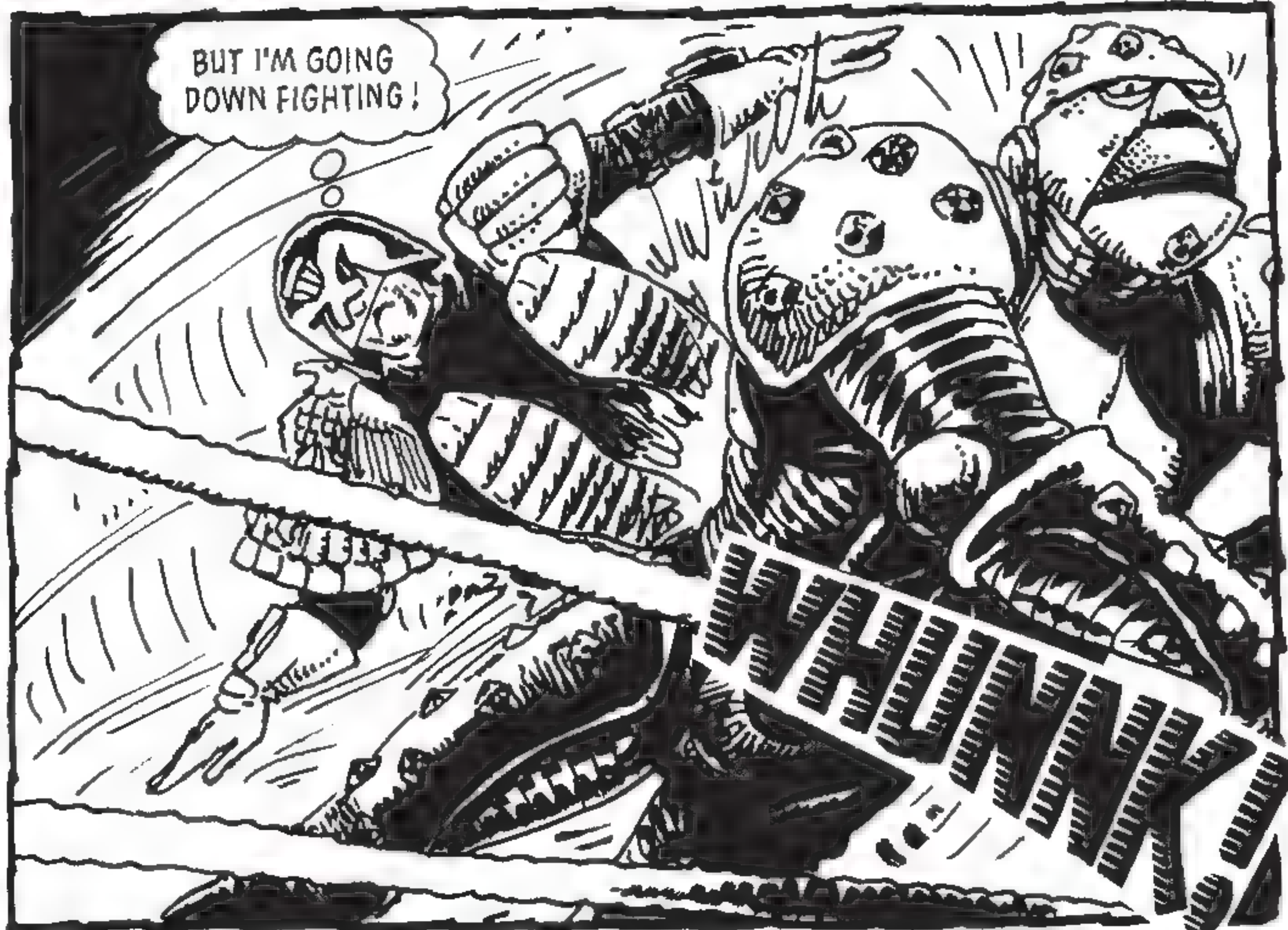


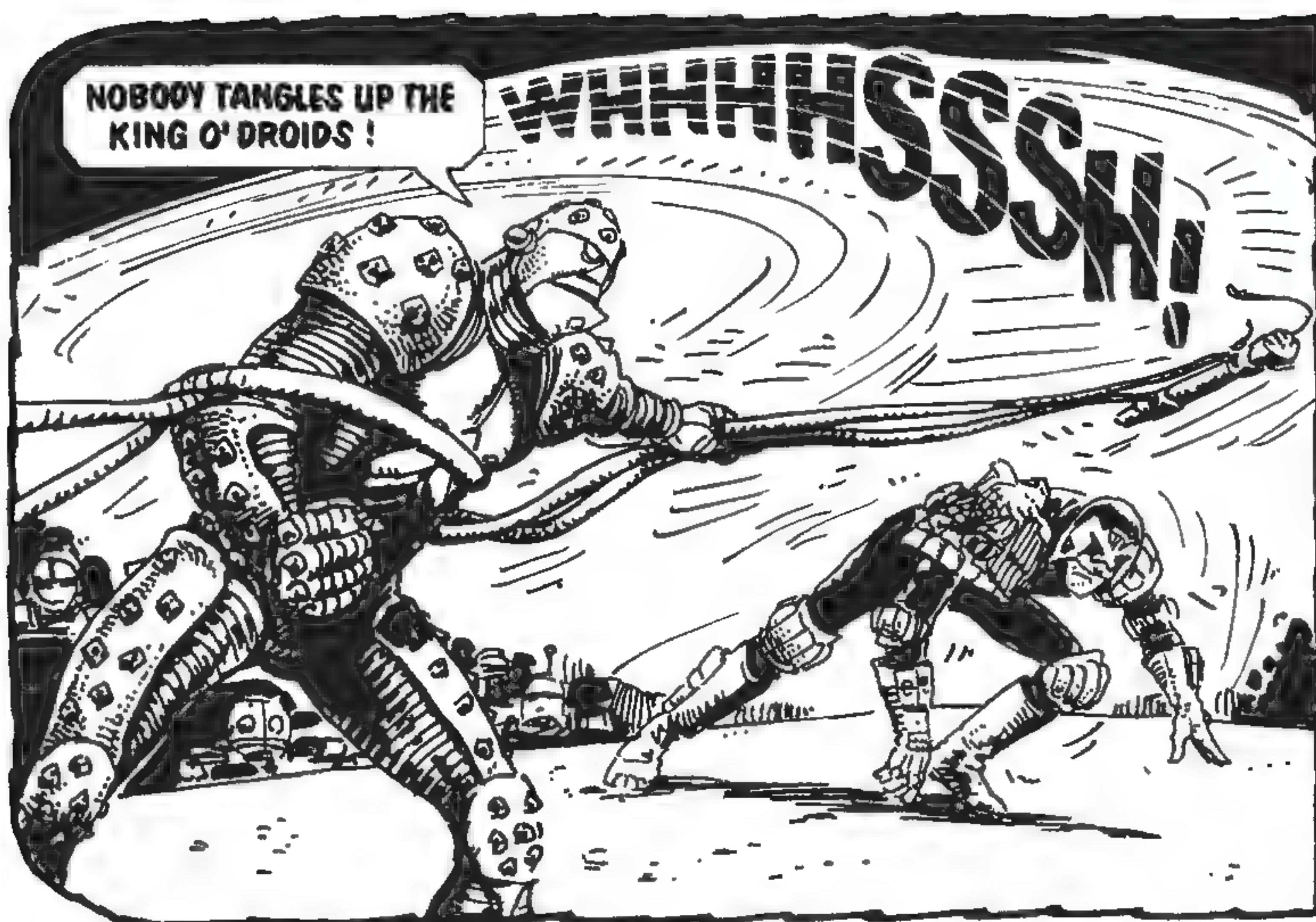
BOOT KNIFE!

TCHNNK!



MY RIB--!





NOBODY TANGLES UP THE KING O' DROIDS!

WHHHHSSSH!



STEEL CABLES COIL THEMSELVES ROUND THE JEWEL-ENCRUSTED ROBOT -



-AND DREDD SEES A FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

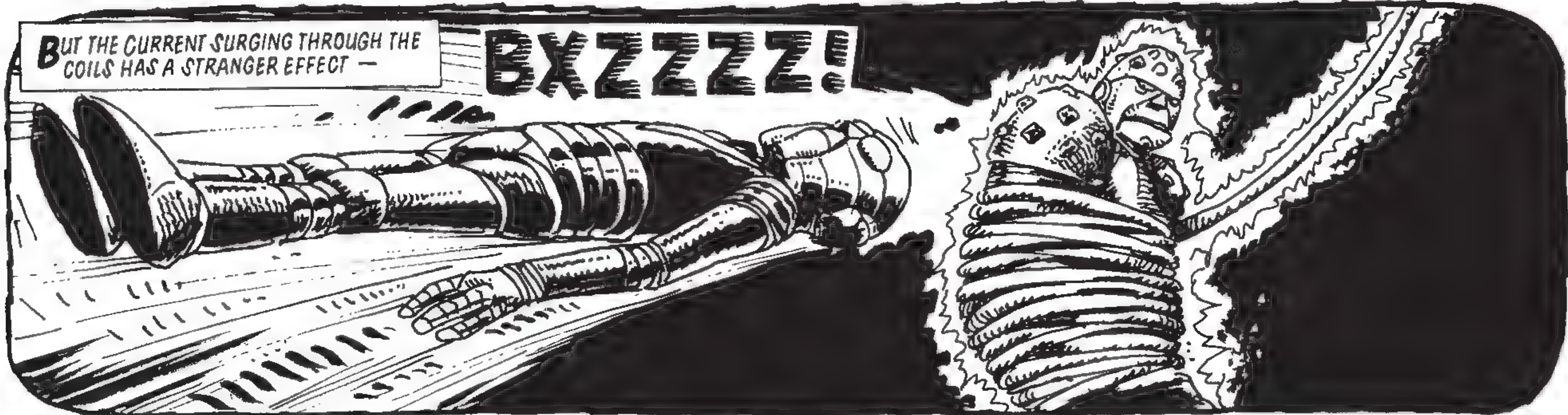
THAT ENERGY SOCKET!



GAUNTLETS WILL INSULATE ME FROM THE CURRENT!

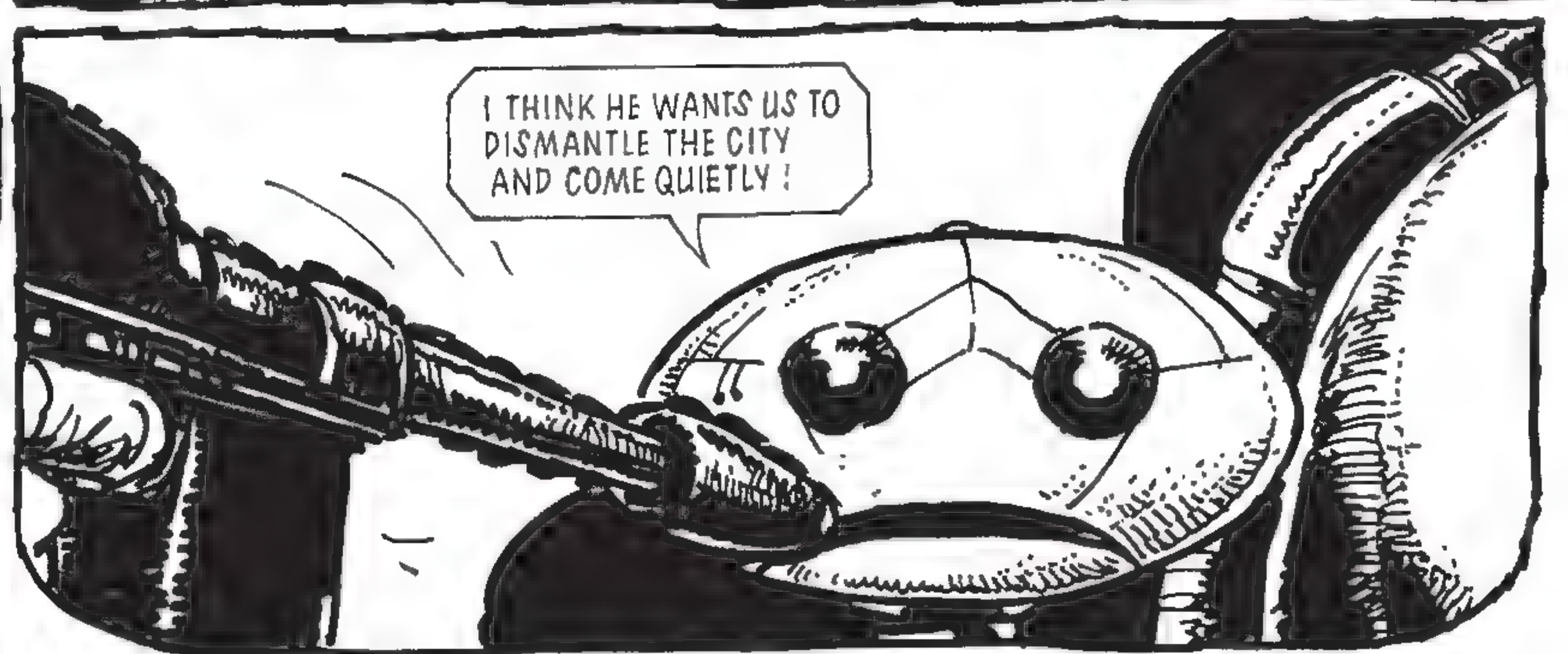


FAILED, GEEK! YOU CANNOT HARM THE GREAT PRECIOUS LEGLOCK! I'M **DOUBLE** INSULATED - **DOUBLE EVERYTHIN'**!



BUT THE CURRENT SURGING THROUGH THE COILS HAS A STRANGER EFFECT -

BXZZZZZ!



SOON DREDD IS RIDING OUT OF THE DISMANTLED RUINS OF MEKA-CITY -

BEHIND HIM, AN ARMY OF WORKERS - ALL FIRED UP AND EAGER TO BEGIN WRESTLING WITH THE REBUILDING OF MEGA-CITY ONE!



BELIWHEELS RUMBLING, TEETH CHOMPING. THEY LUMBERED INTO ACTION - AND WROTE THEMSELVES A PAGE IN MEGA-CITY HISTORY!

THEY WERE THE REAL HEAVY MOB - THE OBESE ORGANISATION KNOWN AS

THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES!

REMEMBER OUR CODE:
STRIKE HARD! STRIKE
FAST! EAT UP!

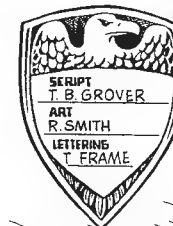
CLEAR THE WAY,
SKINNY!

FORWARD
THE FAT!

CHOMP!
Bruuup!

TRUNDLE!

WOBBLE!



FOOD SHORTAGES CAUSED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAVE THROWN UP SERIOUS PROBLEMS FOR ONE SECTION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S COMMUNITY - THE EXCESSIVELY FAT...

GET THAT BIG TUB OF LARD!

CHEW A KNUCKLE SANDWICH FOR A CHANGE, PORKY!

BREAK IT UP THERE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

IT AIN'T RIGHT, JUDGE DREDD! US ALL ON SHORT RATIONS AND HIM WALKIN' ROUND WITH A BELLY LIKE THAT!

IT'S INDECENT!

EVERY CITIZEN IS ENTITLED TO THE FULL PROTECTION OF THE LAW - NO MATTER WHAT HIS WEIGHT. MOVE.

THE LAWBREAKERS ARE TAKEN AWAY -

YOU SAVED MY FAT, JUDGE DREDD! THANKS!

WELL, UH, AN EAST-MEG BOMB BLEW OPEN MY ISO-CUBE. DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY'D MIND IF I JUST KINDA WADDLED OFF.

I MIND. YOU CAN JUST WADDLE BACK AGAIN!

WAIT A MINUTE - I RECOGNISE YOU... BUB "JELLYBELLY" JONES. I SENTENCED YOU TO NINE MONTHS NOT LONG AGO - WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT?

OVER THE YEARS THOUSANDS OF BORED CITIZENS HAD TURNED TO GLUTTONY TO OCCUPY THEIR TIME. NOW THEY ARE LEFT WITH ENORMOUS APPETITES TO SATISFY IN A CITY DESPERATELY SHORT OF FOOD.

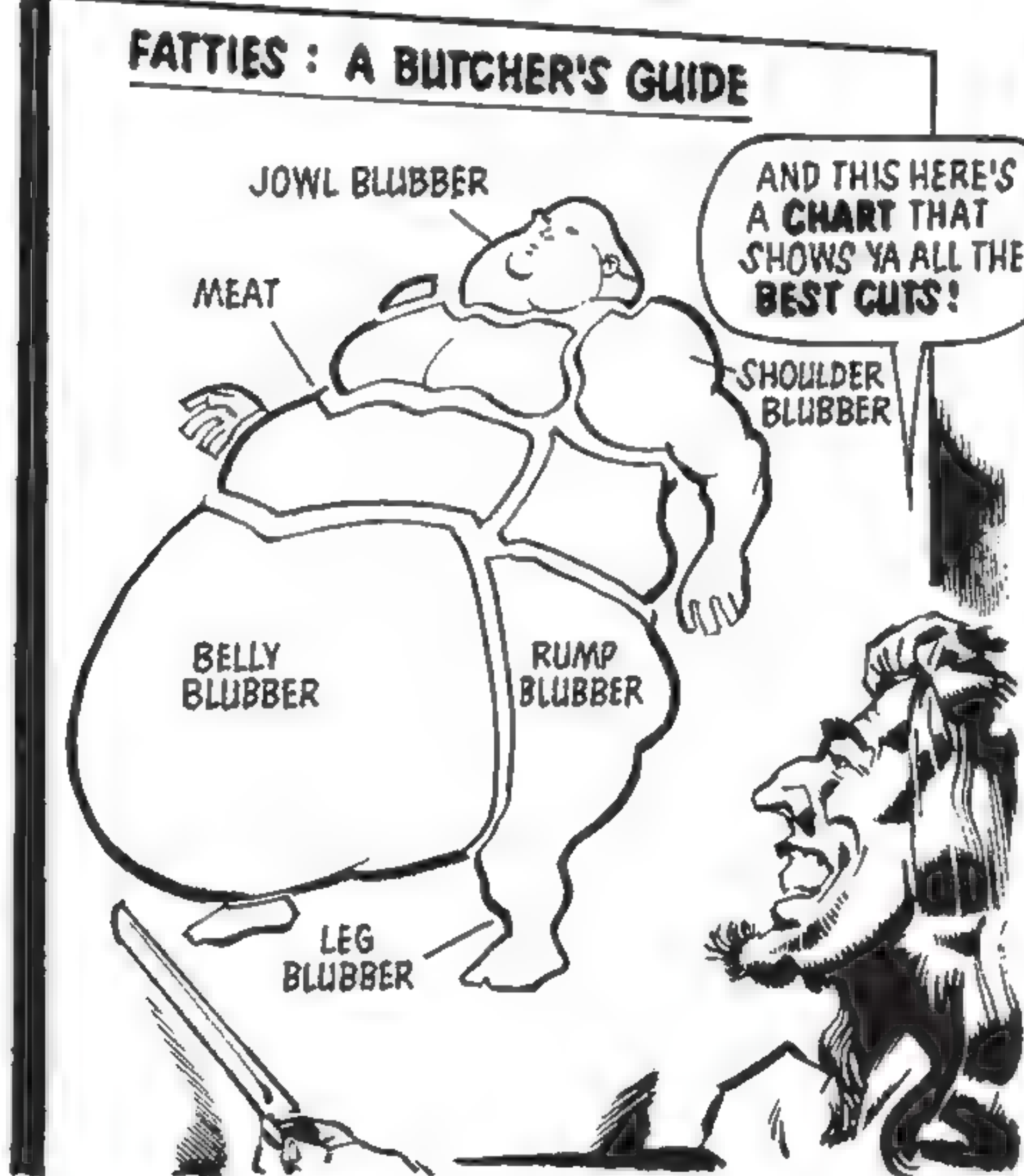
SUPPLY POINT
QUEUE FOR FOOD.

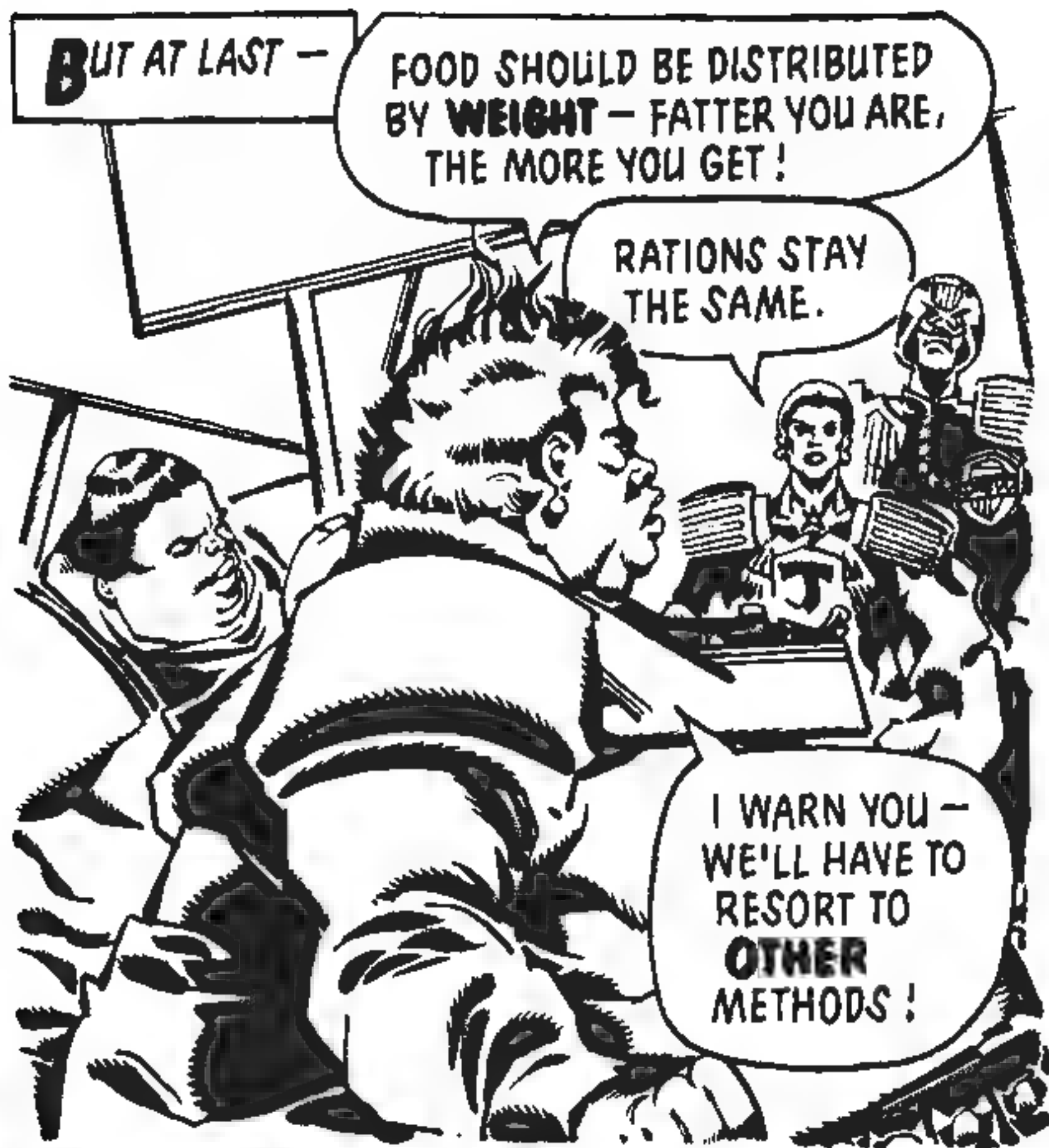
SOME BEG -

SPARE A BITE FOR A HUNGRY MAN, SIR!

JUST A COUPLE OF LOAVES, SIR!

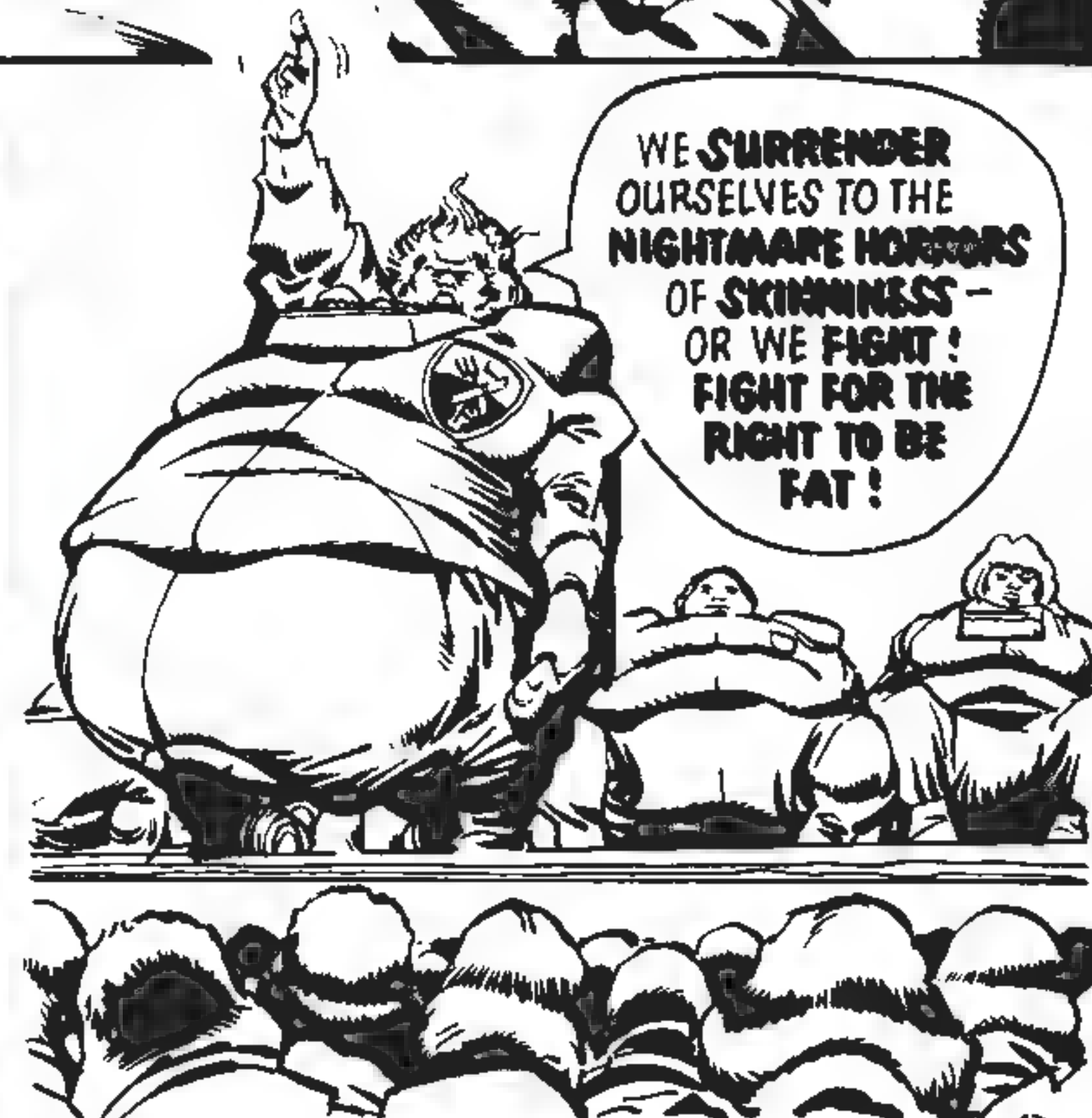
SHOW PITY! I'VE ONLY HAD EIGHT SQUARE MEALS TODAY!





DREDD'S WARNING GOES UNHEEDED. THAT NIGHT, A FATEFUL MEETING OF THE CITY'S FATTEST TAKES PLACE —

FELLOW FATTIES! BEFORE THE WAR I WAS A FINE FULSOME **PIG** OF A MAN! I'D ALMOST REACHED THE **MAGIC TON**!





JUDGE DOGGED DREDD

THROUGH THE **CURSED EARTH**
A **TEXAS CITY CONVOY** ROARS.
ON BOARD, TONS OF PRECIOUS
FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY POPULACE
OF WAR-TORN **MEGA-CITY ONE!**

KEEP ROLLIN', BOYS!
TWO HUNDRED **KAYS** TO
NUCLEAR CITY!

SCRIPT
T. B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME

BUT UP AHEAD,
GREEDY EYES
WATCH!

WAIT FOR IT!
WAIT FOR IT—



LOOK OUT! IT'S THE GUT-STUFFIN',
BELLY-BLOATIN', JOWL-JUDDERIN',
NORM-CRUSHIN', SCALE-BUSTIN',
GRUB-GUZZLIN', FLAB-
FLOPPIN', CONVOY-STOPPIN'

LEAGUE

OF

FATTIES!

PART 2



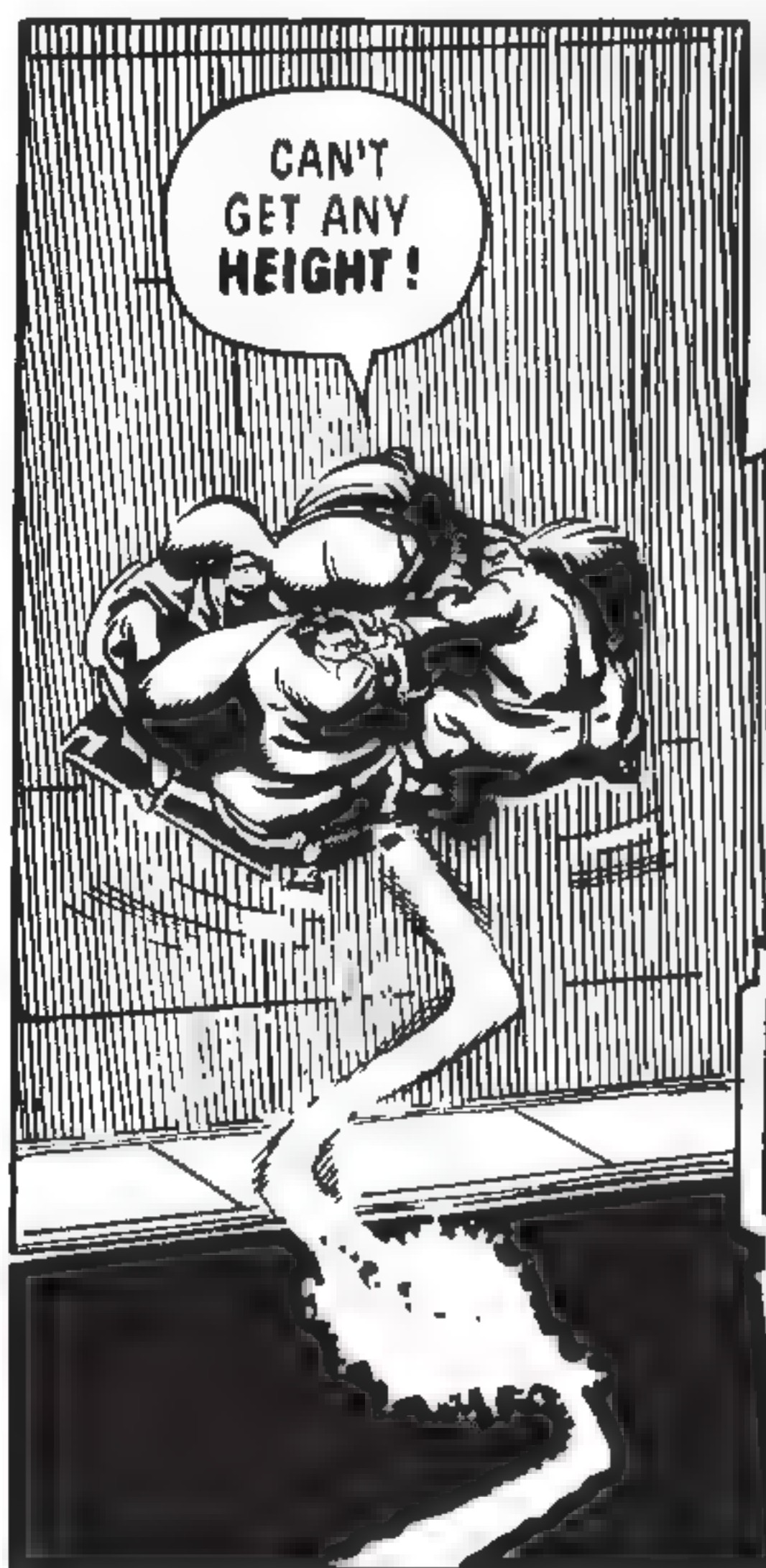
FATTIES
AWAY!

MERCY SAKES!
KING-SIZE KAMIKAZES!



CRUMP!





BUT IF THERE IS ONE COMMON FACTOR ABOUT LEAGUE OF FATTIES CRIME, IT IS ITS SINGULAR LACK OF SUCCESS—

ALL I GOTTA DO IS LEAP DOWN ON THE SEE-SAW, PROPELLING YOU UP THROUGH THE GARBAGE DEPOT WINDOW!

READY WHEN YOU ARE, CHUBBY!

FATTIES ARE JUST NOT BUILT FOR CRIME —

CRAKK!

OH OH!

A MORE SERIOUS RESULT OF THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES CRIME EPIDEMIC DEVELOPS. OUTRAGED, SLIMMER MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY BAND TOGETHER INTO VIGILANTE GROUPS!



FLUSH OUT THE FATTIES!

FIGHT THE FLAB!

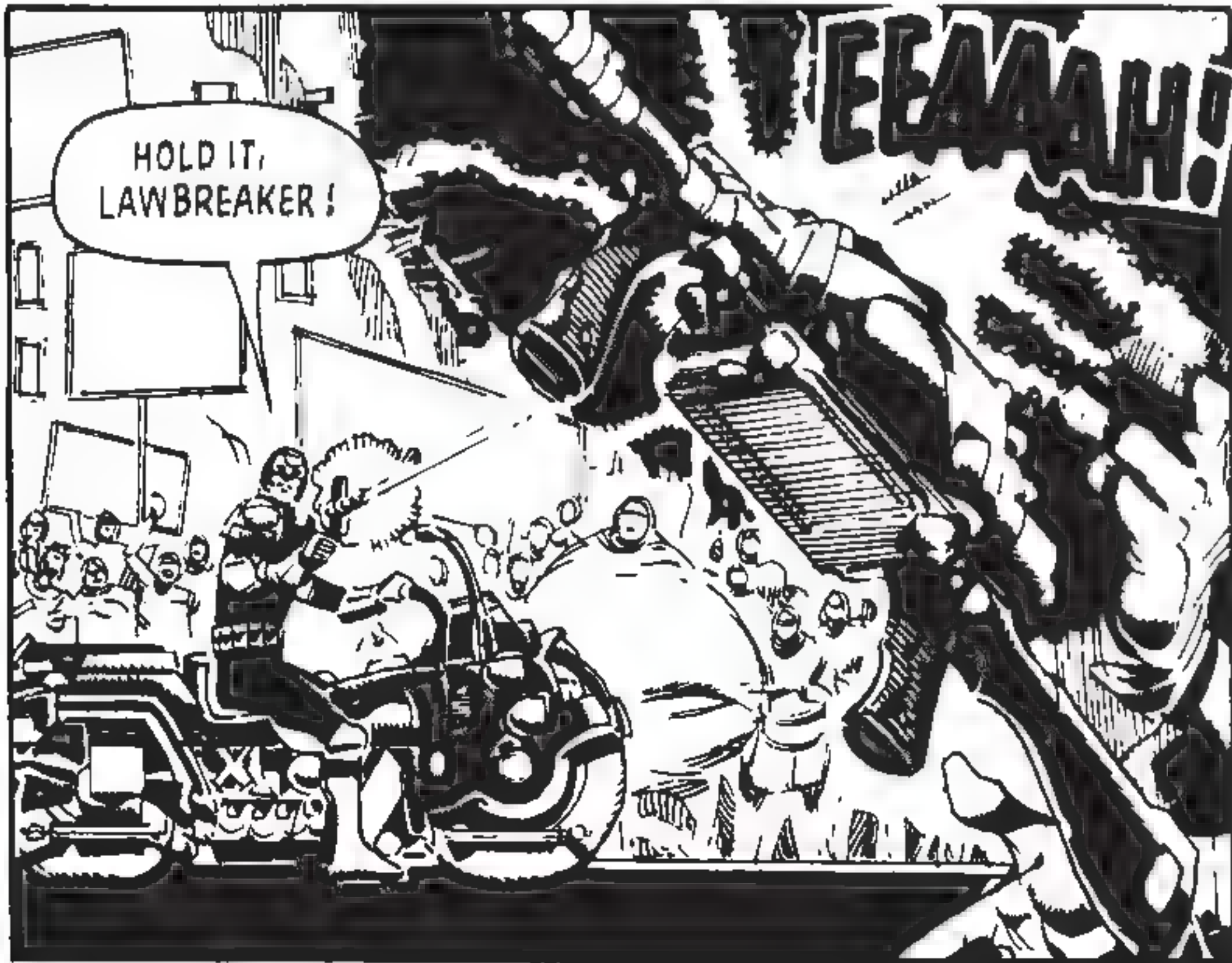
KILL THE CORPULENT

INNOCENCE IS NO DEFENCE -

**I'M NOT IN THE LEAGUE OF FATTIES!
I'M ON A DIET - HONEST!**

**AND WE'RE GONNA HELP
YA LOSE A LITTLE WEIGHT!
LET'S TRIM OFF
THAT
BLUBBER!**

A black and white comic panel depicting a scene of police brutality. A large, portly man in a hospital gown is being restrained by several police officers. One officer in the foreground is using a baton on the man's leg. The man is shouting, and the officers are using force to restrain him. The scene is set in a hallway with a sign that says "ENT". The overall tone is one of aggression and oppression.





A PARTY OF FORAGING TRAMPS PICKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE DESOLATION THAT WAS ONCE THE CITY'S **SECTOR #1** —



HEY! I FOUND SOME MUSHROOMS!



MAYBE WE COULD EAT 'EM!

DON'T BE STOOPID, FLAKO! COULD BE **POISON** — SPECIALLY GROWIN' BY THAT **SLUDGE PIT**. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PROF?

QUITE SO.



STICK TO WHAT WE KNOW — OUR OLD FAVOURITE — **RAT STEW!**

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PROF. LET'S GO GET THESE BEAUTIES **COOKIN'!**

COME ON, **GRUBBY!**



AW, LEAVE HIM. HE'S HAPPY!



THE TRAMP CALLED **GRUBBY** STARES AT THE FUNGUS, FASCINATED -

JUST LIKE...
THE **BIG**
MUSHROOM!

THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAS HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON GRUBBY. ONCE HE WAS **SOMEONE** - SOMEONE IMPORTANT. WHO OR WHAT, HE COULD NO LONGER REMEMBER.

NOW HE IS JUST GRUBBY THE TRAMP - A WRECK OF A MAN HAUNTED BY A **VISION**... THE BLINDING FLASH AND THE GREAT MUSHROOM BILLOWING UP INTO THE HEAVENS!

POP!

JUST LIKE
THE REAL
THING!

IT IS THREE HOURS LATER BEFORE GRUBBY REJOINS HIS COMPANIONS -

THERE YOU ARE,
GRUBBY - SAVED
YA A HATFUL
O' STEW!

NOT HUNGRY,
CLARTY, NOT
FEELING TOO
WELL.

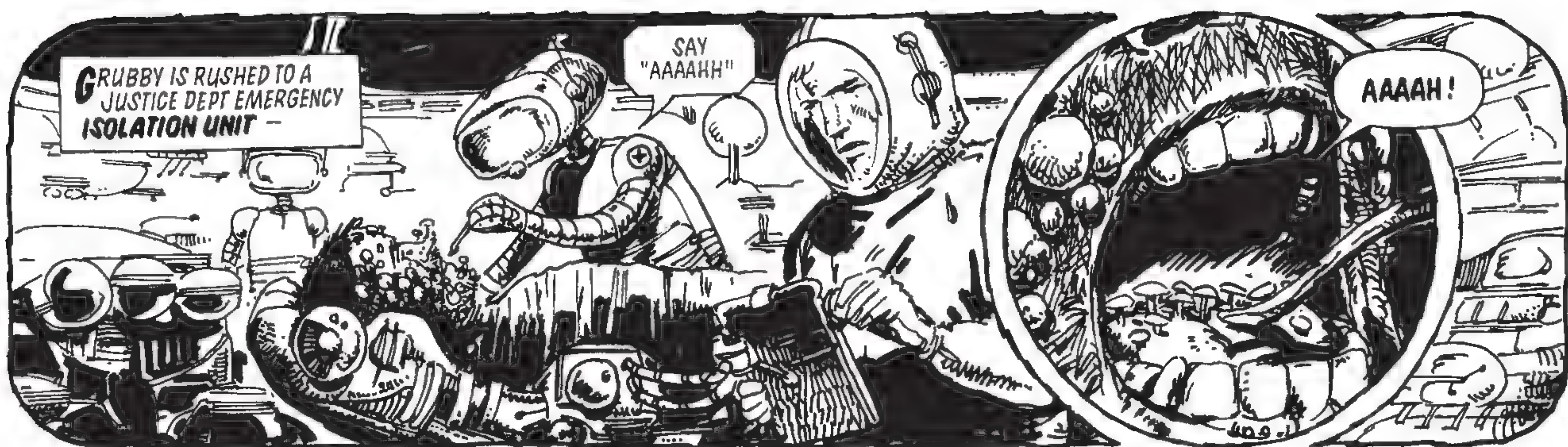
NOT FEELING
WELL AT ALL!

LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S COVERED IN
LUMPS AND
BUMPS!

IT'S SOME KIND OF
DISEASE! GET HIM
AWAY FROM HERE OR
WE'LL **ALL** CATCH IT!

CLEAR OFF,
GRUBBY!





FUNGUS

PART 2

JIM GRUBB, MEGA-CITY ONE'S MISSING MAYOR, HAS BEEN FOUND - INFECTED BY A MYSTERIOUS PARASITIC FUNGUS. NOW, IN A JUSTICE DEPT. ISOLATION WARD -

THE ORGANISM IS TURNING HIM INTO A LIVING FUNGUS!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

AS MAYOR GRUBB SLIPS TOWARDS UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HIS TORTURED MIND STRUGGLES TO UNDERSTAND HIS BIZARRE FATE -

I SEE IT ALL NOW!
THE BLINDING FLASH -
THE GREAT MUSHROOM IN THE SKY! IT WAS A WARNING -
A SIGN -

I AM THE MUSHROOM!
MAYOR MUSHROOM!





KILDARE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? WITHOUT THAT ISOLATION SUIT, THE FUNGUS SPORES WILL INFECT YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT!



WE DON'T KNOW THE **SOURCE** OF THE FUNGUS. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY **OTHERS** ARE INFECTED. WE DON'T KNOW **ANYTHING** ABOUT IT - EXCEPT THAT IT'S **LETHAL**!

IF THE FUNGUS SPREADS AS FAST AS I SUSPECT IT CAN, AND WE'VE NO **CURE**, WE'RE IN TROUBLE!



HE'S RIGHT, PORTEOUS. WE NEED A **GUINEA-PIG**. NO-ONE BETTER QUALIFIED THAN A **MED-JUDGE**.



TELL HIM TO KEEP ME POSTED. I'M GOING TO TRY AND FIND THE **SOURCE**!



GRUBB'S DISEASE, REPORT NUMBER ONE. BECAME INFECTED WITH THE FUNGUS AT 13.42 HOURS PRECISELY. AS YET I FEEL NOTHING. I HAVE INSTRUCTED THE ROBOTS TO BEGIN TESTS WITH ANTI-FUNGAL AGENTS.



ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! ANALYSIS OF **FALL-OUT** SAMPLE FROM MAYOR GRUBB'S CLOTHING MATCHES RAD-LEVELS SECTOR 1.

ALL SEARCH UNITS CONVERGE, **SECTOR 1**!



EVERY AVAILABLE JUDGE IS DETAILED TO COMB THE FOUL CHEMICAL WASTELAND THAT ONCE WAS LIVING CITY. ABOVE, H-WAGONS SCAN THE TERRAIN -



AN H-WAGON CREW MAKE THE VITAL DISCOVERY —

SPECTROSCOPIC
READING INDICATES POSSIBLE
LOCATION GRID REF
1299040BLIQUE711001!



IT'S OUR FUNGUS
ALL RIGHT! KEEP
WELL BACK!



WE FOUND IT, KILDARE.
WANT ANY SAMPLES?



NO THANKS. I'VE
GOT A CROP OF MY
OWN COMING
ALONG NICELY!

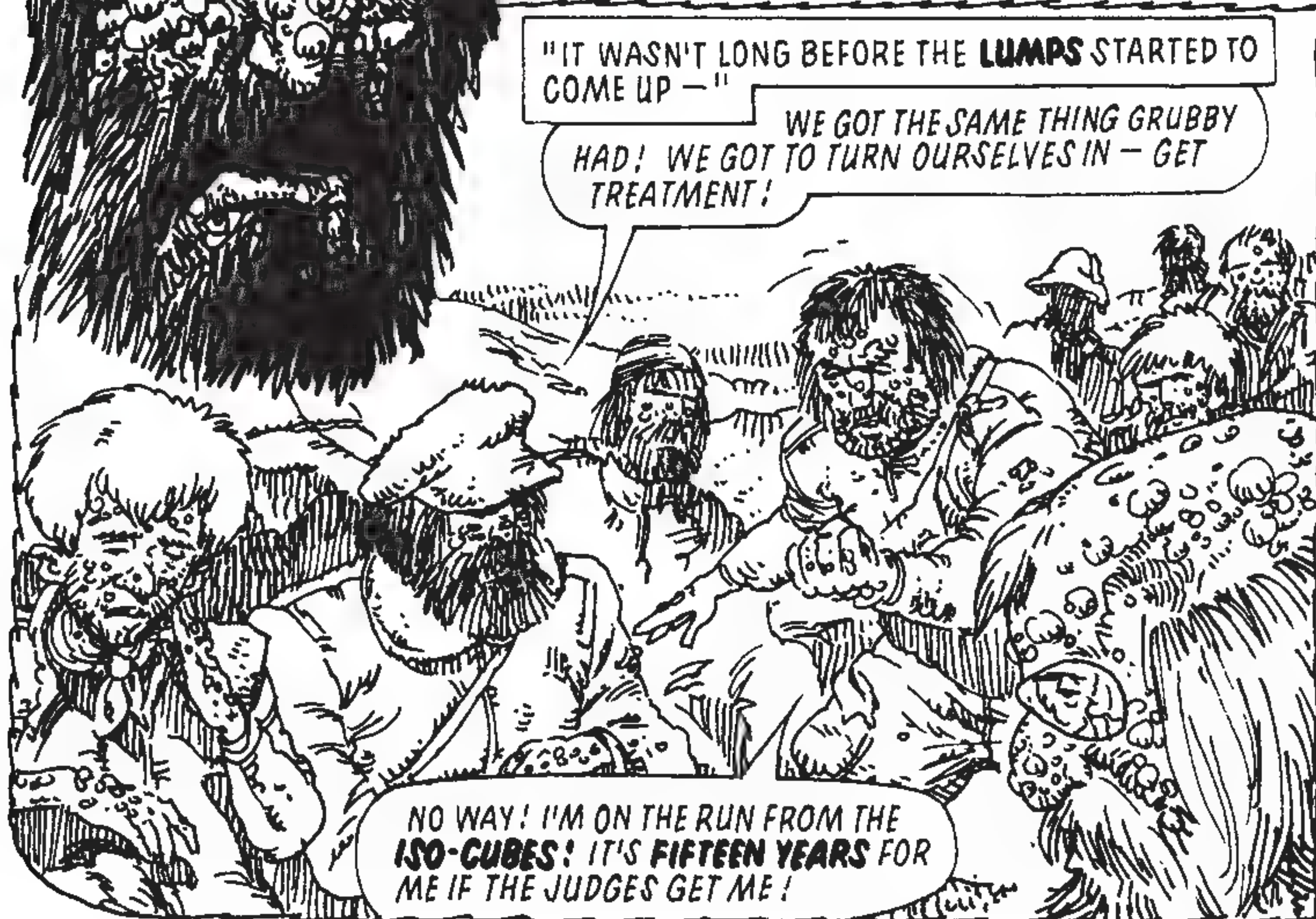
ON DREDD'S ORDERS, H-WAGON LASERS
INCINERATE THE DEADLY FUNGUS —



THE FUNGUS WAS MUTATED
BY AN INTERACTION OF
NORMAL SPORES WITH
THIS **CHEMICAL SLUDGE**.

THE CHANCES OF THE SAME
THING OCCURRING
ELSEWHERE IN THE
CITY ARE A
BILLION TO ONE.

RIGHT. CHECK FOR ANY OTHER
POCKETS OF GROWTH, THEN
START NEUTRALISING THE
SLUDGE. WITH LUCK, WE
MAY HAVE NIPPED
THIS IN THE BUD.





TRAMP

PART 3

EIGHT TRAMPS ARE LOOSE IN MEGA-CITY ONE, INFECTED BY THE PARASITIC FUNGUS KNOWN AS GRUBB'S DISEASE. THEY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY SPREAD THE CONTAGION - AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

ATTENTION, ALL CITIZENS! HAVE YOU SEEN THE MUSHROOM MEN?



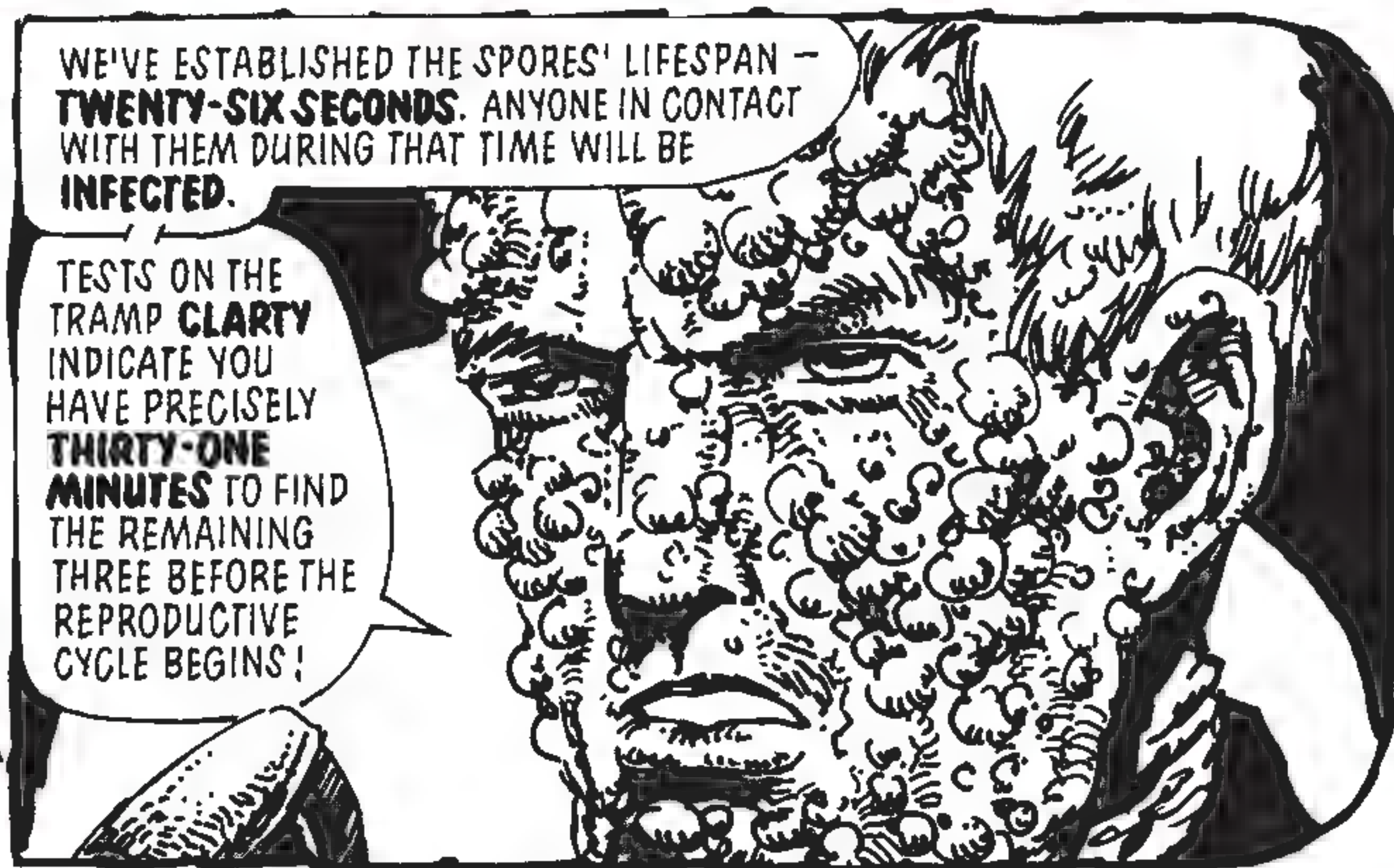
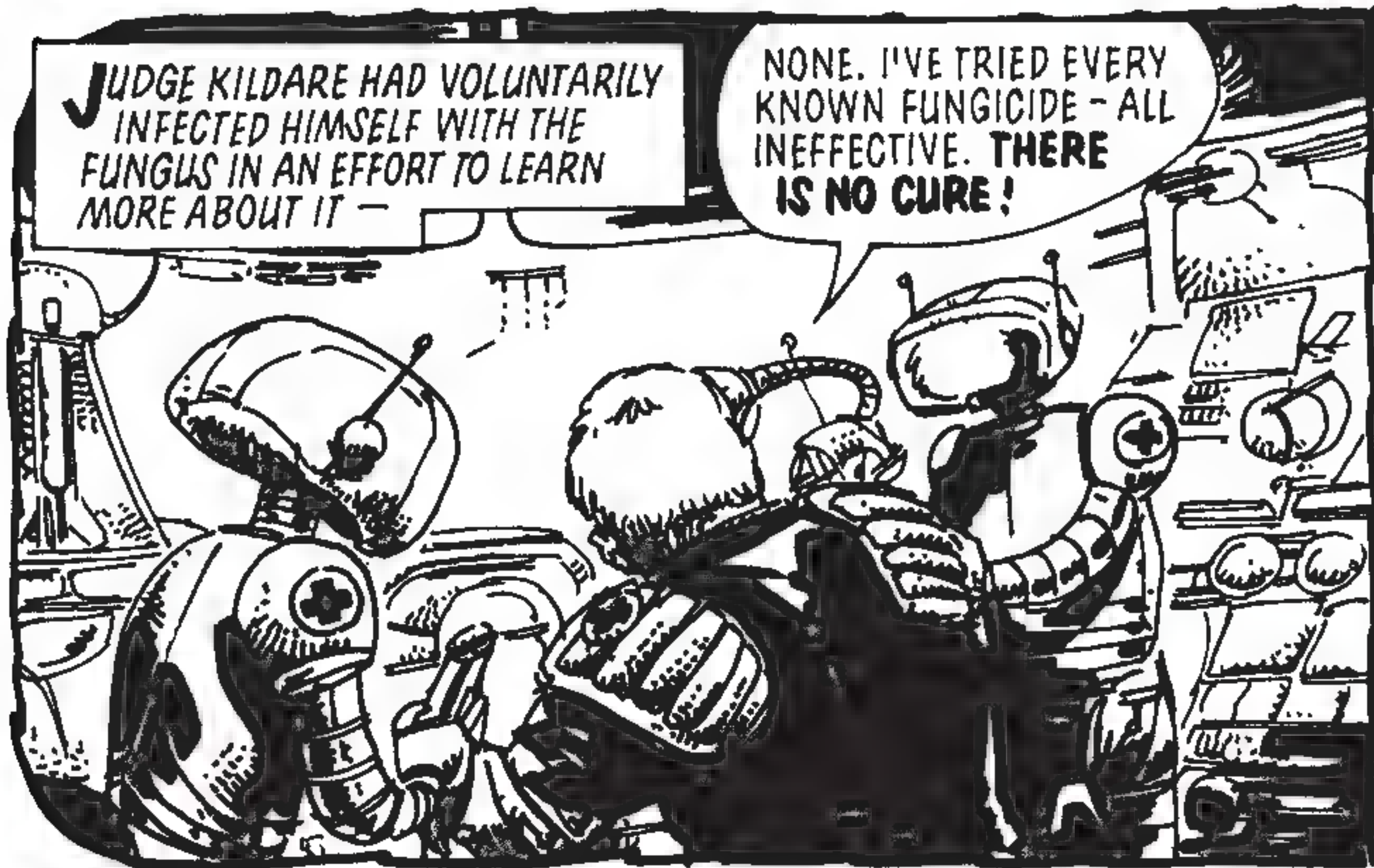
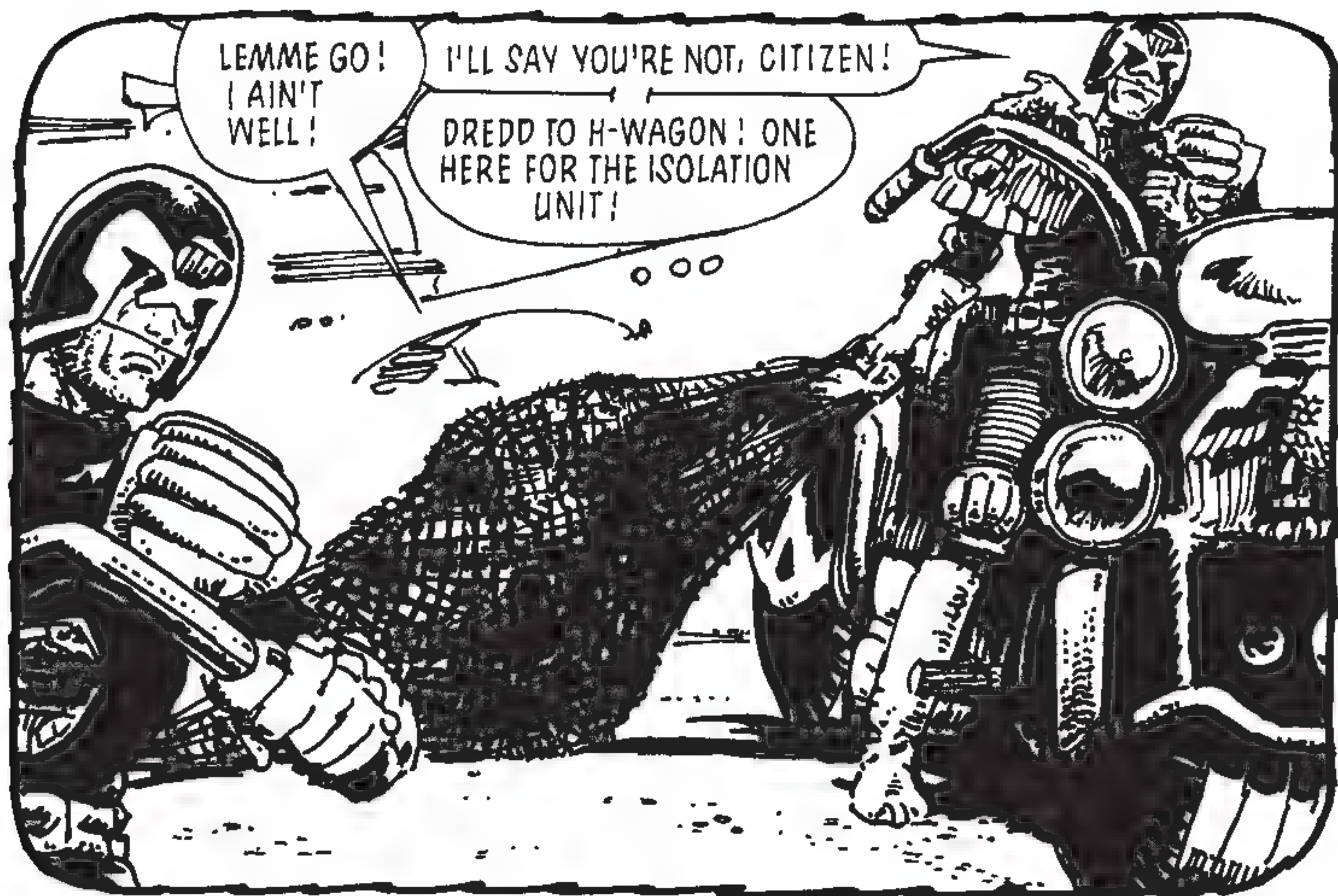
SCRIPT BY T.B. GROVER
ART BY C. EZQUERRA
EDITED BY T. FRAME

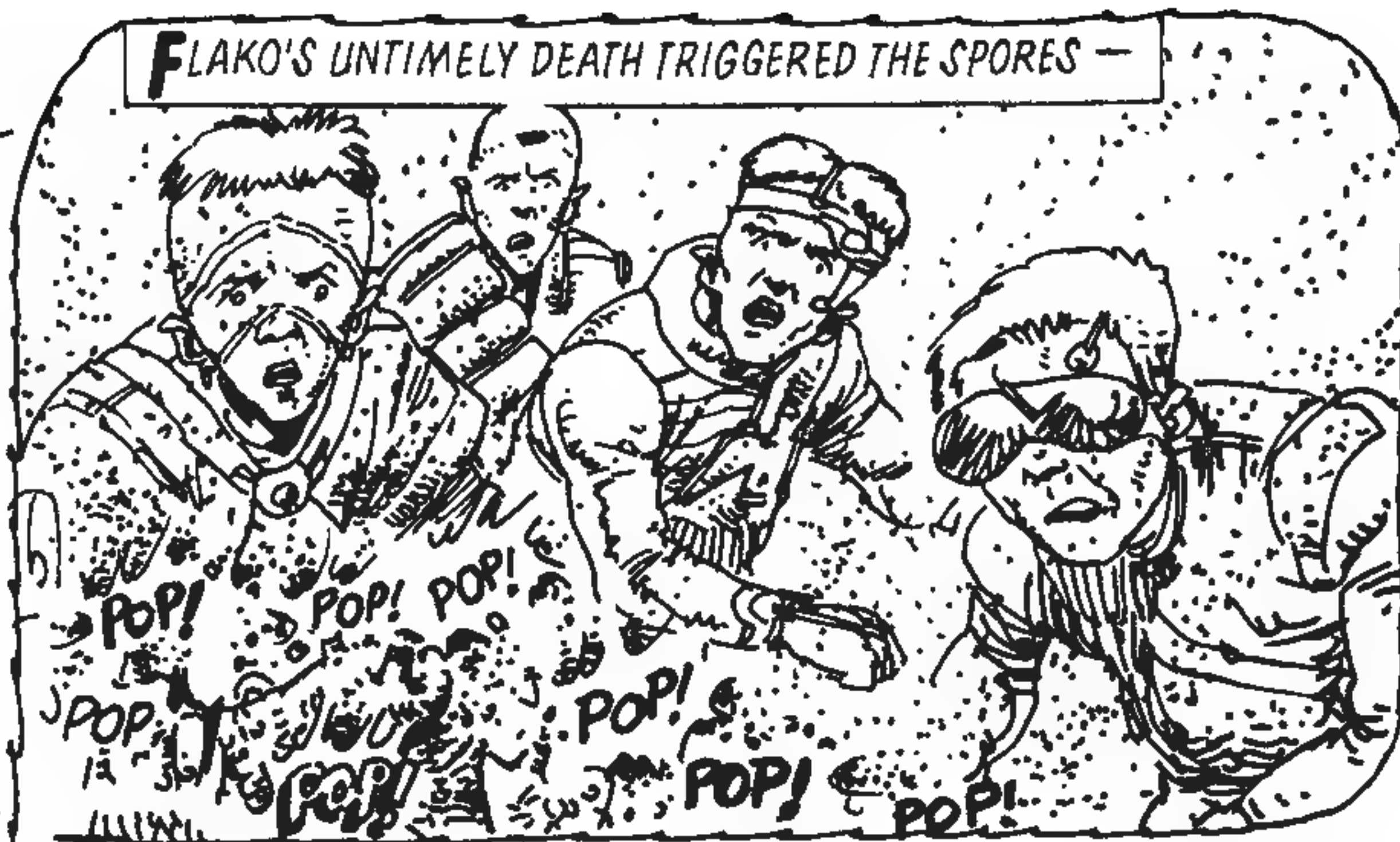


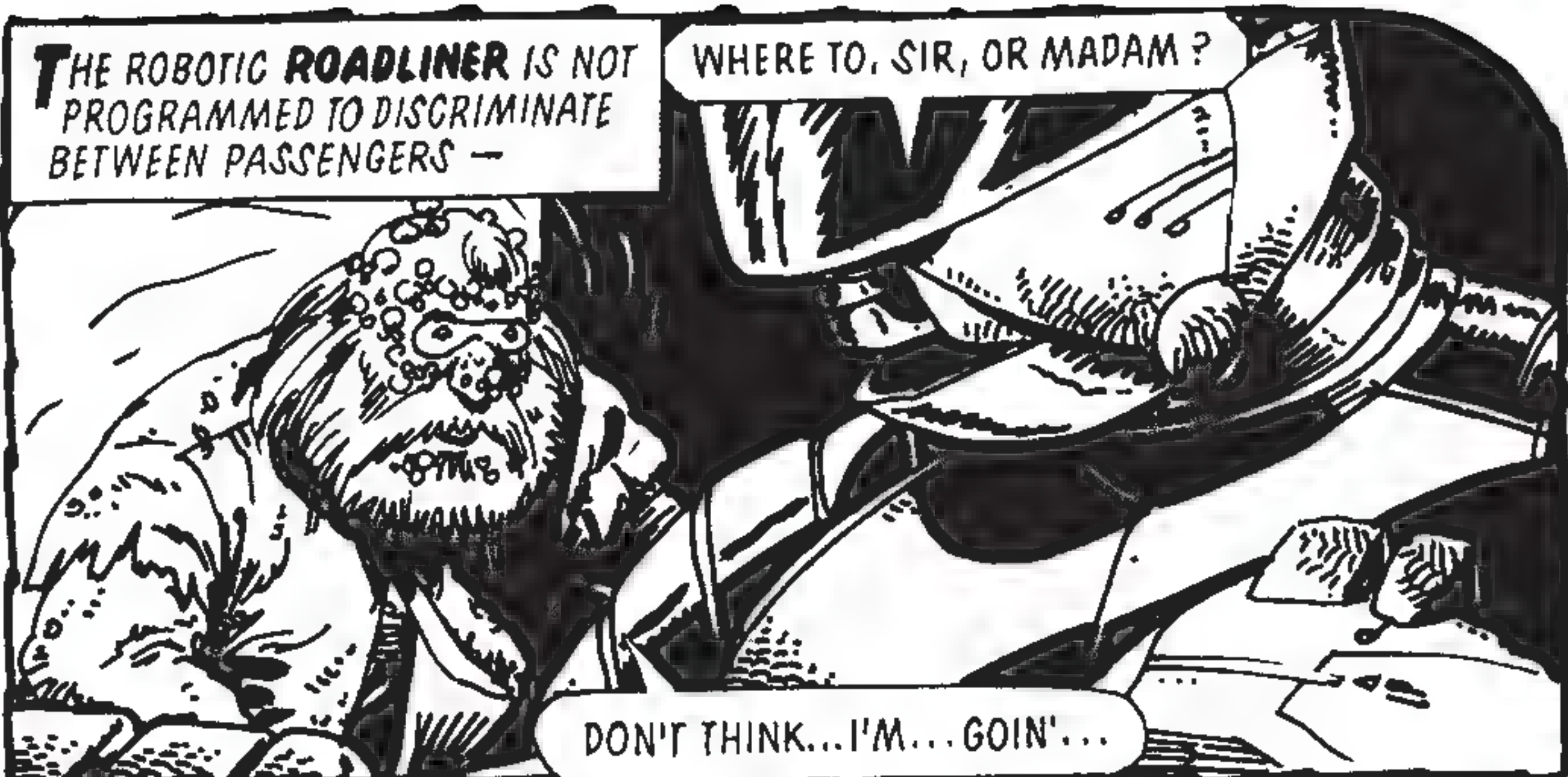
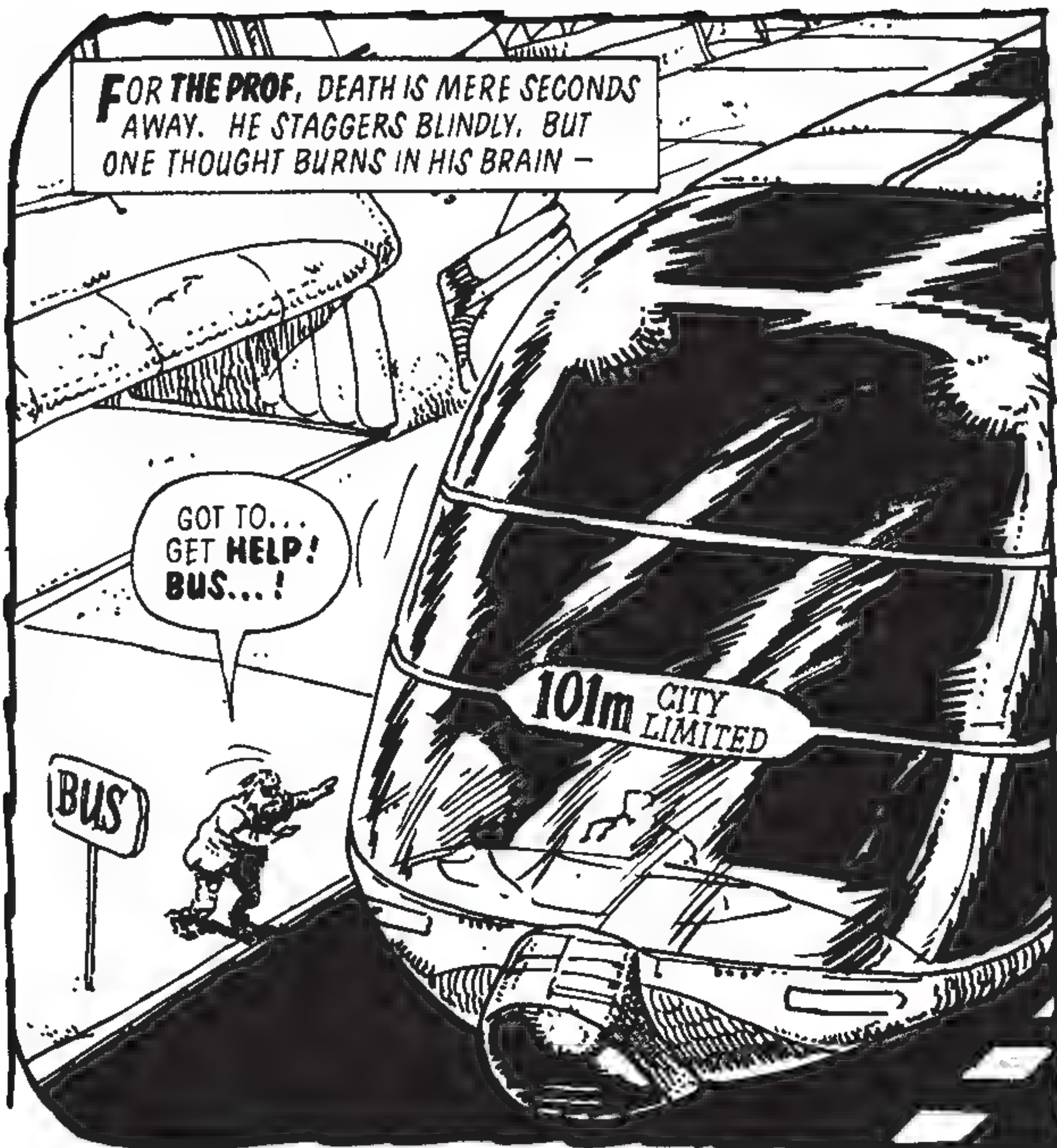
TO THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS OF GRUBB'S DISEASE, I SAY THIS - WITHOUT TREATMENT YOU HAVE LESS THAN ONE HOUR TO LIVE! TURN YOURSELVES IN. WE CAN CURE YOU!











THE PROF'S SPORES HAD BEEN CONTAINED WITHIN THE ROADLINER. 307 UNFORTUNATE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN TO THE SPECIALLY-ERECTED ISOLATION DOME -

DON'T WORRY!
THEY CAN
CURE US!

THE CHIEF JUDGE
SAID SO!



DREDD CONTACTS
THE VALIANT
JUDGE KILDARE -

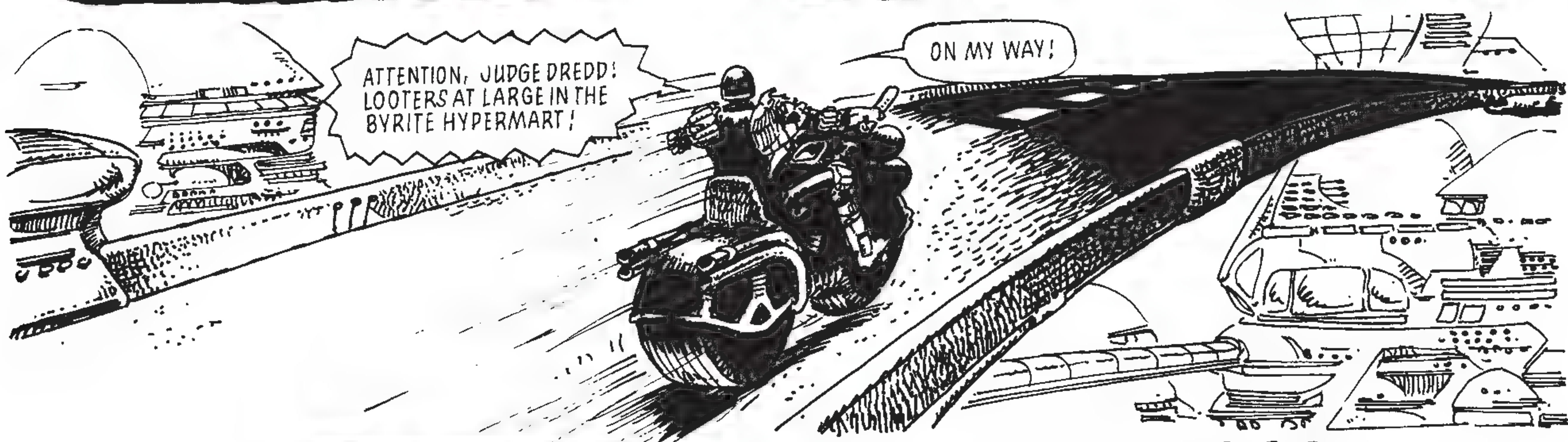
WE'VE BEATEN THE FUNGUS, KILDARE -
LARGELY THANKS TO YOU. I'D JUST
LIKE YOU TO KNOW, YOUR SACRIFICE
HAS BEEN WORTHWHILE.



THANKS, DREDD.
YOU'VE MADE
MY DAY!

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD!
LOOTERS AT LARGE IN THE
BYRITE HYPERMART!

ON MY WAY!



FOR JUDGE DREDD, GRUBB'S
DISEASE HAS BEEN JUST
ANOTHER CASE. BUT CHIEF
JUDGE MCGRUDER STILL
HAS ONE ONEROUS TASK
TO PERFORM -



CITIZENS, I REGRET
TO INFORM YOU THAT
YOU ARE ALL VICTIMS
OF AN OFFICIAL
DECEPTION - IN PLAIN
WORDS, A LIE - BUT
A MOST NECESSARY
ONE.

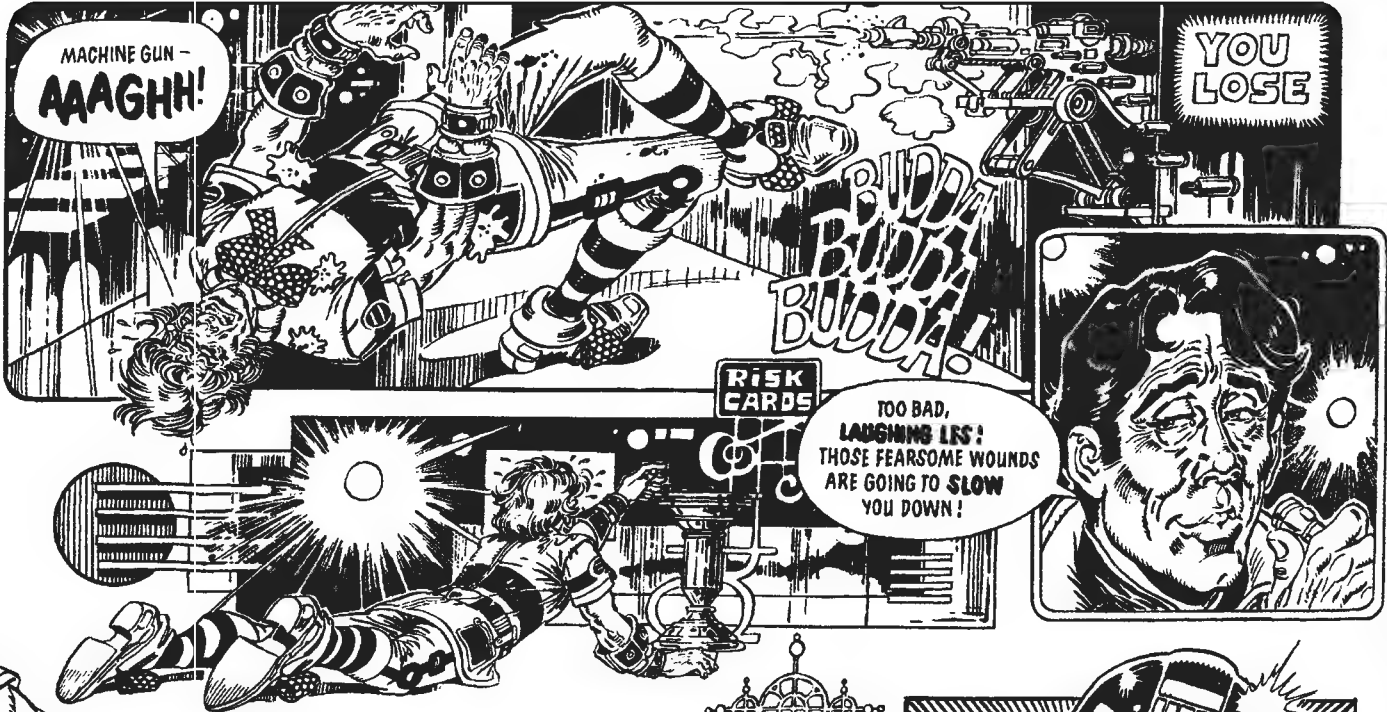
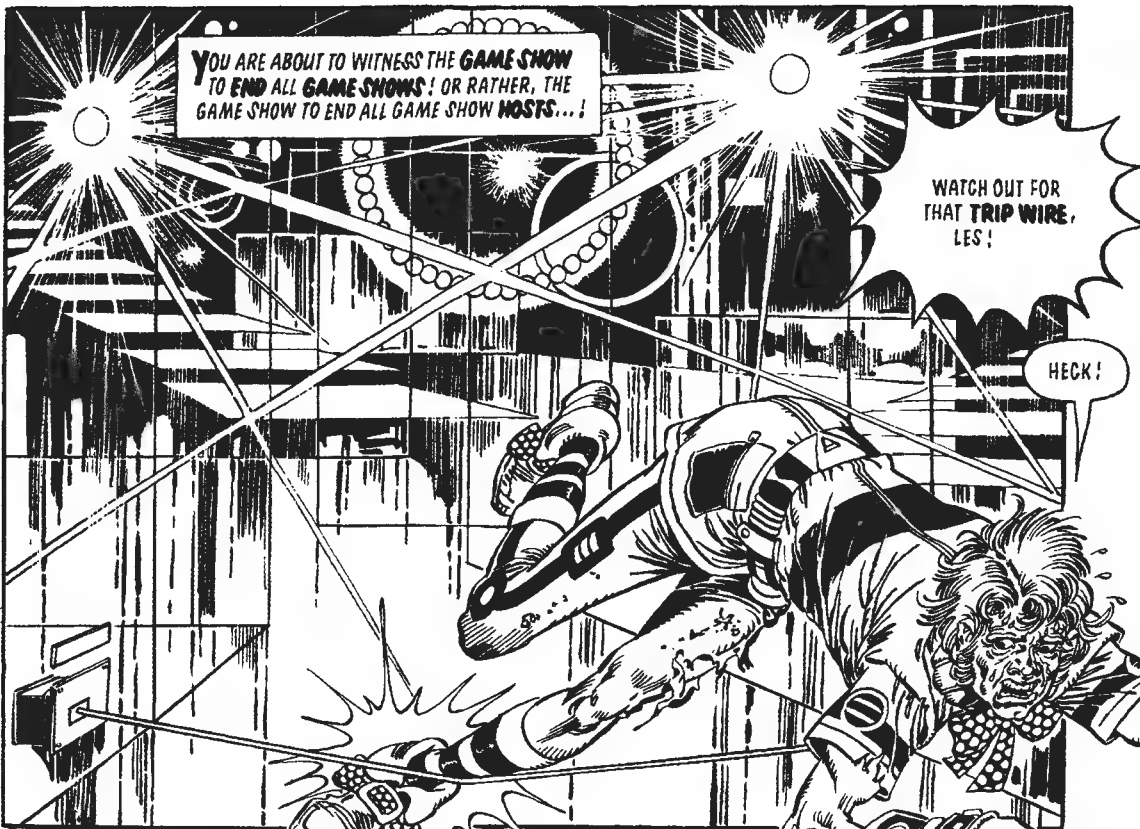
YOU MEAN - YOU
CAN'T CURE US?



NO, WE CAN'T. BUT WE **CAN'T** LET YOU GO EITHER.
FOR MEGA-CITY ONE TO SURVIVE YOU MUST STAY HERE -
UNTIL YOU DIE. I'M SORRY. YOUR NAMES WILL JOIN THE
LIST OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT OUR
CITY MAY LIVE.



NEXT PROG: **BEWARE THE
EXECUTIONER!!**



3
JUDGE
D
G
E
D
R
E
E
D
D



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, AN ALARMING MASS DISAPPEARANCE HAS BEEN DETECTED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT COMPUTERS —

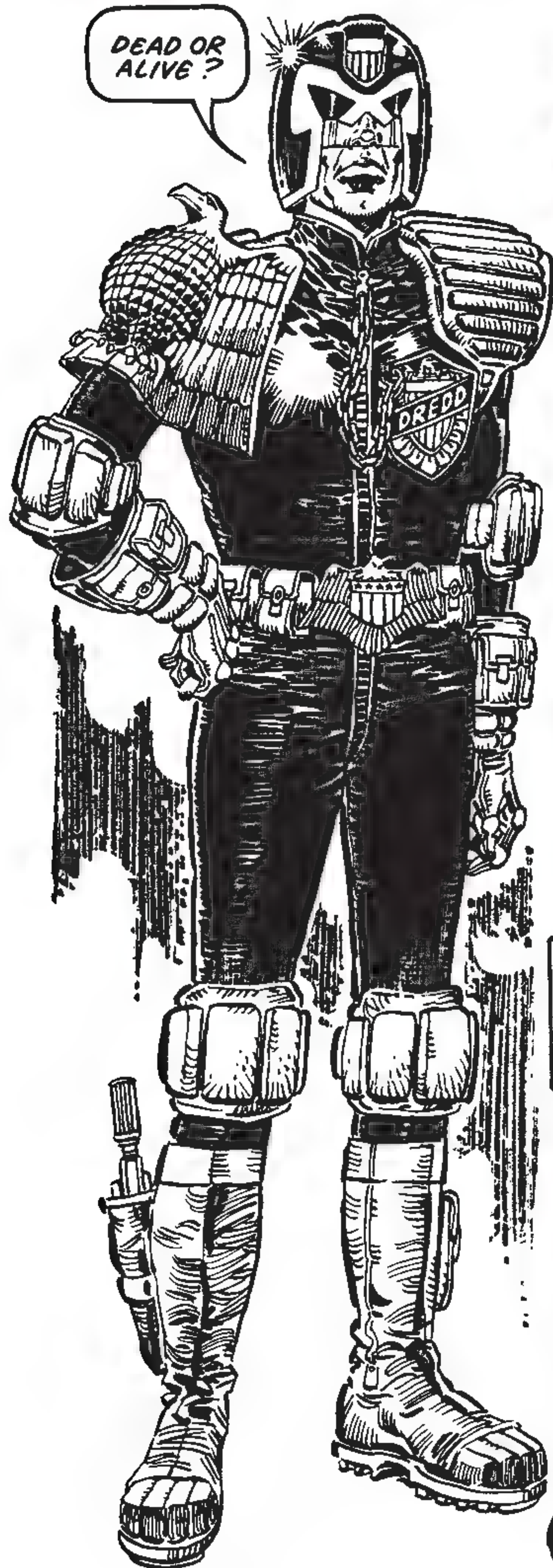
YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF JUDGE?

YES. IN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A NUMBER OF GAME SHOW HOSTS HAVE VANISHED, WITHOUT TRACE.

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE FEWER GAME SHOW HOSTS THE BETTER.

I'M TALKING ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED OF THEM! TOO MANY TO BE COINCIDENCE!

IF CRIME IS BEING PERPETRATED, IT'S OUR DUTY TO STAMP ON IT! FIND THE GAME SHOW HOSTS — AND, IF POSSIBLE, BRING THEM BACK.



DEAD OR ALIVE?



NOT LIKE DREDD TO CRACK A JOKE.

ARE YOU SURE HE'S JOKING?



DREDD'S SHARP MIND IS ALREADY AT WORK ON THE PROBLEM —

GOT TO BE THE WORK OF THE SAME PERP. QUESTION IS, WHERE WOULD ANYONE HIDE FOUR HUNDRED GAME SHOW HOSTS?

AND WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?



FOR HIS ANSWER, DREDD WOULD HAVE HAD TO SEARCH MANY YEARS INTO THE PAST, IN THE HOME OF ONE BARIMORE DREERY —

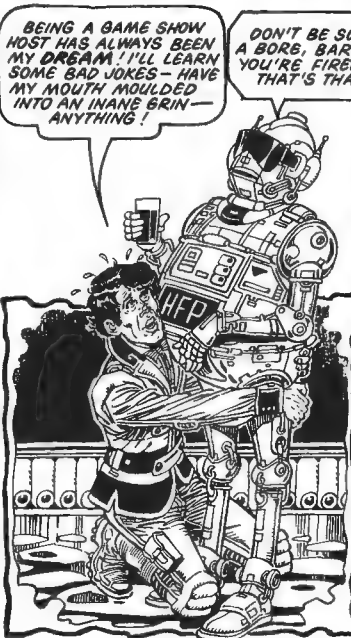
OUR BARRY'S SO SENSIBLE! TELL MRS. RICARDO WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, BARRY.

I'M GOING TO BE A GAME SHOW HOST!



IN A CITY ADDICTED TO INANE VID GAME SHOWS, IT SEEMED A REASONABLE AMBITION. IT WAS MRS. RICARDO WHO PUT HER FINGER ON THE ONE SNAG.

DON'T BE STUPID... HE'S TOO BORING!



FOR YEARS BARRY'S HATRED OF SUCCESSFUL GAME SHOW HOSTS FESTERED INSIDE HIM LIKE A MALIGNANT SORE. THEN CAME THE APOCALYPSE WAR — AND BARRY'S CHANCE OF REVENGE!

YOUR RICH UNCLE DAVID DREERY WAS AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF THE WAR. AS HIS SOLE SURVIVING RELATIVE, YOU INHERIT HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE OF 34 BILLION CREDITS.

OVER THE YEARS, BARRY'S PLANS FOR REVENGE HAD TAKEN ON BIZARRE SHAPE. NOW, WITH THE MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT, THINGS MOVED QUICKLY —

WE HAD A SLIGHT PROBLEM INSTALLING THE LEG AMPUTATORS, SIR, BUT THE SURVIVAL MAZE IS NOW COMPLETE.

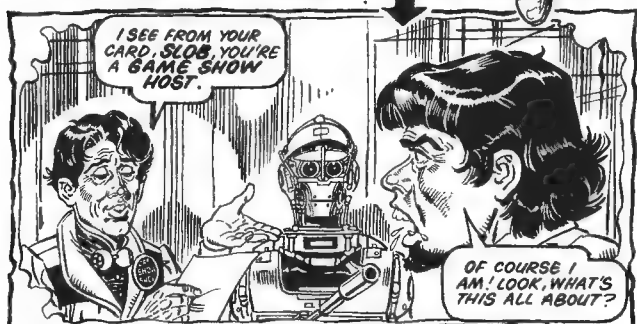
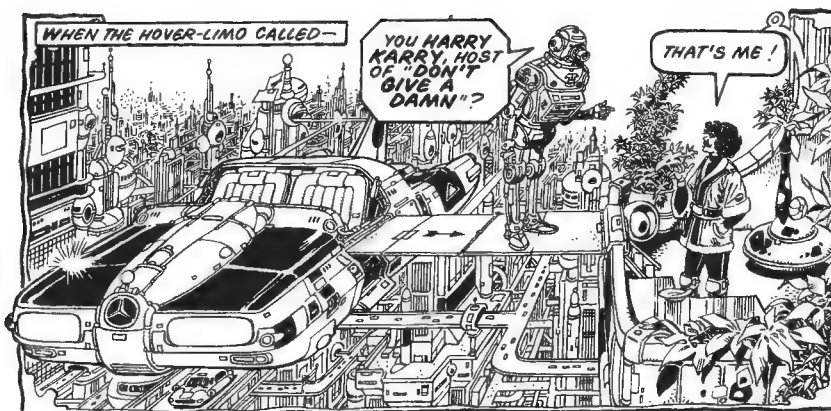
34 BILLION! HOORAY! HOORAY! REVENGE! REVENGE AT LAST!

GREAT! NOW ALL WE NEED IS THE GAME SHOW HOSTS!

BARRY MADE A SERIES OF CALLS —

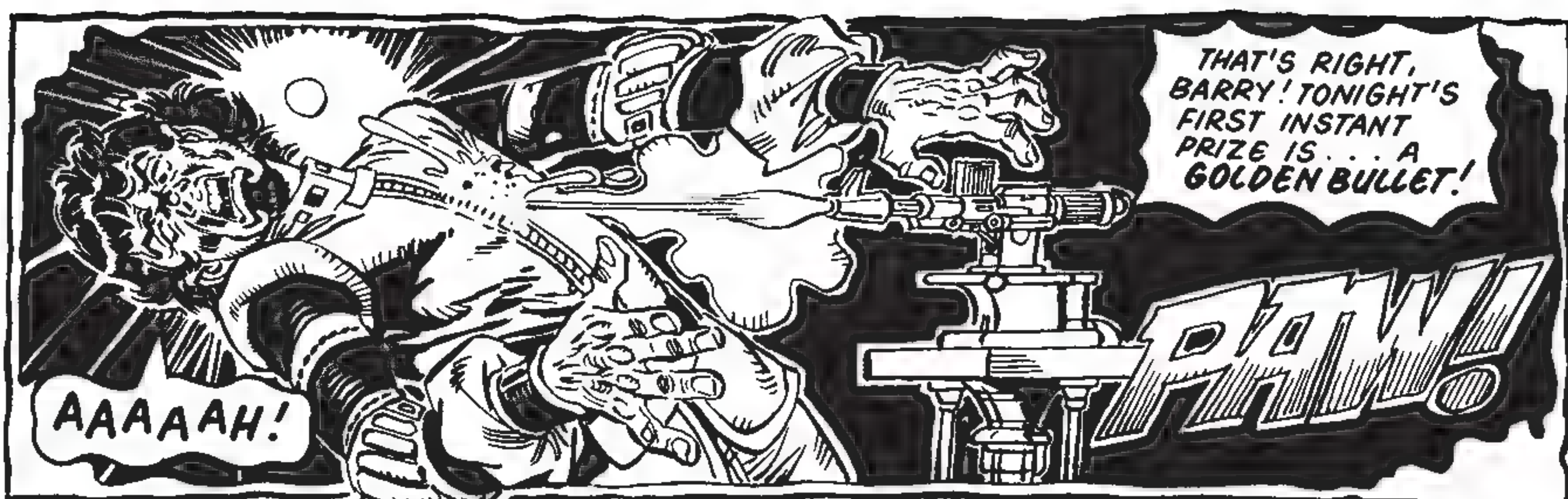
YOU WANT ME TO HOST YOUR NEW SHOW AT A MILLION CREDITS A TIME? YOU BET I'M INTERESTED!

MY HOVER-LIMO WILL PICK YOU UP. REMEMBER, NOT A WORD TO ANYONE!





RIGHT IS RIGHT! AND THAT ANSWER WINS YOU TONIGHT'S FIRST INSTANT PRIZE!



AAAAAH!

THAT'S RIGHT, BARRY! TONIGHT'S FIRST INSTANT PRIZE IS... A GOLDEN BULLET!

PAW!



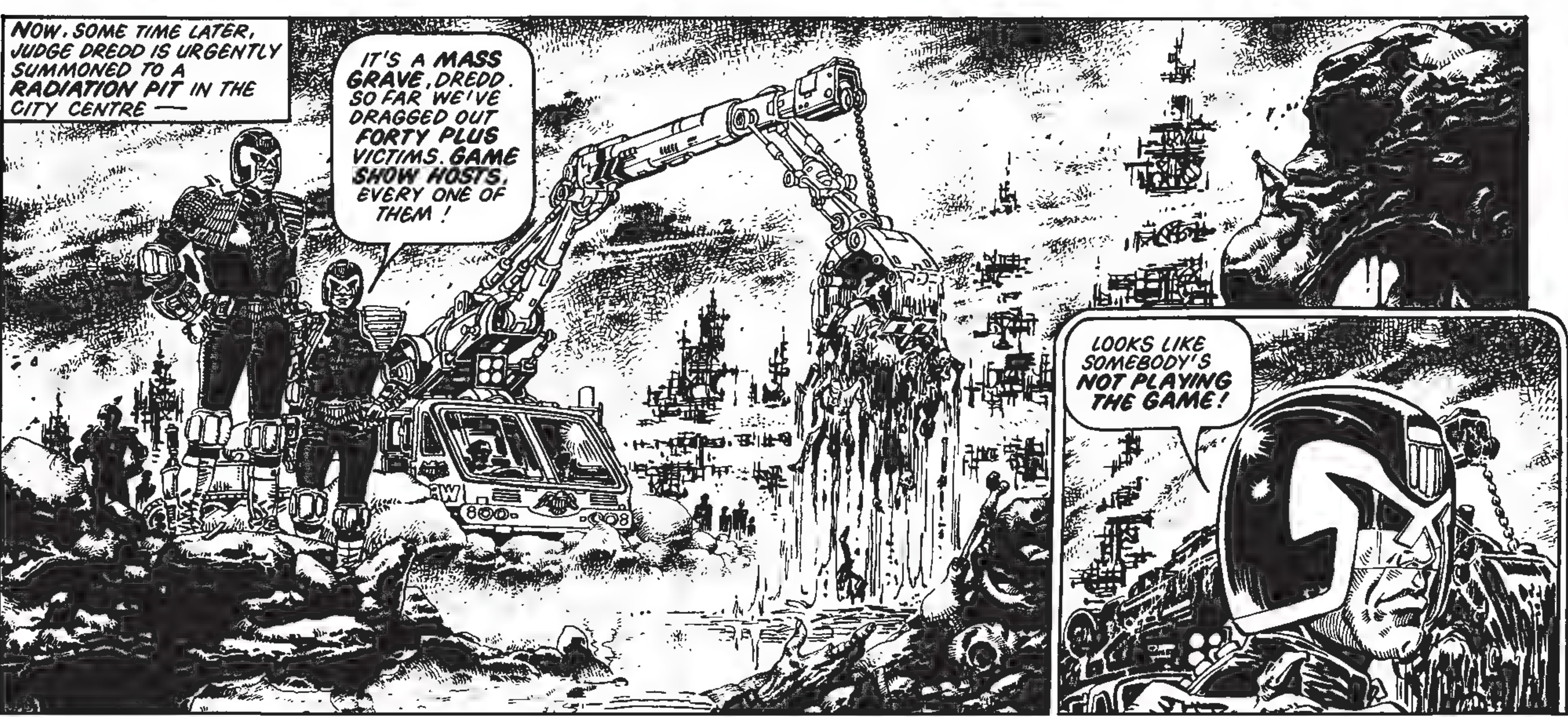
OH, HARD, LUCK, SLOB! YOU DIDN'T EVEN REACH THE SURVIVAL MAZE! NEVER MIND, YOU WON'T GO AWAY EMPTY-HANDED! EVERY CONTESTANT ON THE GAME SHOW SHOW GETS A CERAMIC TOMBSTONE TO SHOW TREASURE FOREVER!



NOT BORING YOU, AM I? GOOD! LET'S HAVE OUR NEXT CONTESTANT THAT LUCKY MAN IS— EAMMON ENOS, IGNORANT PRESENTER OF "PITS OF THE WORLD"!



TONIGHT, EAMMON ENOS, THIS IS YOUR DEATH!

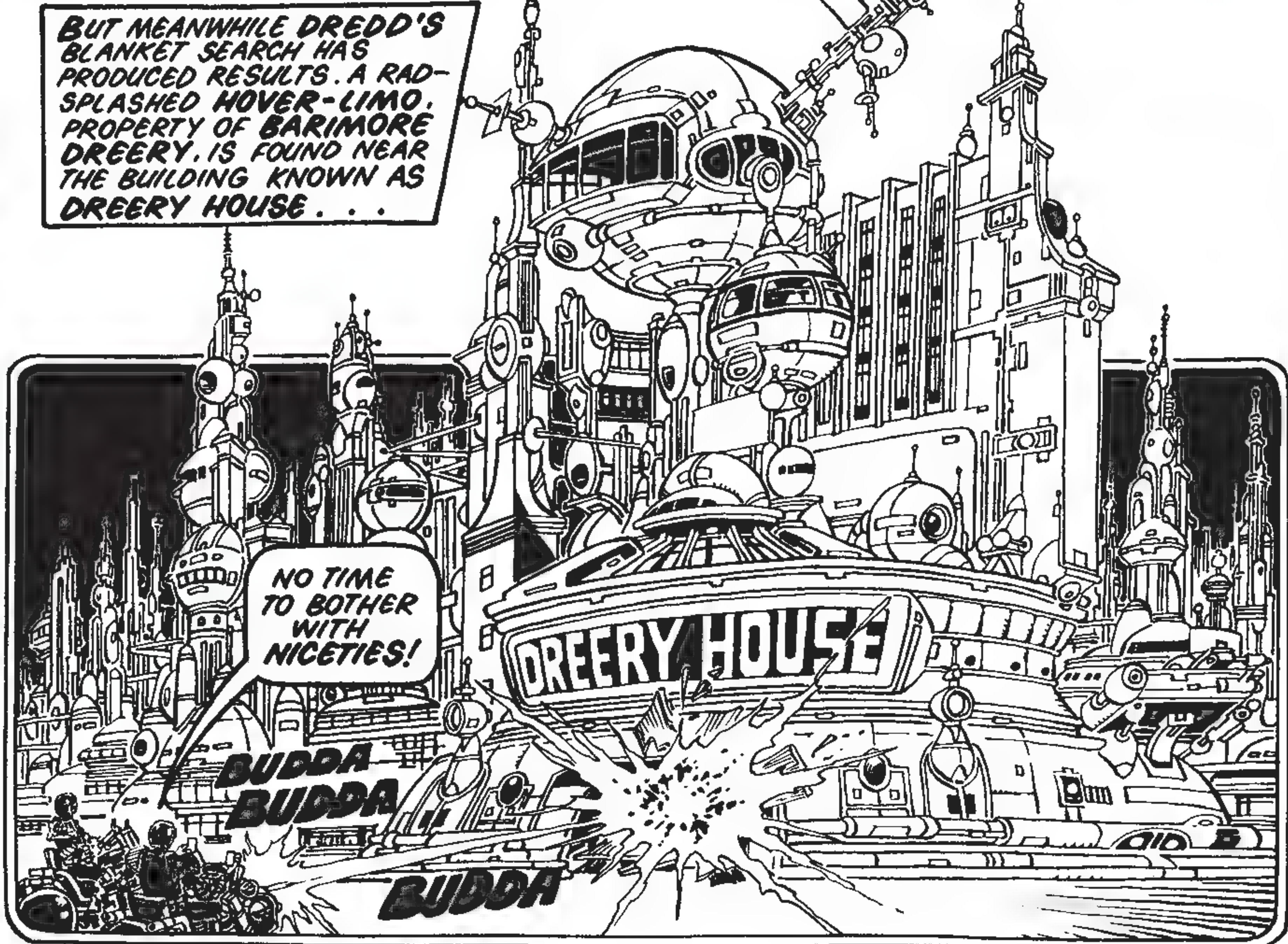
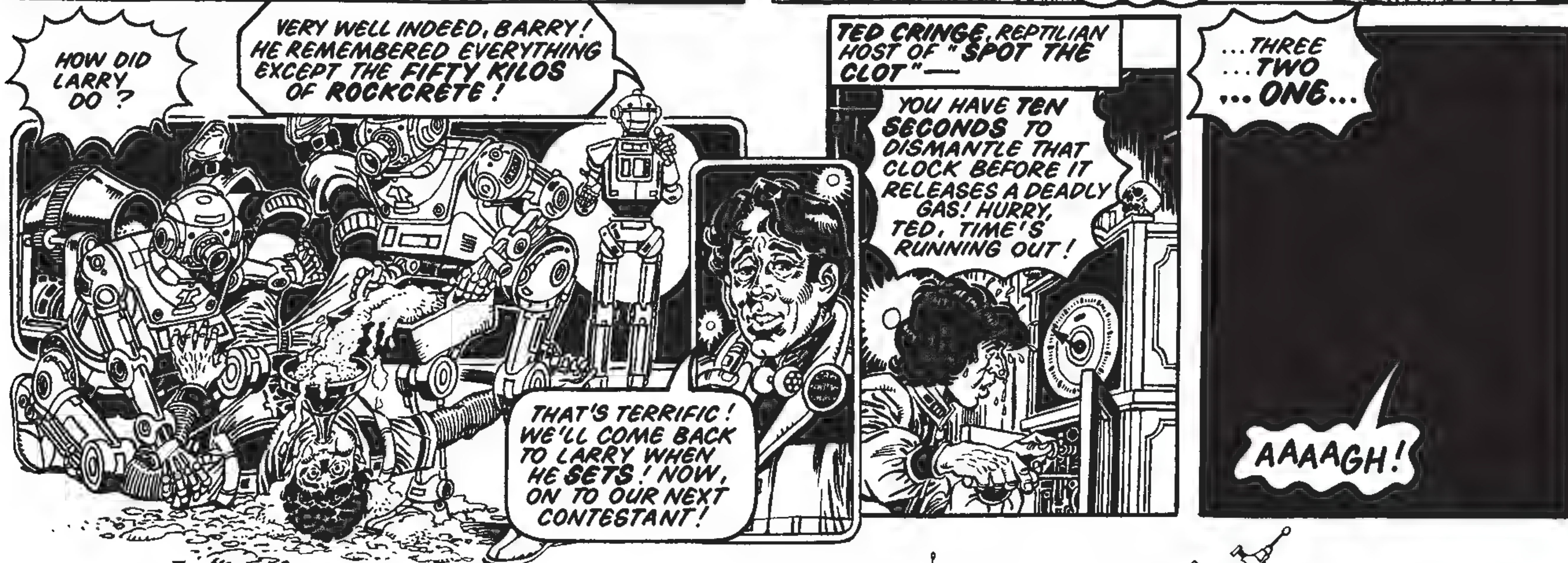


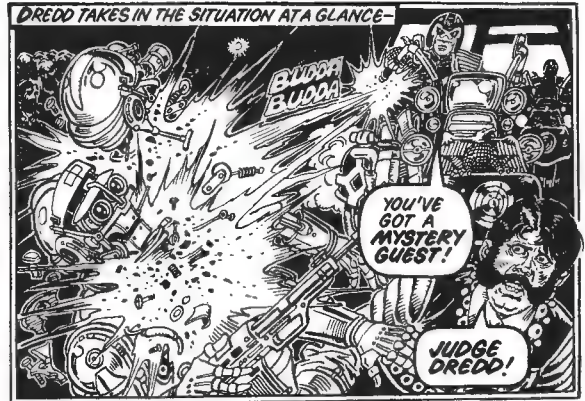
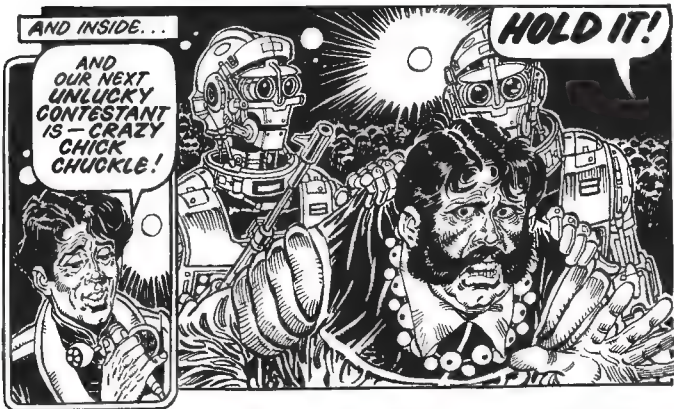
NOW, SOME TIME LATER, JUDGE DREDD IS URGENTLY SUMMONED TO A RADIATION PIT IN THE CITY CENTRE —

IT'S A MASS GRAVE, DREDD. SO FAR WE'VE DRAGGED OUT FORTY PLUS VICTIMS. GAME SHOW HOSTS, EVERY ONE OF THEM!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S NOT PLAYING THE GAME!



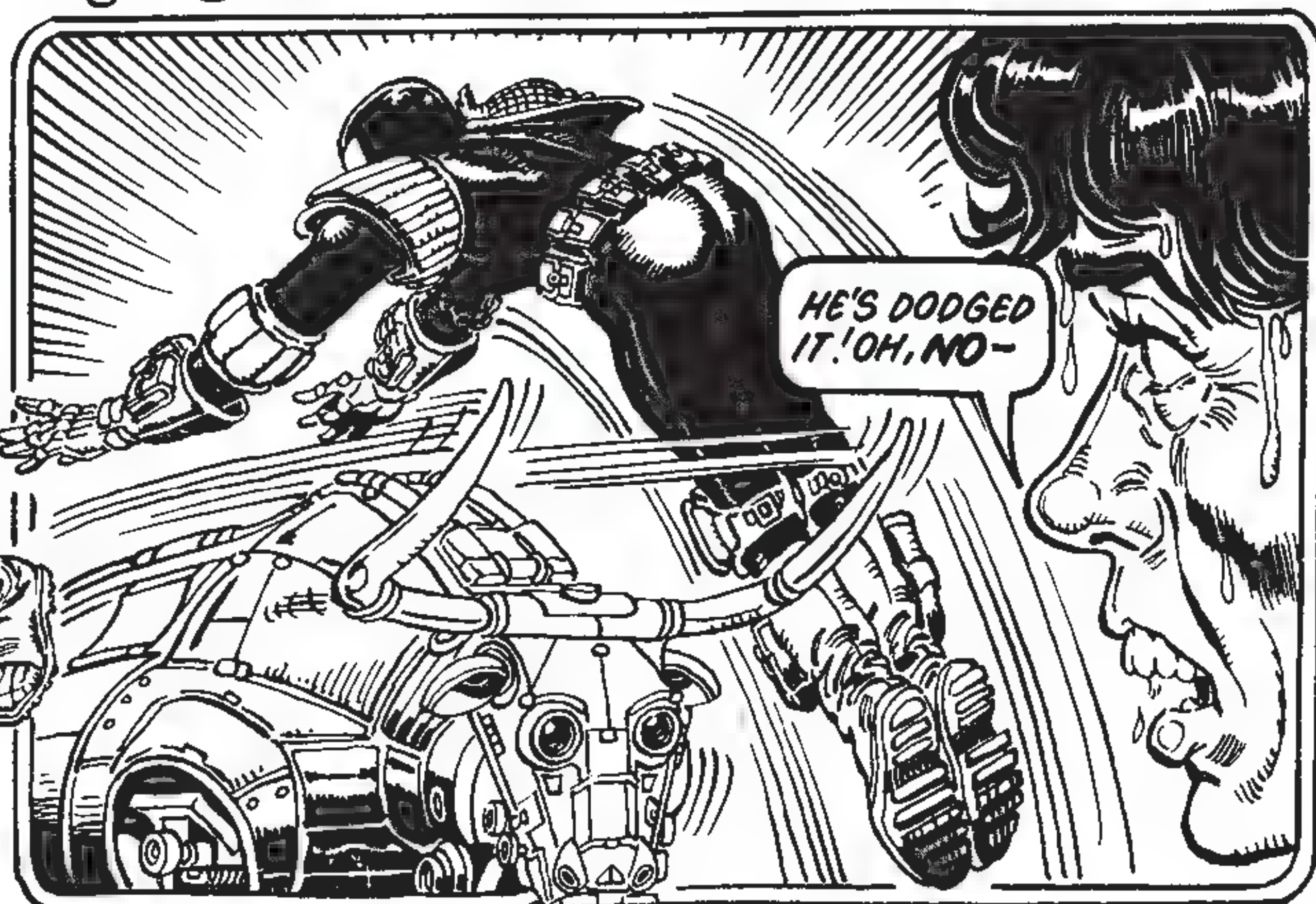
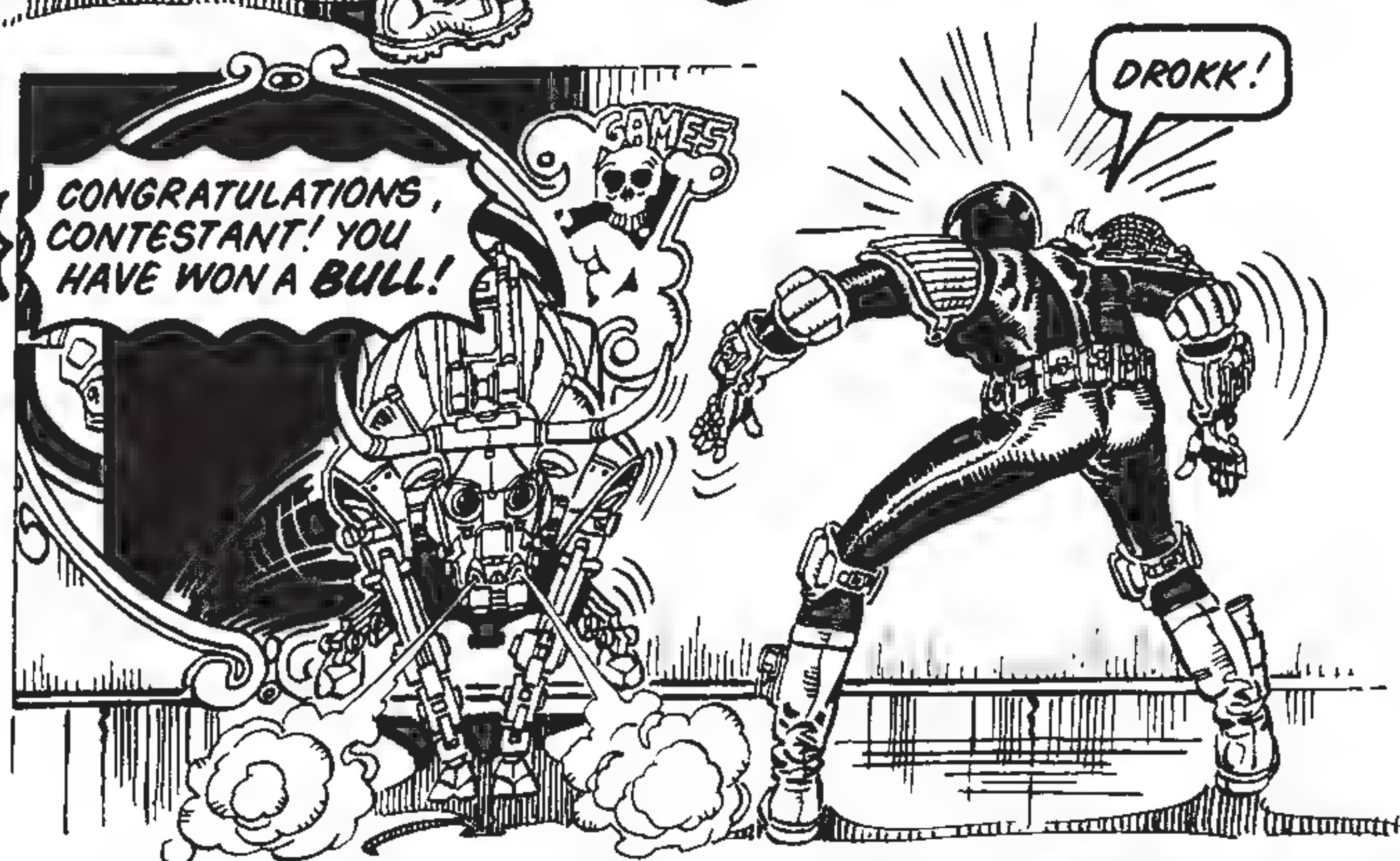
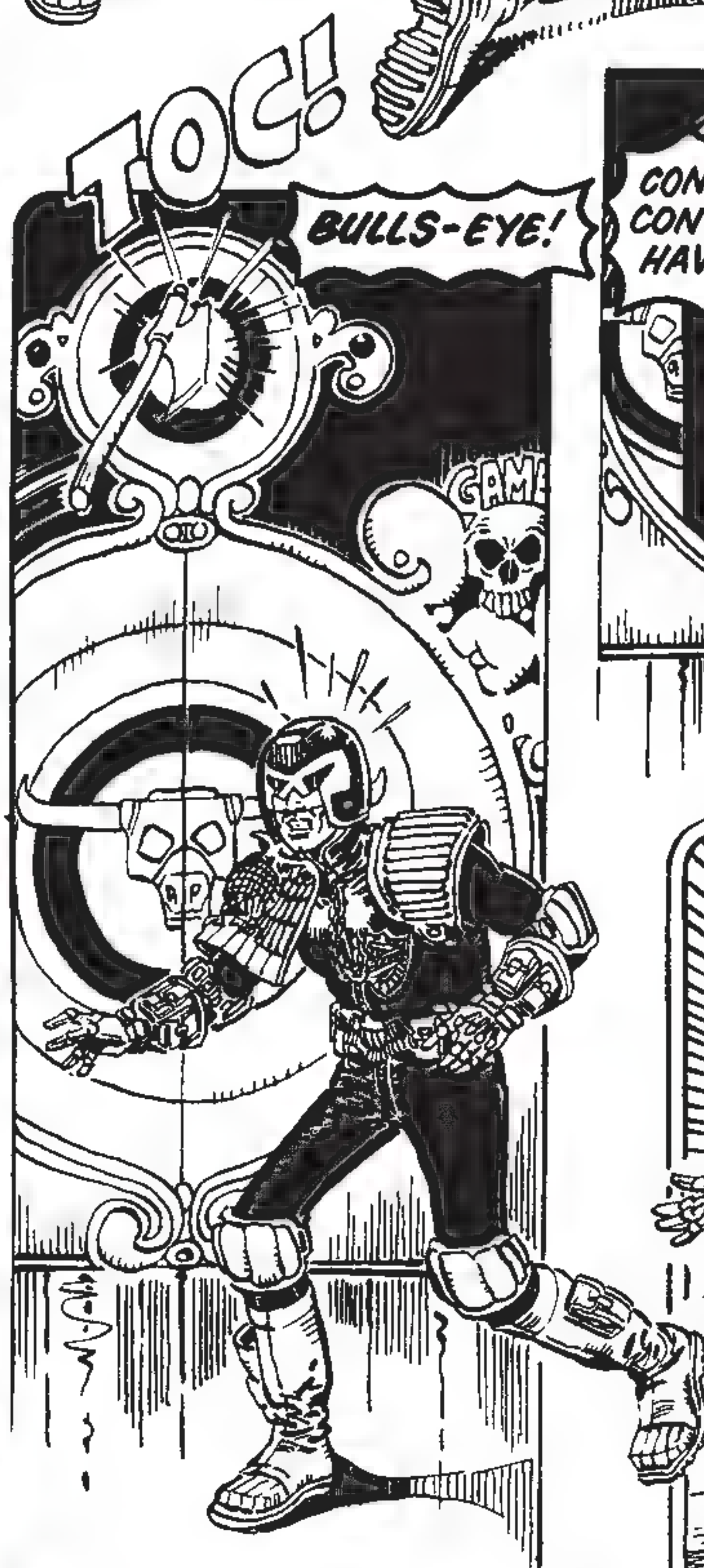




ONLY DREDD'S
LIGHTNING
REACTIONS
SAVE HIM
FROM A
BIZARRE
DEATH!



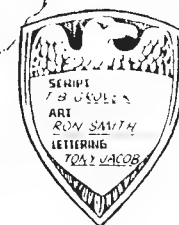
ON THE TOP LEVEL —

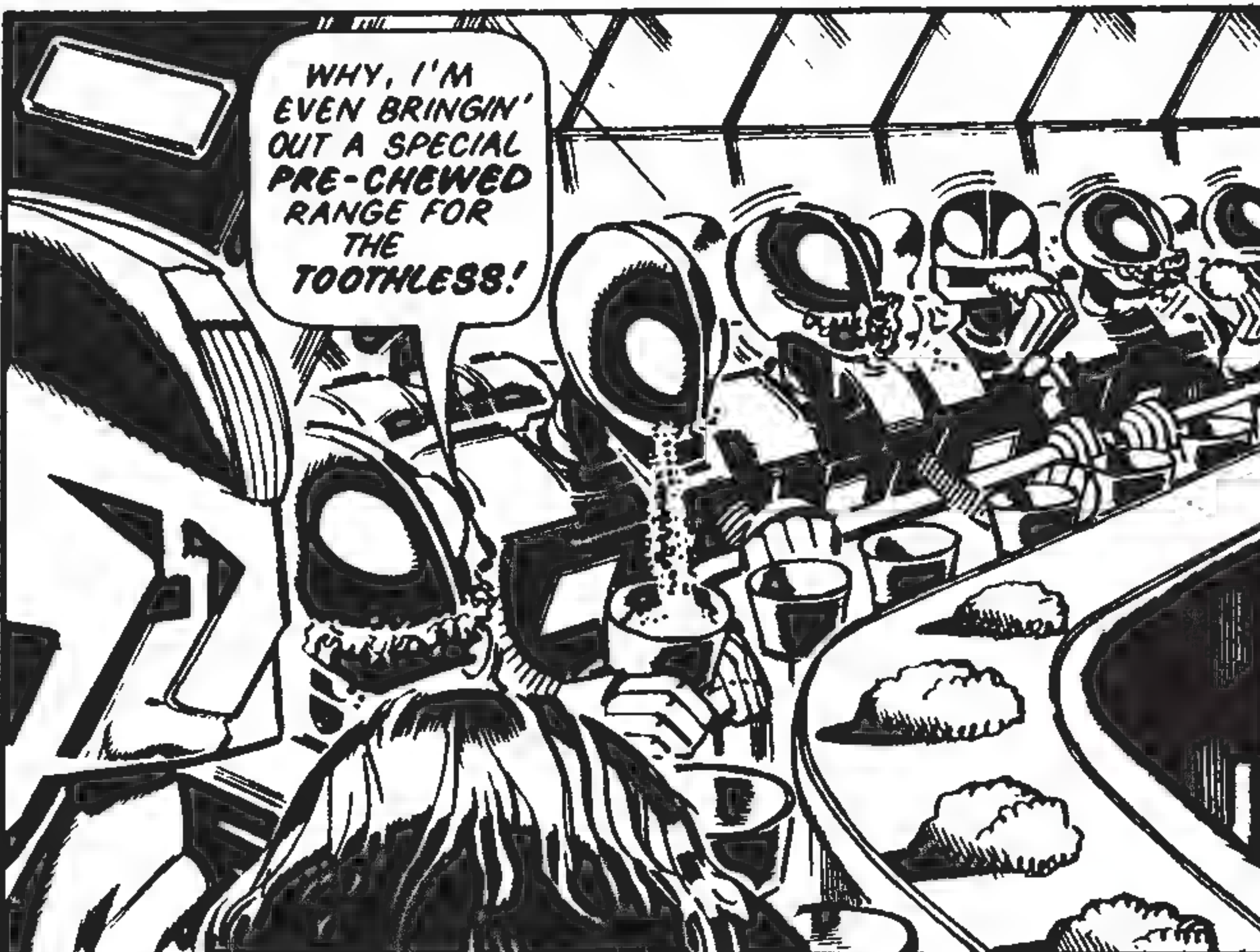
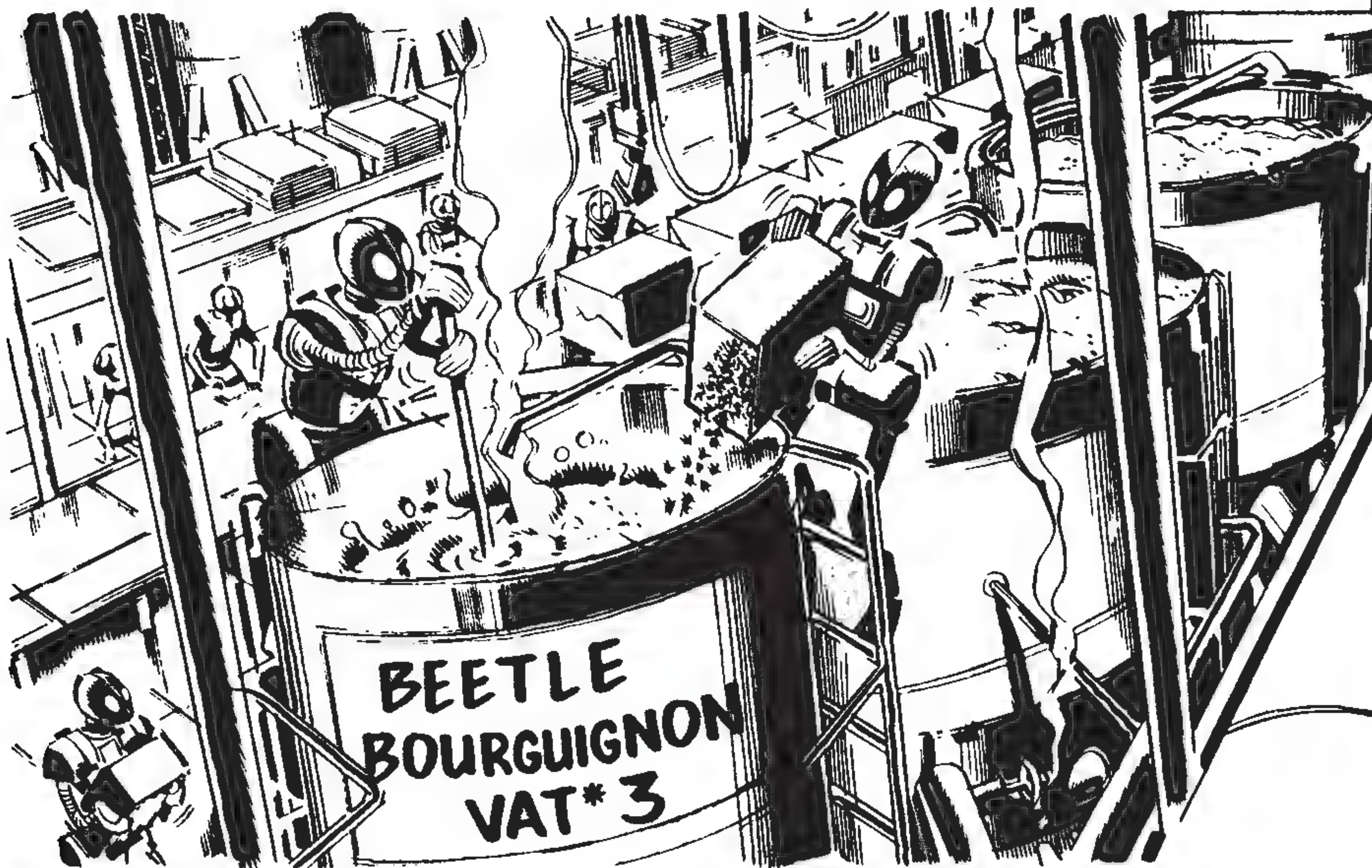




IN GUNGE

A NEW RANGE OF DISGUSTING FOOD PRODUCTS HAS HIT THE MEGA-CITY MARKET, BACKED BY A MASSIVE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN...







HERE—HAVE
A CHOC-O-HAIR
BAR! REAL
TASTY!

THANKS.
I'LL GIVE
IT A
MISS.



IT'S ALL STRICTLY LEGAL,
JUDGE DREDD! THERE'S NO
LAW AGAINST EATIN'
BUGS AN' THINGS!

MAYBE NOT.
BUT I WANT
SAMPLES OF
EVERY GUNGE
PRODUCT TO
JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT
LABS FOR
ANALYSIS BY
NOON TODAY!



TEK-JUDGES SUBJECT THE GUNGE
PRODUCTS TO A FULL BATTERY OF
TESTS—

THE COOKING PROCESS REMOVES ALL
HARMFUL ELEMENTS FROM THE INGREDIENTS.
THEY'RE TOTALLY HYGIENIC, HIGHLY
NUTRITIOUS—AND, IN SOME CASES,
VERY, VERY TASTY!

HERE, CHIEF JUDGE—TRY A
KRISPY SLUG FLAKE.

NO THANK YOU.



IT'S LEGAL, THEN?
FAIR ENOUGH. IF THE
CITIZENS WANT TO
EAT IT, SO MUCH THE
BETTER!



WITH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S SEAL OF APPROVAL
BEHIND HIM, OTTO SUMP IMMEDIATELY
LAUNCHES A RANGE OF NEW GUNGE
RECIPES—

TAKE A TIP FROM CAPTAIN GUNGE—
TRY MY NEW CAPTAIN'S PIE! IT'S FULL
OF SEA-SLUGS, CRUSHED SHELLS,
LIMPETS, NOT FORGETTING PLENTY
OF OLD FASHIONED SWAMPWEED!
ALL PRE-CHEWED, OF COURSE, AND
TOPPED WITH A RICH SQUID-INK
SAUCE!



A DRINK WITH YOUR MEAL,
SIR? LET ME RECOMMEND
GUNGE "BLACK WIDOW"
SPIDER WINE MATURED IN
OLD BOOTS FOR MORE THAN
A WEEK, AND BROUGHT TO
YOU COURTESY OF
OTTO SUMP!



MR GUNGE BAKES
EXCEEDINGLY DISGUSTING
CAKES



BUT A STRONG BACKLASH OF OPINION IS GROWING,
LED BY THE CITY'S MORAL HEALTH COMMITTEE—

SEE HERE, CHIEF JUDGE—WE
WANT THESE GUNGE PRODUCTS
BANNED! THEY'RE POSITIVELY
UNHEALTHY!

ON THE CONTRARY! KILO FOR
KILO, GUNGE IS TWICE AS
NUTRITIOUS AS PRIME MUNGE!





IN TOP-SECURITY ISO-BLOCK 666, JUDGE-WARDEN SOBRANI GIVES WAY TO A SUDDEN STRANGE URGE DURING EVENING ROUNDS —

I THINK I'LL RELEASE THESE PRISONERS.

WHAT? SIR! YOU CAN'T! THIS IS LEVEL K!

KLIK!



DON'T TELL ME MY JOB, HAMMARK!

UHH!

FWAKK!

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
C. ELQUERRA
LETTERING
T. JACOB



COME ON OUT, MEN! YOU'RE FREE!

THE WARDEN'S LETTIN' US GO!

HE'S FLIPPED HIS LID!

THANKS,
CHUMP!

AAAAH!

AS SEVERAL HUNDRED OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S
MOST DANGEROUS MEN MAKE THEIR BREAK,
ONE SKELETAL FACE PEEKS CAUTIOUSLY
FROM HIS ISO-CUBE

THE FINK IS LOOSE!

ATTENTION ALL
JUDGES VICINITY
ISO-BLOCK 666!
BREAKOUT! REPEAT-
BREAKOUT!

DREDD RESPONDING!







BY 3 a.m. MEGA-CITY TIME, ONLY TWENTY-THREE ESCAPEES ARE STILL AT LARGE...

AMONG THEM, FINK ANGEL!



GONNA NEED ME SOME PIZEN!

IN THE DESOLATE RUINS OF THE POST-APOCALYPSE CITY, FEW ARE MORE SUITED TO LIFE THAN THE CURSED EARTH DESPERADO —

SOME O' THIS HERE RAD-WEED-SPRIG OR TWO O' SWAMP-WORT-DOLLOP O' CHEMICAL SLUDGE —



A SUBTERRANEAN DWELLER SINCE THE AGE OF SEVEN, THE FINK HAS A NOSE FOR A HIGH-CLASS HOLE —

LET'S SEE — GONNA NEED ME A PARALYSIN' PIZEN, A QUICK KILLIN' PIZEN, A GENERAL PURPOSE PIZENIN' PIZEN...



FINK LABOURS THROUGH THE NIGHT TO FASHION THE TOOLS OF HIS TERRIBLE TRADE —

THESE PIZEN BALLS IS A-READY FER TESTIN'!!





NEXT PROG: BOK!

ON EARTH, THE FINK IS LOOSE —



SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T. JACOB

ON DISTANT XANADU, A GRUESOME
CLAW RISES FROM THE GRAVE —



— AND THE MEAN MACHINE LIVES AGAIN! —



DESTINY'S
ANGELS PART 2



THE STRANGE YOUTH IS POSSESSED OF ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWERS. ONCE HE WAS THE JUDGE CHILD, THE PREDICTED LEADER OF MEGA-CITY ONE. BUT DREDD HAD JUDGED HIM EVIL - AND EXILED HIM FOR EVER ON THE LAND OF THE BRUNWALDER.*

NOW, HE SEEKS REVENGE!



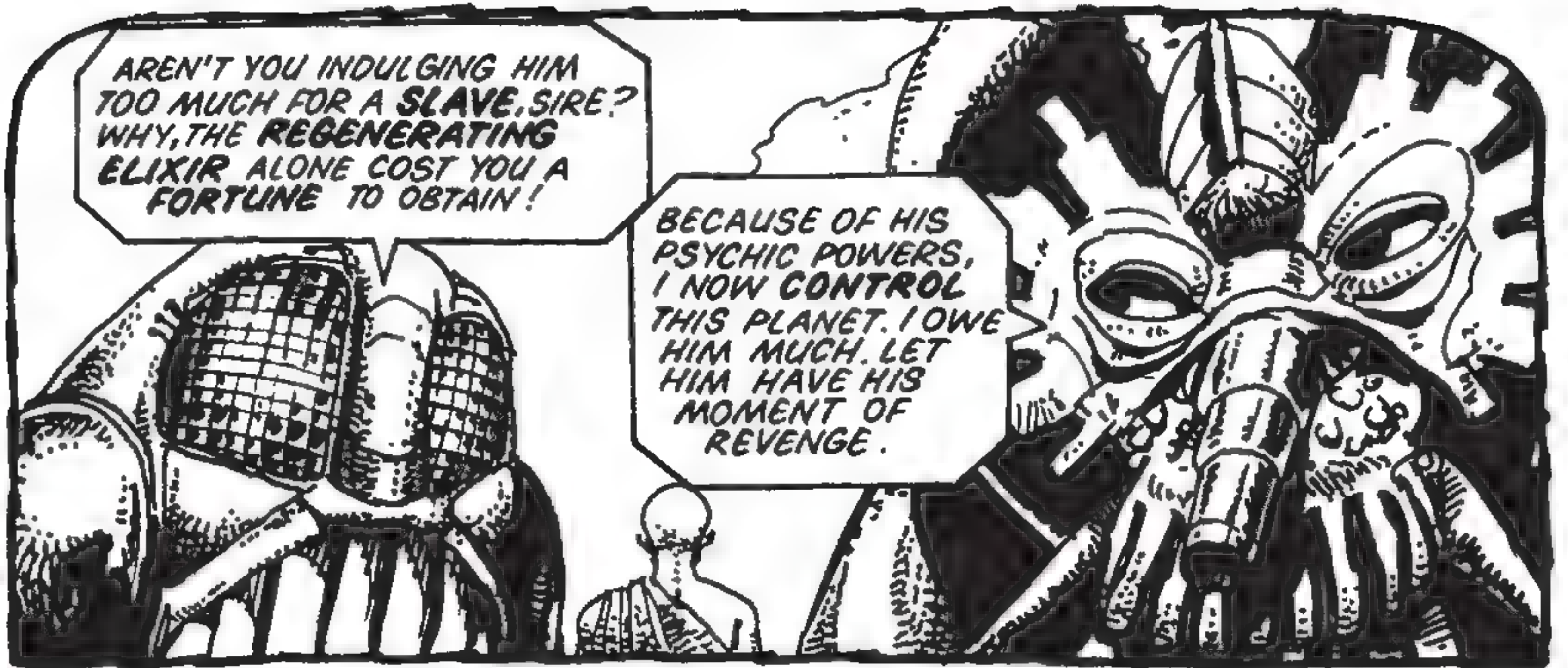
MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, I HAVE RAISED YOU FROM THE DEAD. PA, LINK AND JUNIOR HAVE PERISHED AT THE HAND OF DREDD!

* SEE PROGS 156-181



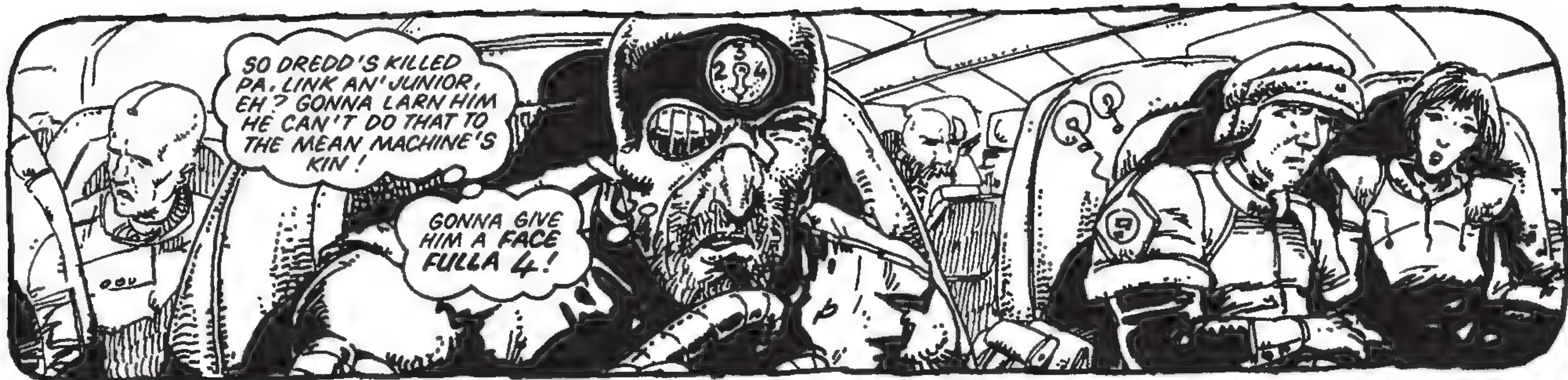


MAN OF METAL,
MAN OF BONE—
TOGETHER THEY
WILL KILL DREDD.
I HAVE SEEN IT.
IT WILL BE.



AT XANADU SPACEPORT—







TROUBLE IN RESYK, MEGA-CITY ONE'S
HUGE BODY RECYCLING PLANT —

SECURITY HERE! WE'VE GOT
ONE DEAD GUARD! LOOKS LIKE
HE'S BEEN POISONED!

DESTINY'S ANGELS

PART 3

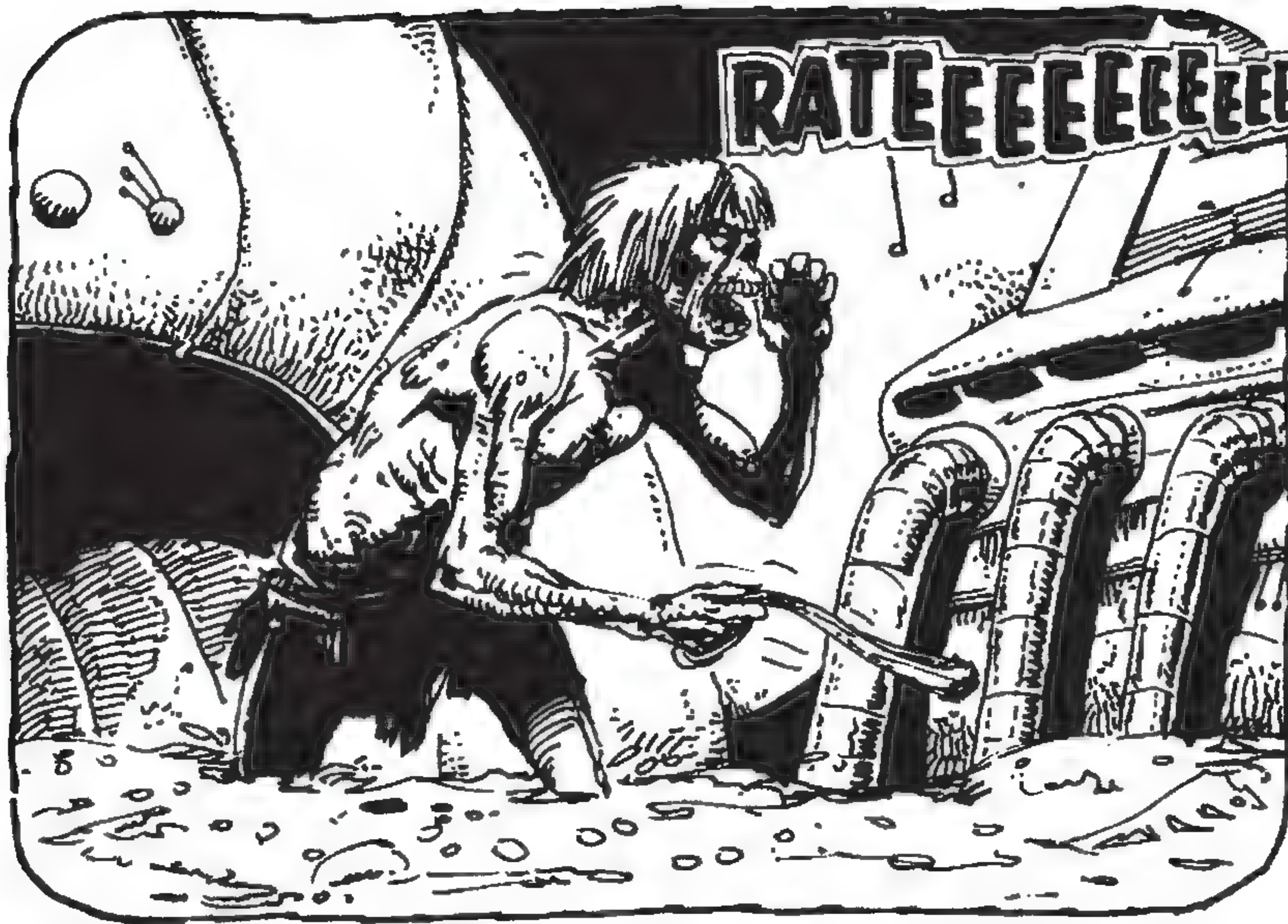
SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME



MEANWHILE, THE GHOULISH
FIGURE OF FINK ANGEL
IS AT WORK —

CHUUUNK!



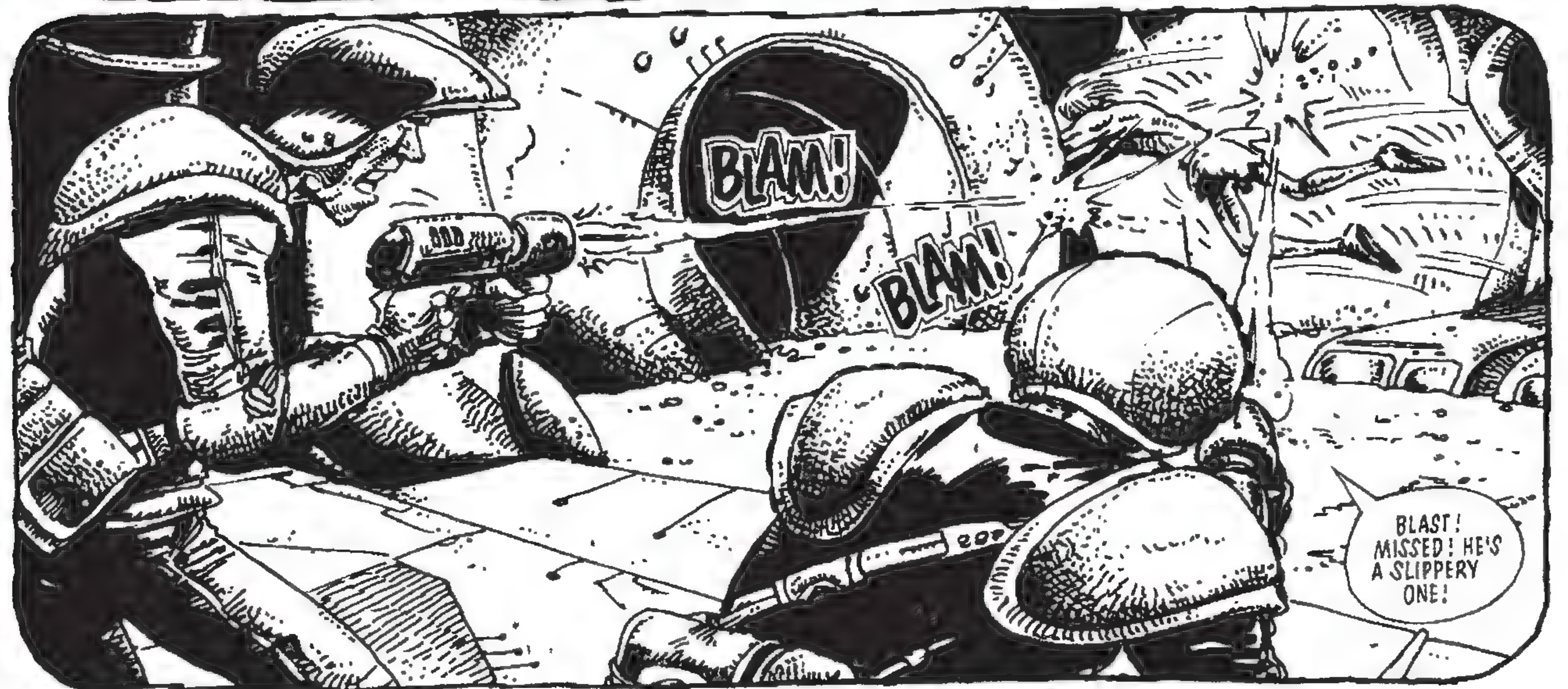


IN HIS COSY NEST BENEATH
GURGLING VATS, FINK'S
LONG-TIME COMPANION
PRICKS UP HIS EARS —



SECURITY HERE!
YOUR MAN'S IN THE
GRISTLE MILL!

TELL 'EM
I'M ON MY
WAY!



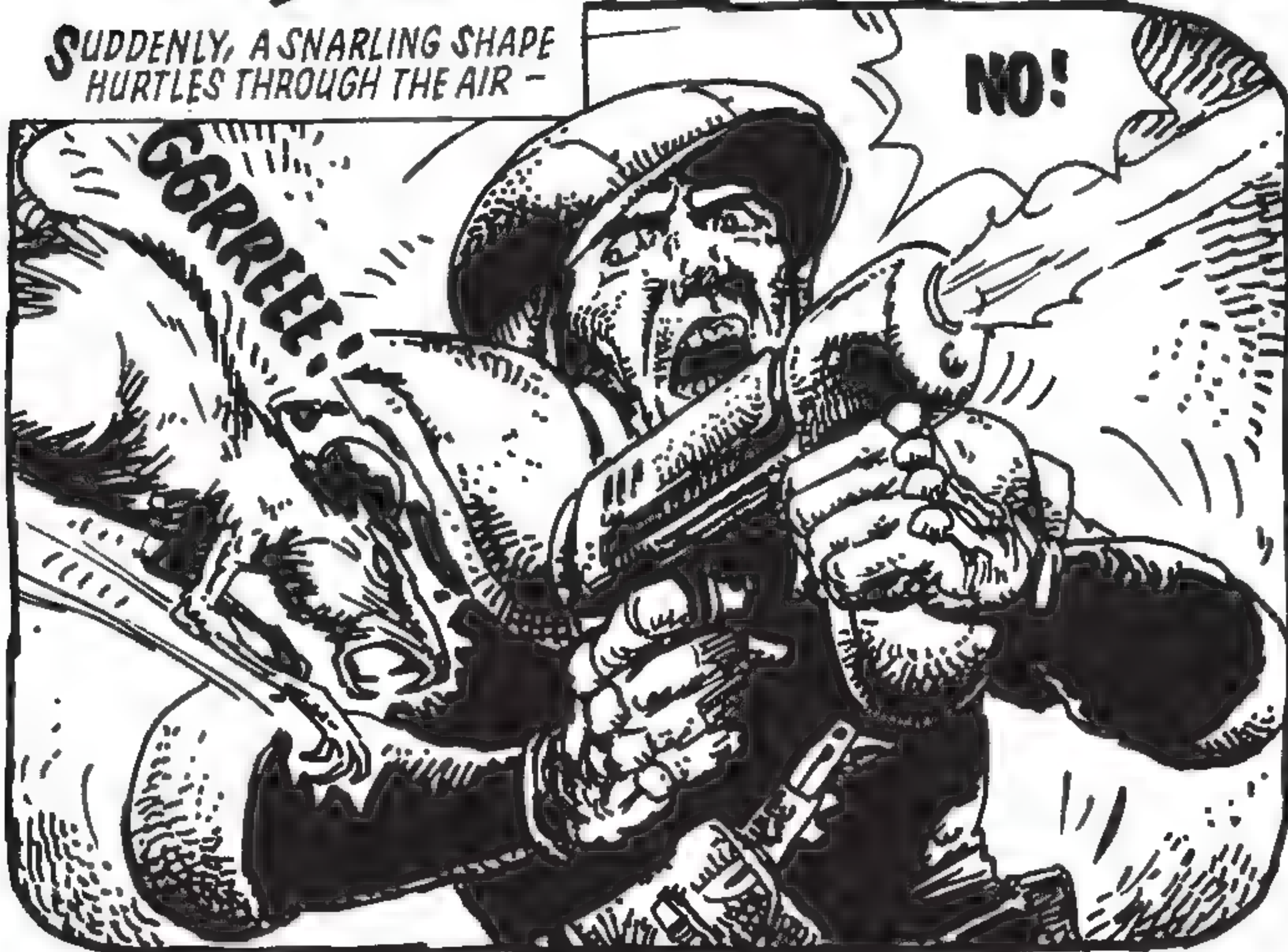
BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAST!
MISSED! HE'S
A SLIPPERY
ONE!



SUDDENLY, A SNARLING SHAPE
HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR -

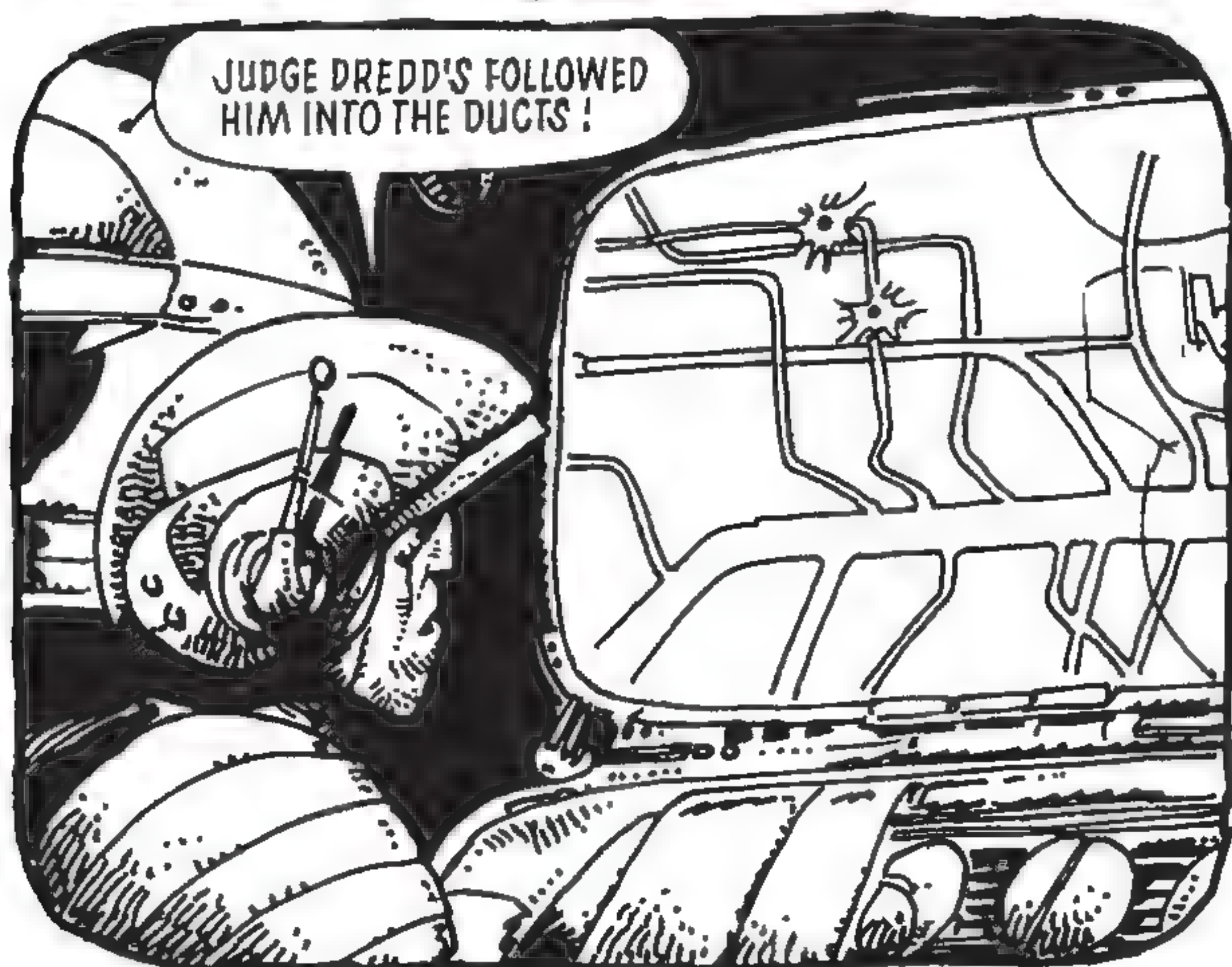
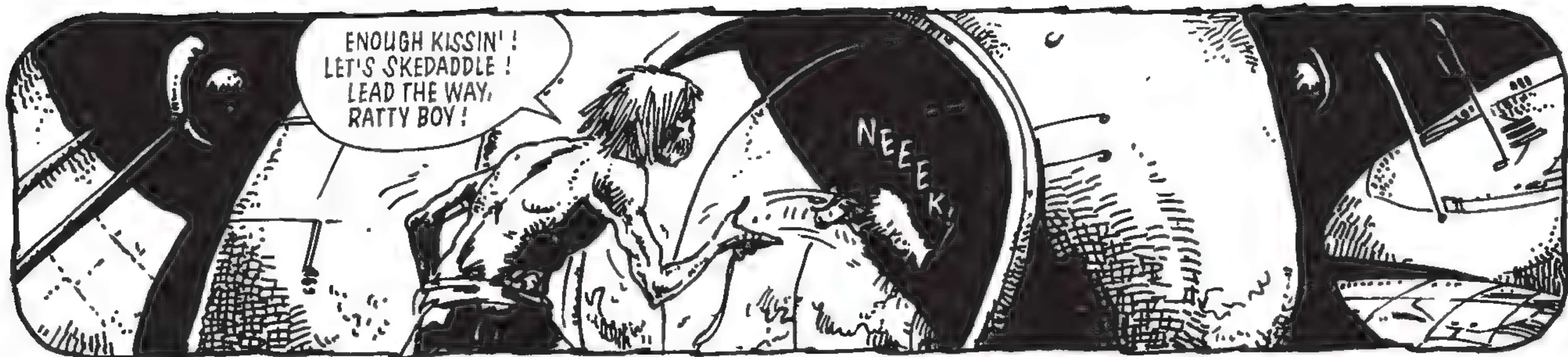


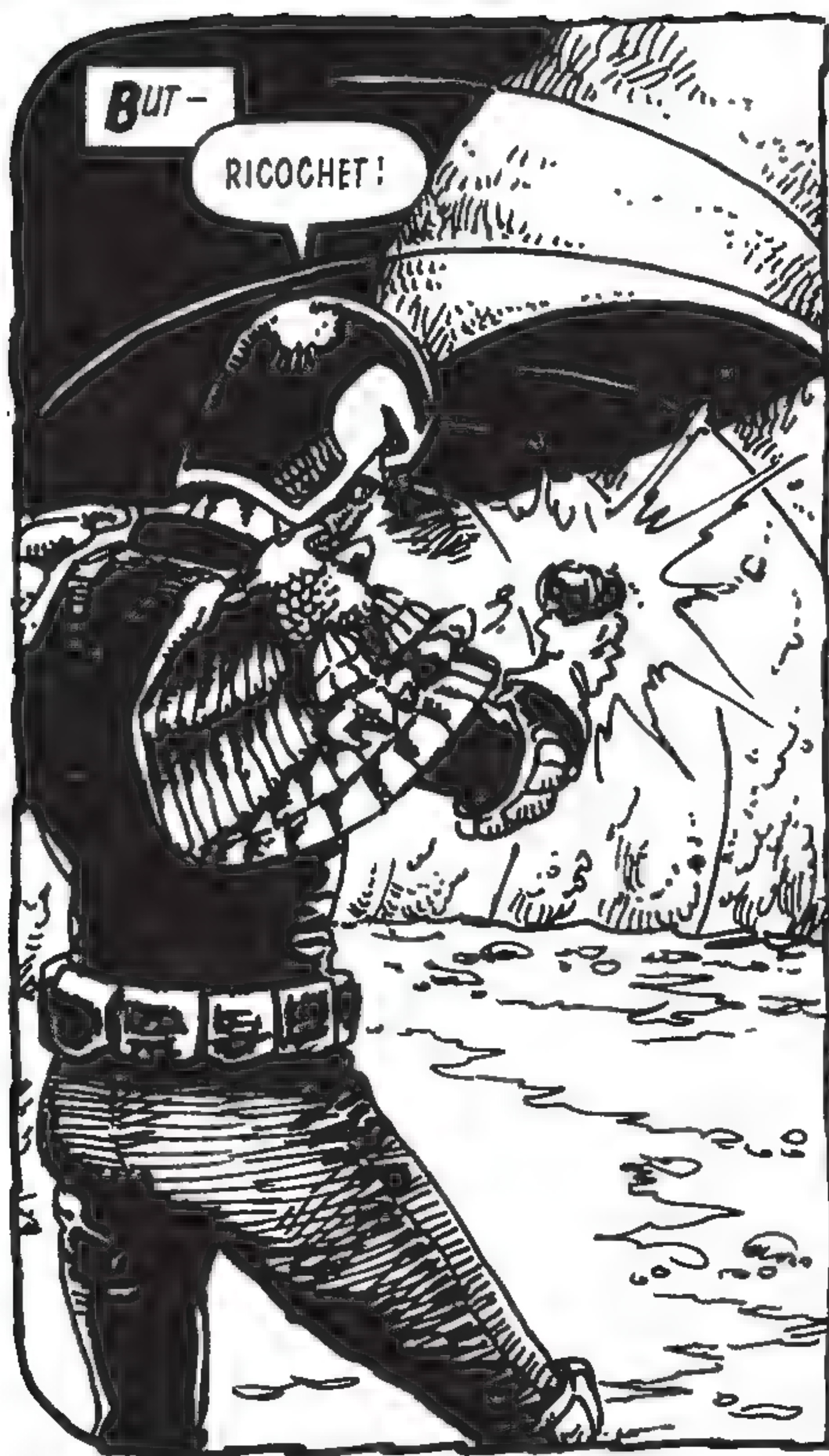
THE BITE OF THE CURSED EARTH
RAT IS FATAL -



THEN THE TWO
BOSOM BUDDIES
ARE TOGETHER
AGAIN -



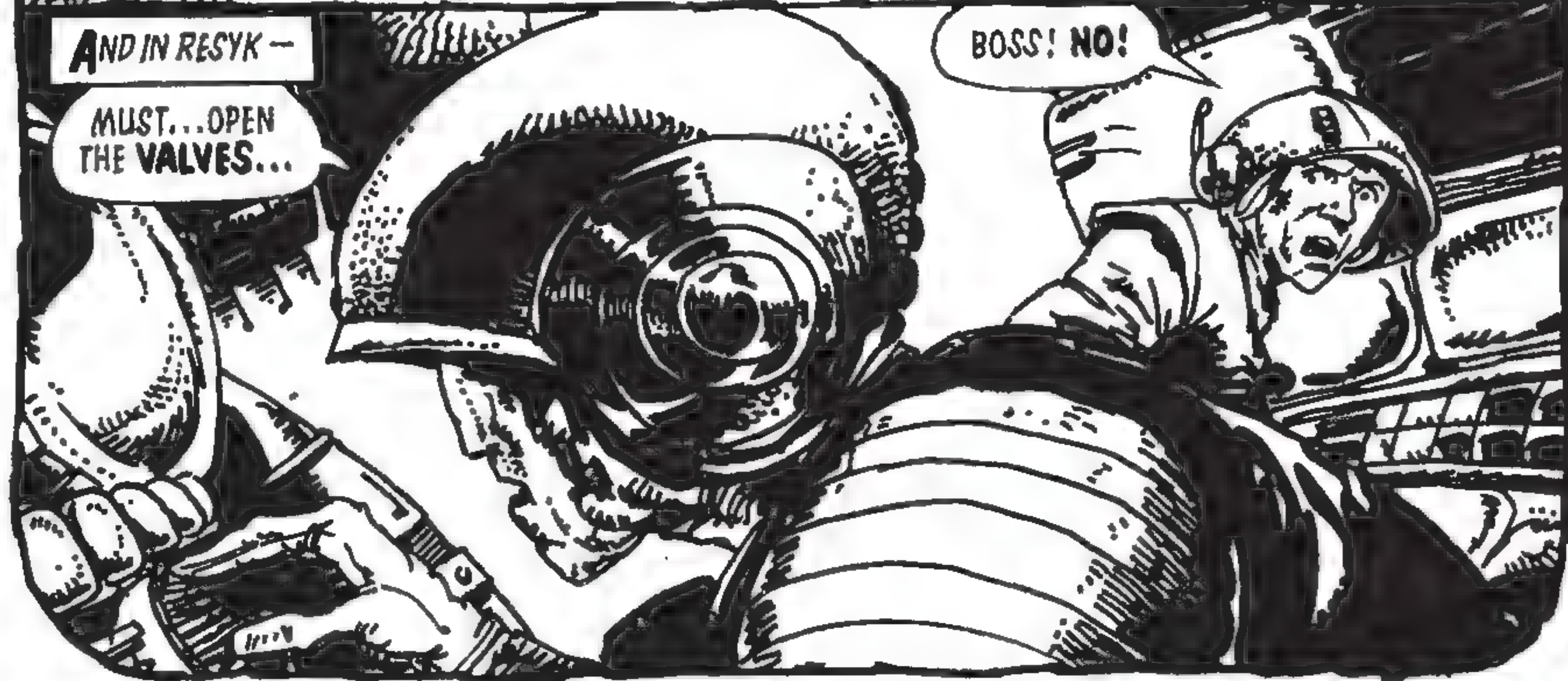
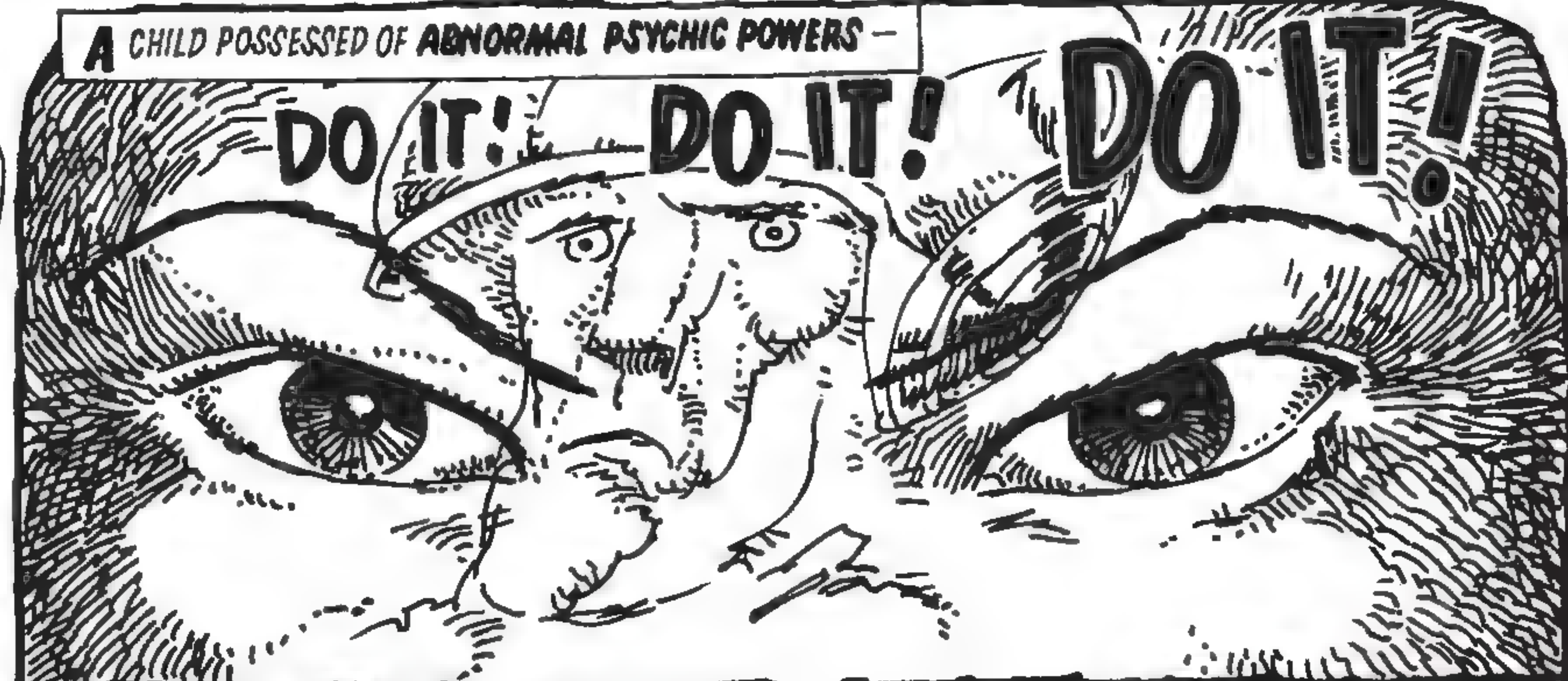


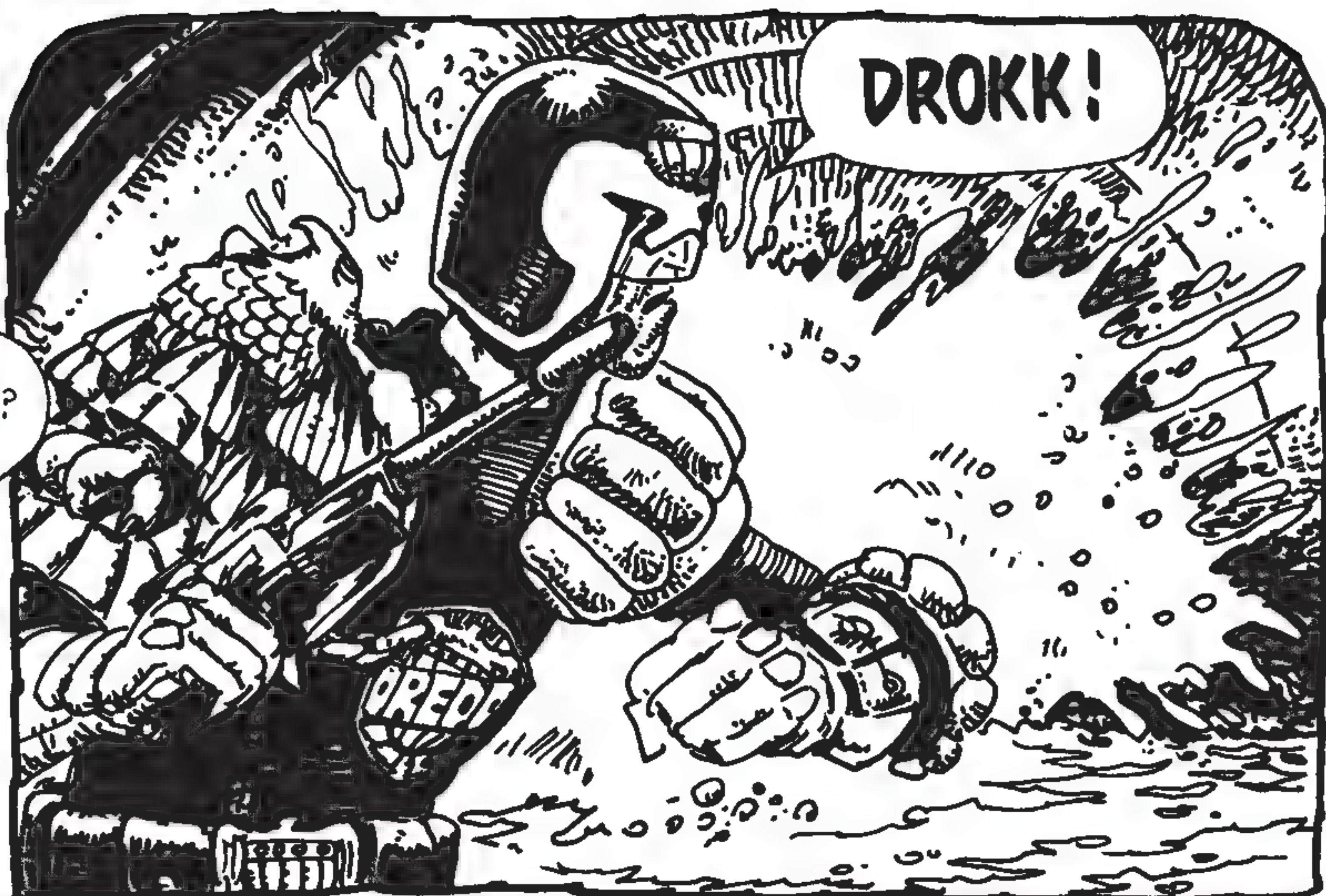


BUT ON FAR-OFF **XANADU**,
A SINISTER CHILD OBSERVES -



A CHILD POSSESSED OF ABNORMAL PSYCHIC POWERS -







SOON, FINK ANGEL
PAINFULLY
LEAVES RESYK -



AND VANISHES INTO THE
DESOLATION OF THE
WAR-RAVAGED CITY -



MEANWHILE -

YOU'RE ALIVE!
THANK
GOODNESS!

SAVE THE
CELEBRATIONS,
CITIZEN! I
WANT TO KNOW
WHO FLOODED
THAT DUCT!



IT WAS ME. I - I DON'T KNOW
WHY I DID IT. A...A SUDDEN
URGE CAME OVER ME! NEXT
THING I KNEW, I WAS
OPENING THE DUCTS!



A SUDDEN URGE! THAT'S WHAT
JUDGE-WARDEN SOBRANI SAID
WHEN HE RELEASED THE
PRISONERS IN
ISO-BLOCK
666!

SOMETHING **SMELLS** ABOUT
THIS WHOLE BUSINESS -
AND IT ISN'T JUST ME!



ON XANADU, A SINISTER CHILD
LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTLY -

ONE STEP CLOSER
TO DESTINY, DREDD!
ONE STEP CLOSER
TO **DOOM!**

NEXT:
PROG: **DIAL MEAN FOR MURDER!**

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 4

AN INTERSTELLAR EXPRESS MAKES A SUDDEN CHANGE OF COURSE AS IT ENTERS EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE —



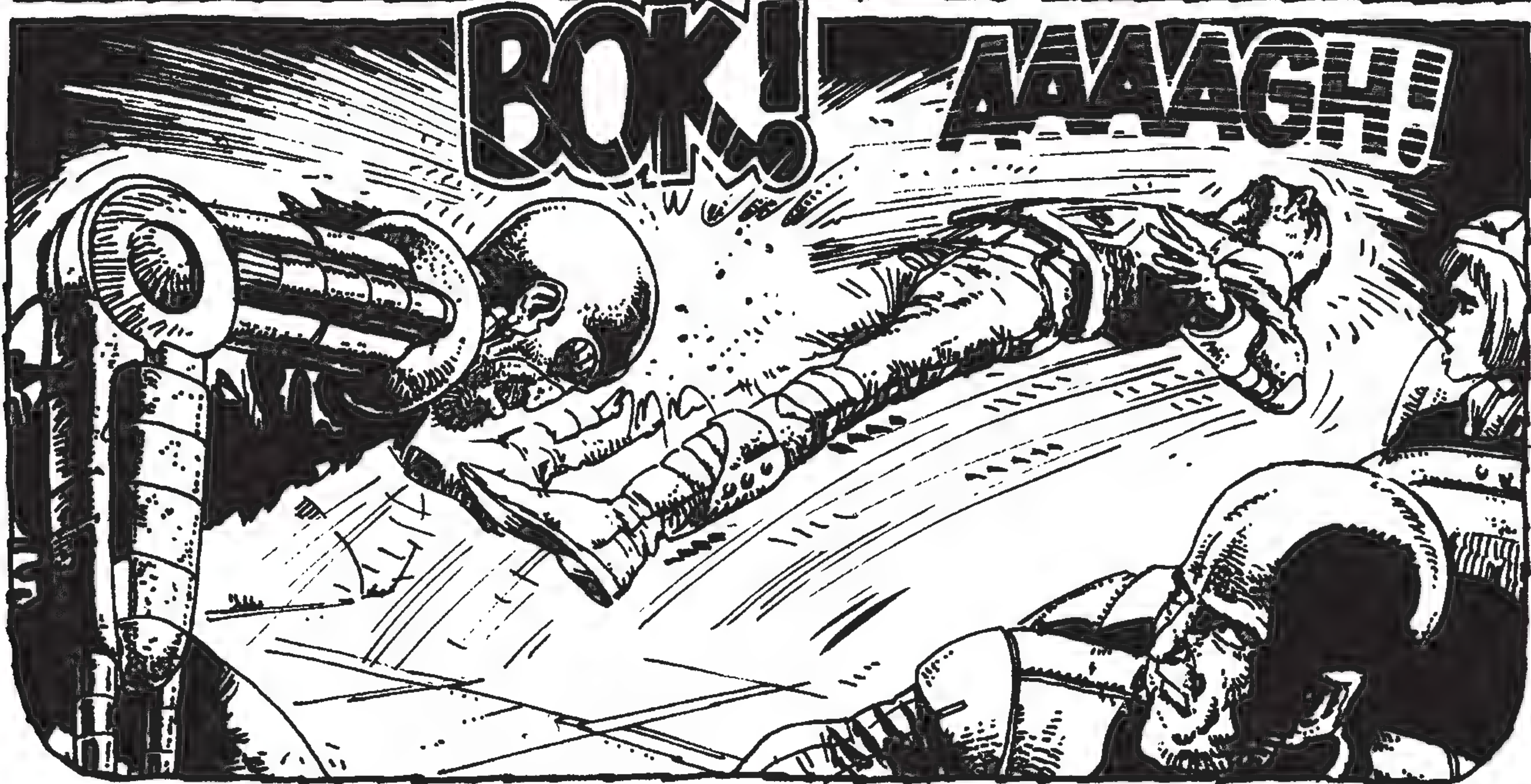
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

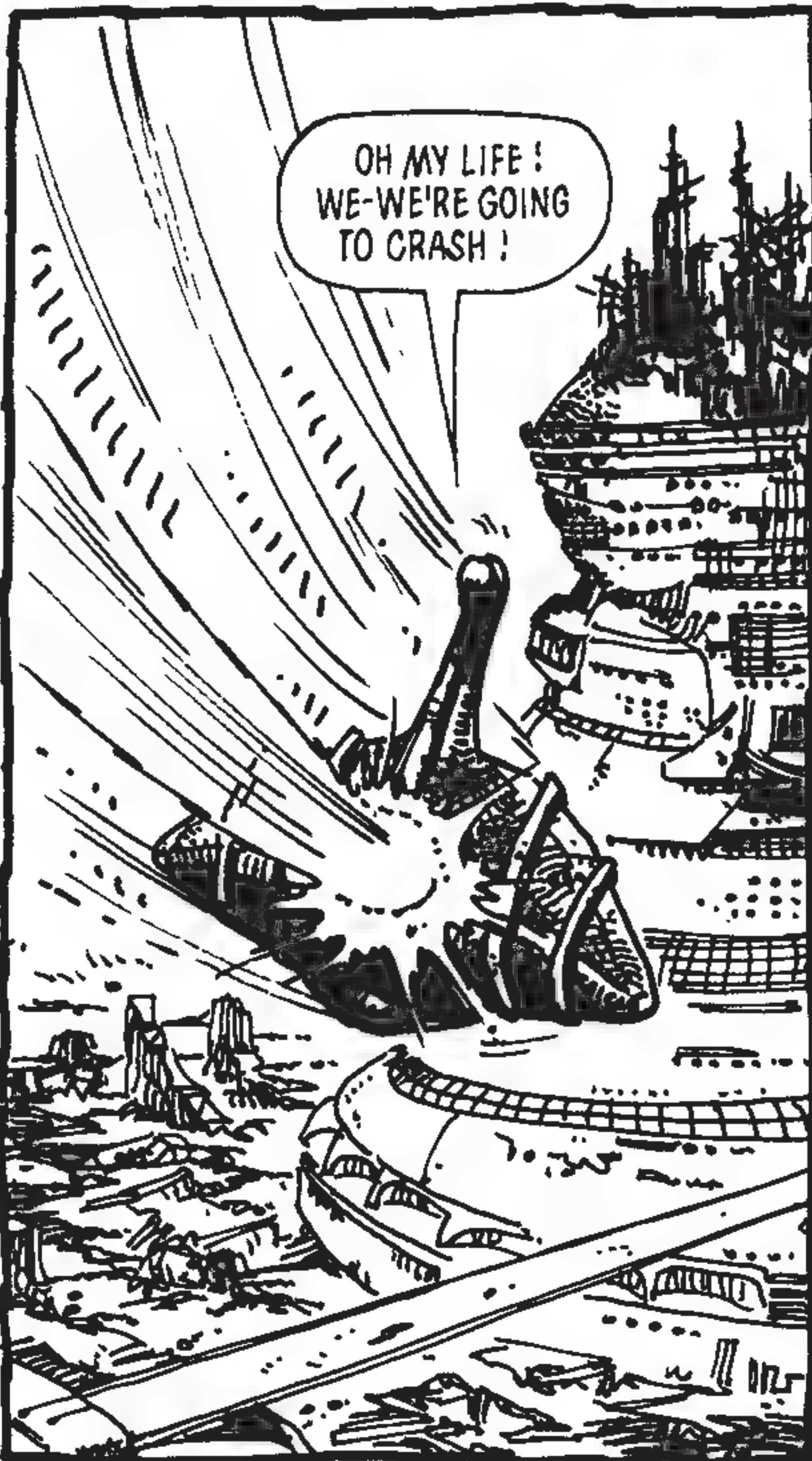


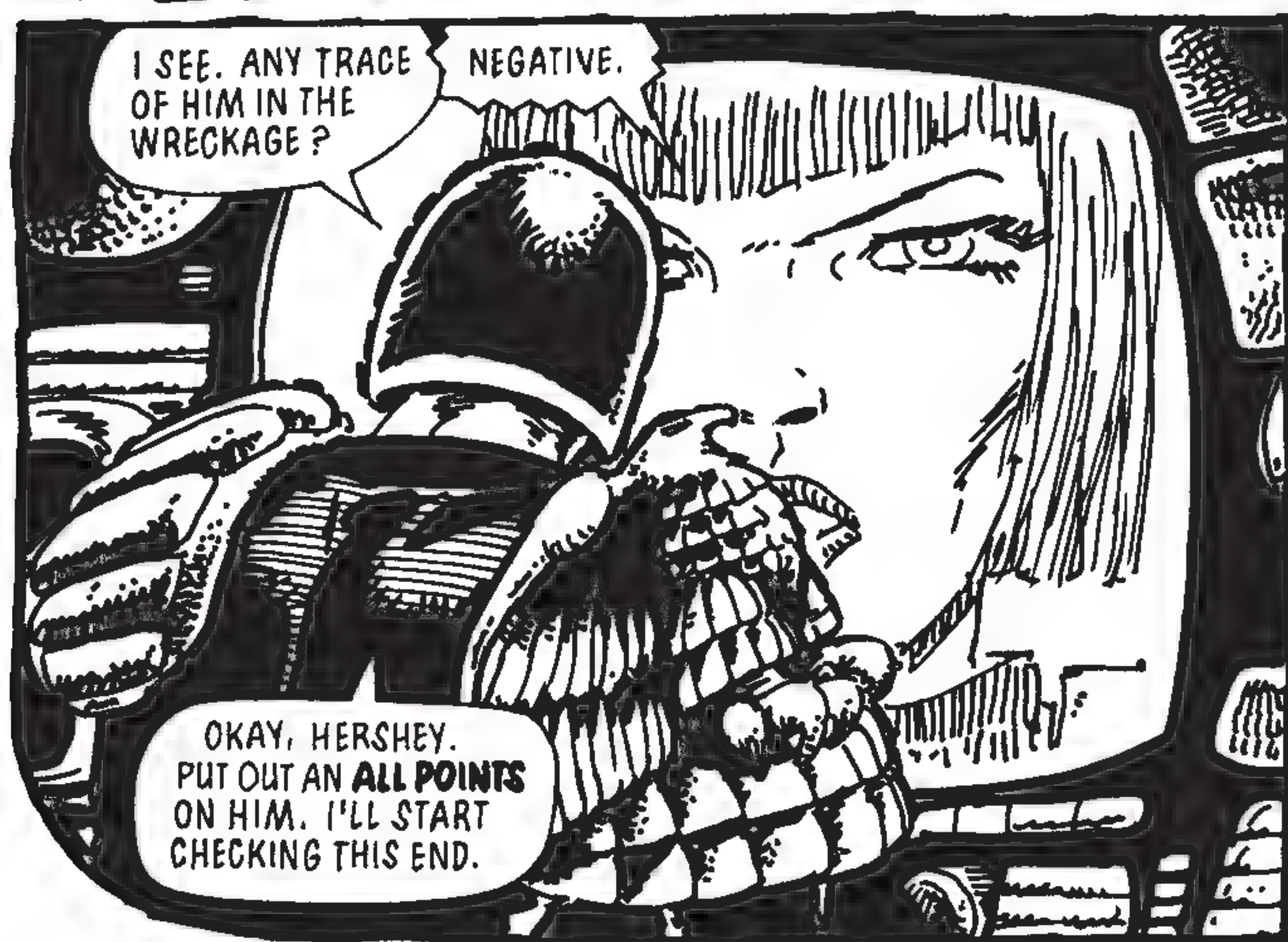
IT'S THE CAPTAIN!



HOWDY! THIS HERE'S A HIJACK!







IN PSI-DIVISION, A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TELEPATH BRINGS HIS MENTAL POWERS TO BEAR —

I CAN DETECT STRONG PSYCHIC EMANATIONS — SOME **FORCE** BRINGING THE ANGEL BROTHERS TOGETHER. WHO OR WHAT... IT'S DIFFICULT TO PENETRATE...

YOU DON'T NEED TO.

THERE'S ONLY ONE CREEP WITH THAT KIND OF MENTAL WHACK. **OWEN KRYSLER — THE**

JUDGE CHILD!

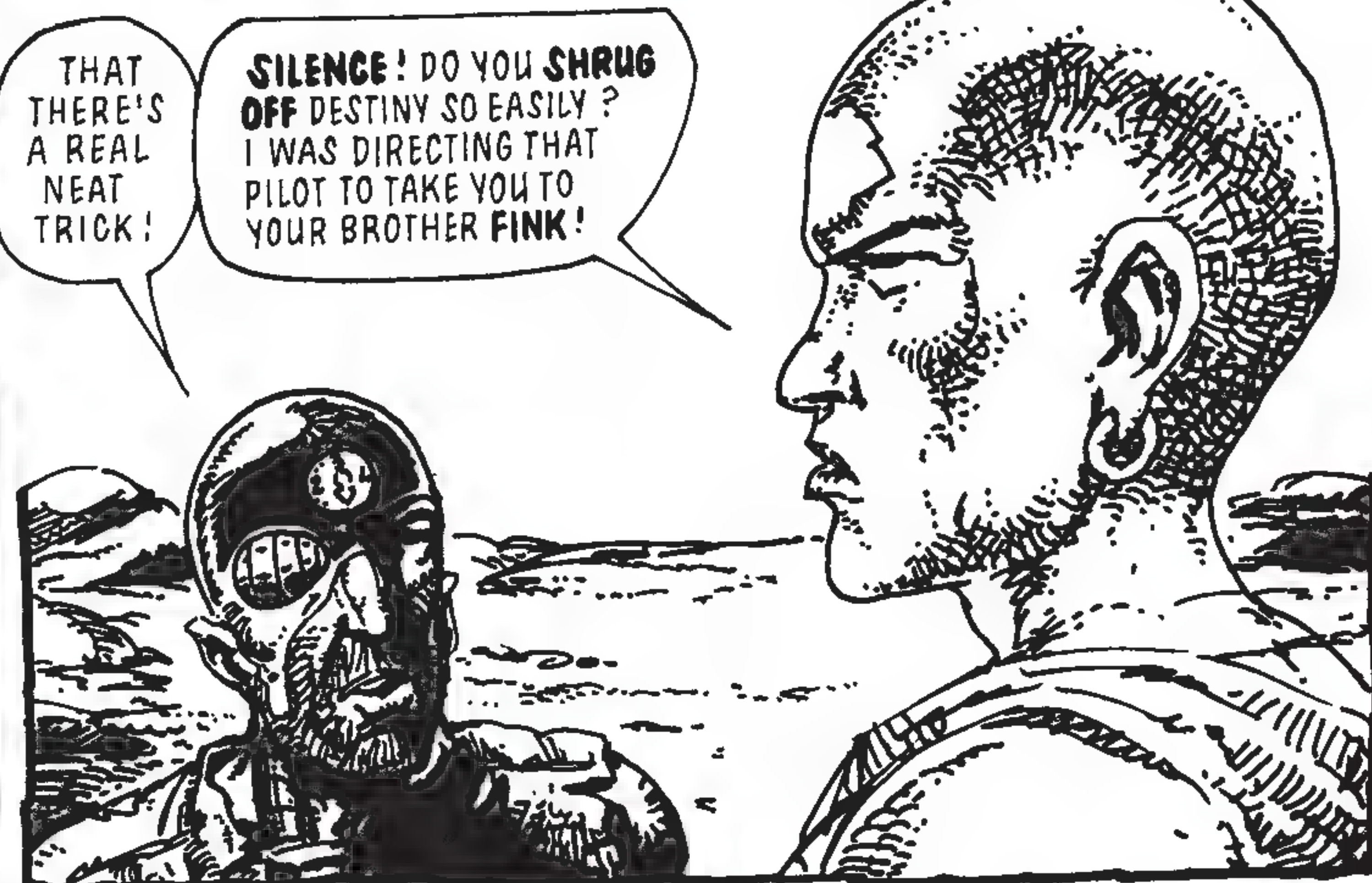
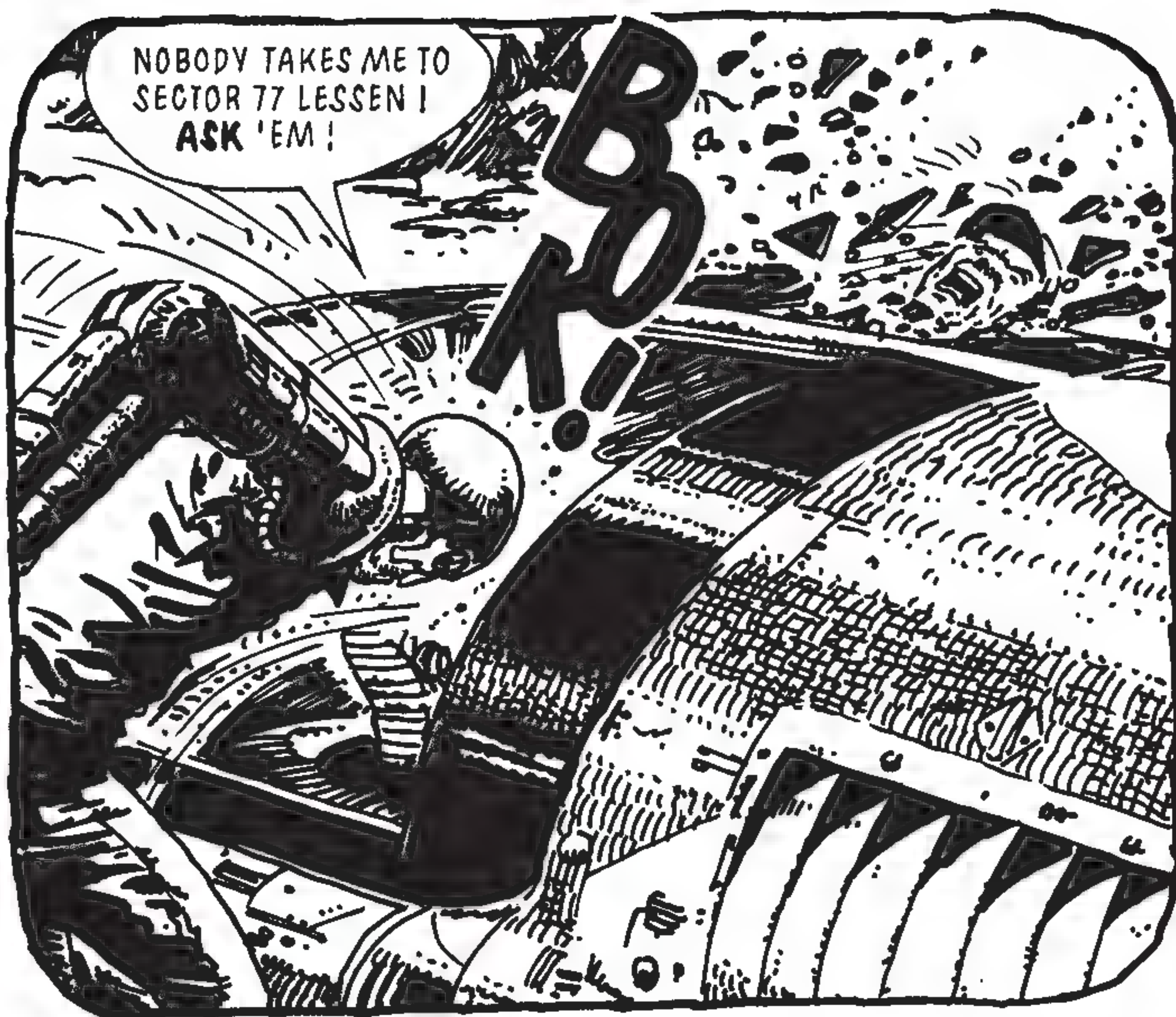
ON THE DISTANT PLANET XANADU, THE SINISTER YOUTH KNOWN AS THE JUDGE CHILD FOCUSES HIS PARANORMAL POWERS —

SUSPECT ALL YOU LIKE, DREDD! NO KNOWLEDGE CAN HELP YOU **ESCAPE YOUR DESTINY!**

WHEN ANGELS MEET, YOU DIE!

ONCE MORE THE YOUTH'S WARPED MIND REACHES OUT ACROSS THE COSMOS... AND, IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A HOVER POD PILOT SUDDENLY VEERS FROM HIS COURSE —

— TOWARDS A LONE FIGURE SHAMBLING ACROSS A DESOLATION ZONE —





IN THE DESOLATION OF
MEGA-CITY ONE'S SECTOR 77,
A MAN SEARCHES FOR HIS
LONG-LOST BROTHER —



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME





AFTER ALL, YOU'S KIN. ANYWAYS, DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IFFEN I **CAN** KILL SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN BRUNG BACK FROM THE DEAD.



ANYWAYS, WHAT Y'ALL DOIN' IN THIS HERE NECK O' COUNTRY, L'IL BROTHER?

COME TO GIT MA REVENGE ON THAT THAR LOW-DOWN LAWMAN DREDD! GONNA FIX HIM GOOD FER KILLIN' PA AN' THE BOYS - NOT FERGITTIN' ME!



S'POSE YOU'LL WANT A PIECE O' THAT REVENGE. Y'ALL CAN HAVE WHAT'S LEFT AFTER I GO UP TA 4 ON HIM!



EARLIER, IN TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ -

FINK ANGEL LOOSE - MEAN MACHINE RESURRECTED FROM THE DEAD - THE JUDGE CHILD'S GOT TO BE BEHIND IT!

AGREED. I SEE NOW YOUR ORIGINAL ASSESSMENT OF THE BOY WAS CORRECT - AN EVIL INTELLIGENCE CAPABLE OF ANY ACT.



HE CAN'T USE HIS **PSYCHIC POWER** DIRECTLY AGAINST YOU - HE KNOWS YOU'RE TRAINED TO RESIST PARANORMAL INFLUENCES - SO HE'S USING THE ANGELS TO WREAK HIS REVENGE.

QUESTION IS, WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT HIM?



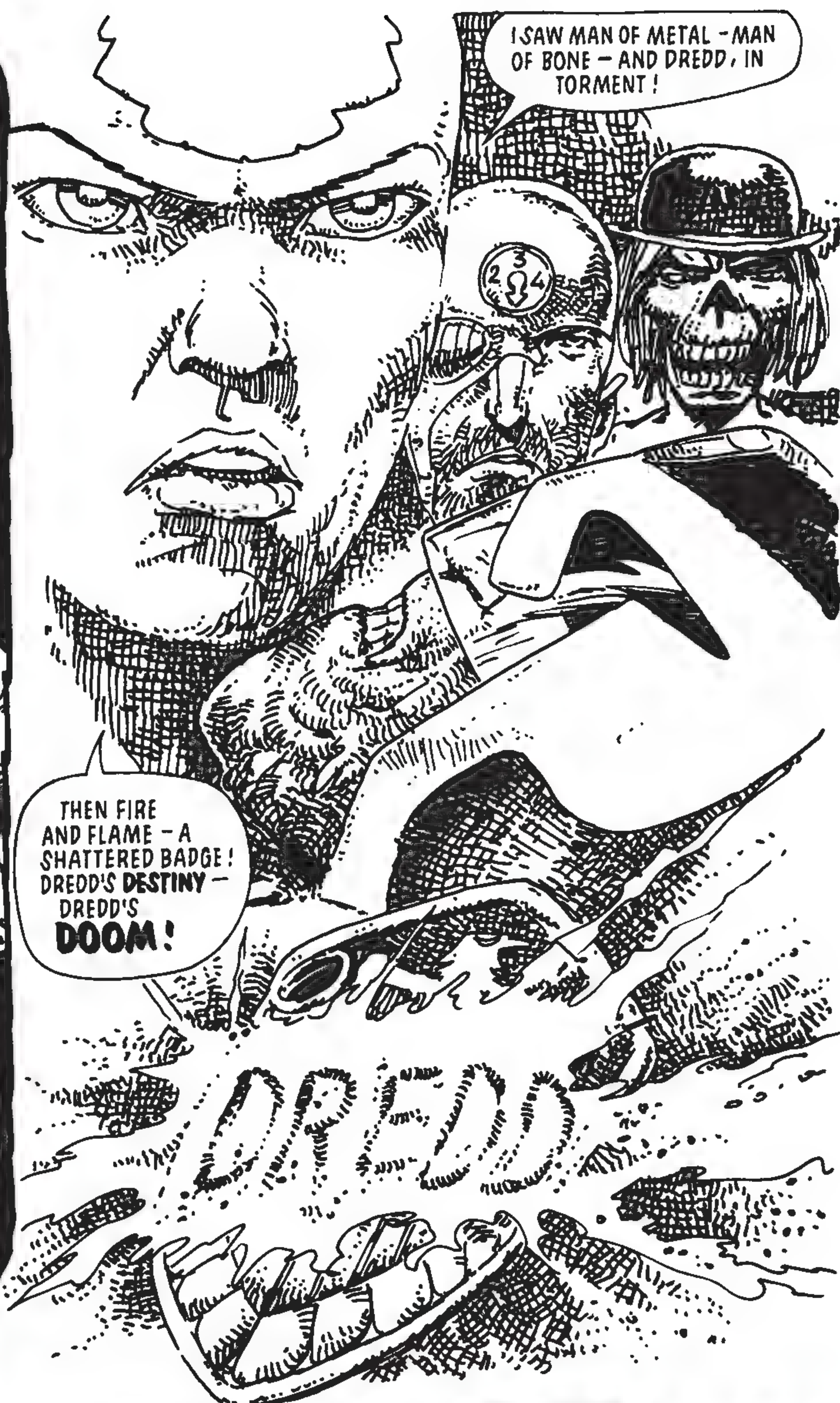
WHAT I SHOULD'VE DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE, CHIEF JUDGE. THIS IS AN AUTHORISATION TO DESPATCH AN INTERSTELLAR CRAFT TO **XANADU**. CREW WILL BE **ROBOTIC**, TO AVOID PSYCHIC INTERFERENCE.

GRANTED!





AND NOW COMES THIS SHIP, SHROUDED IN IMAGES OF DEATH. A SHIP I DID NOT DREAM! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GRUNWALDER...



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, A FULL DAY'S SEARCH REVEALS NO SIGN OF THE MISSING ANGELS...

FINK AND THE MEAN MACHINE HAVE LINKED UP. CAN'T GET A FIX ON THEIR POSITION. YOUR JUDGE CHILD'S THROWING UP SO MANY PSYCHIC BLOCKS, WE JUST END UP CHASING OUR TAILS.

CAN'T YOUR OPERATORS DO SOMETHING TO SCRAMBLE HIS MIND WAVES?

WE CAN TRY, BUT DON'T PIN ANY HOPES ON IT. THAT KID RUNS ON **POWER PLUS!**

AS DARKNESS FALLS, TWO AVENGING ANGELS SKULK THROUGH THE CITY -

THAT THAR'S HIS PLACE! WHAT'S THE PLAN?

NO PLAN. WE JEST GO IN THAR AN' GIT 'IM!

ROWDY YATES CONAPT

AT DREDD'S APARTMENT -

SOMEONE AT-A THE DOOR, WALTER!

CWIPES! THE ANGEL GANG! DON'T OPEN IT, MAWIA!

BOK!

KERRASH!

WHERE'S DREDD?

NEXT PROG: **DESTRUCTION OF A WOBOT!**

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 6

FINK AND **MEAN MACHINE**, THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG, SEEK REVENGE ON JUDGE DREDD FOR THE EXECUTION OF THEIR FAMILY.

NOW, IN DREDD'S APARTMENT IN THE ROWDY YATES CONAPT —

THE ROBOT WASN'T LYIN'! DREDD AIN'T AT HOME!

YOU TWO CWEEPS BETTER GET OUT OR YOU'LL BE IN WEAL TWUBBLE!

YA DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! WHADDYA MEAN, WEAL TWUBBLE?
HE MEANS TROUBLE, MEAN!
IZZAT SO?

BOKK!

KRZZZZZZZT!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

W-WALTER!

WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW, FINK?

MAYBE WE AIN'T GOT DREDD, BUT WE GOT US SOMETHIN' JEST AS GOOD!

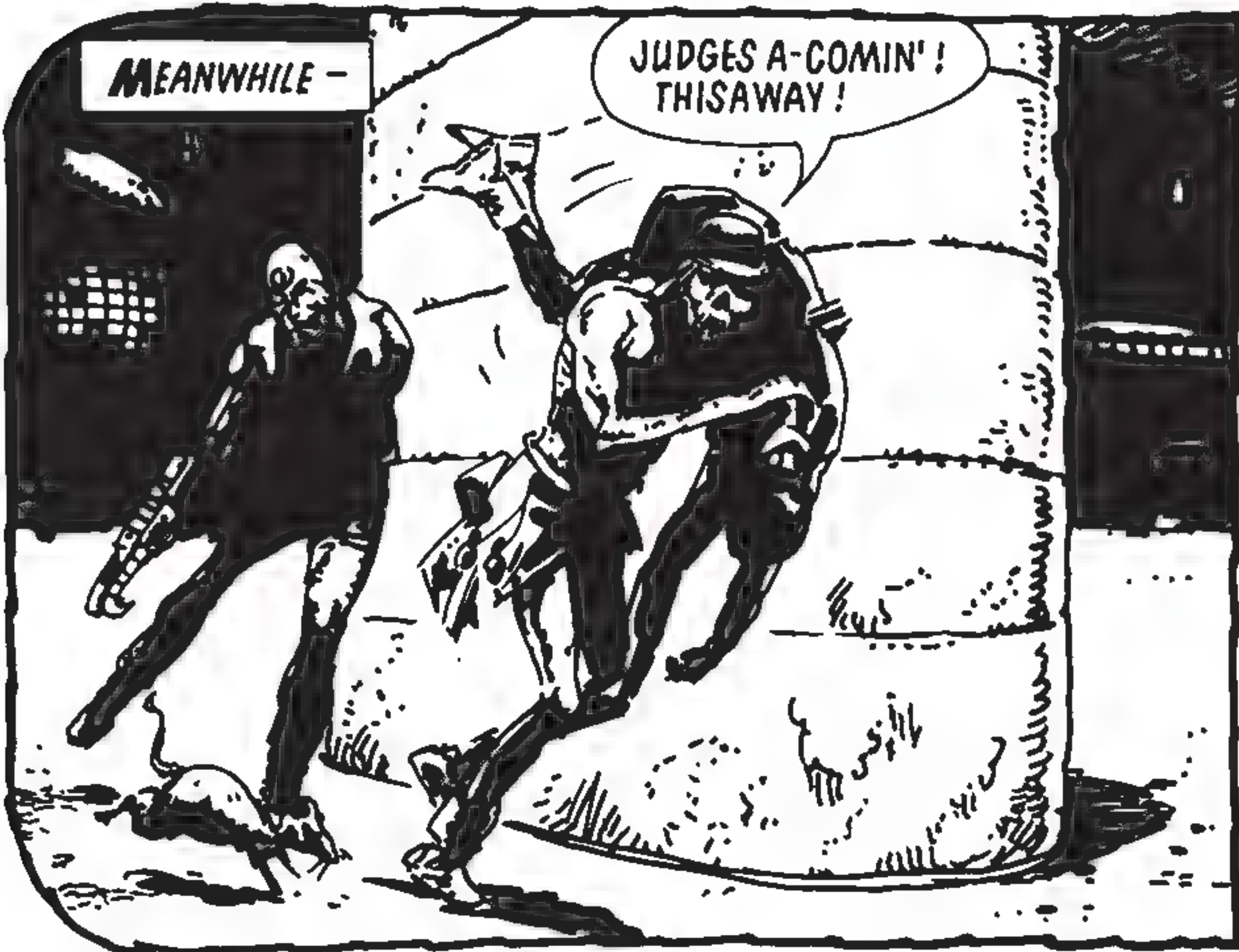
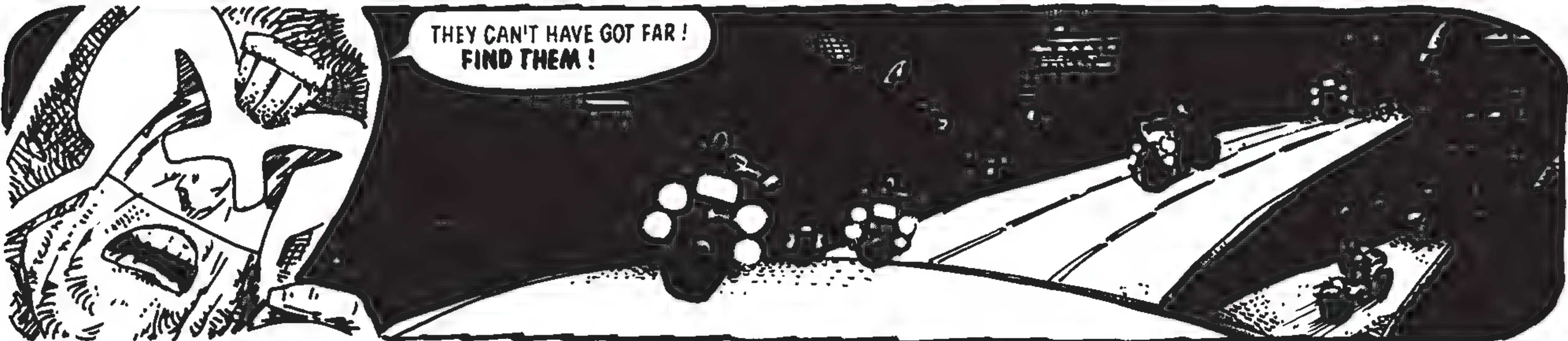
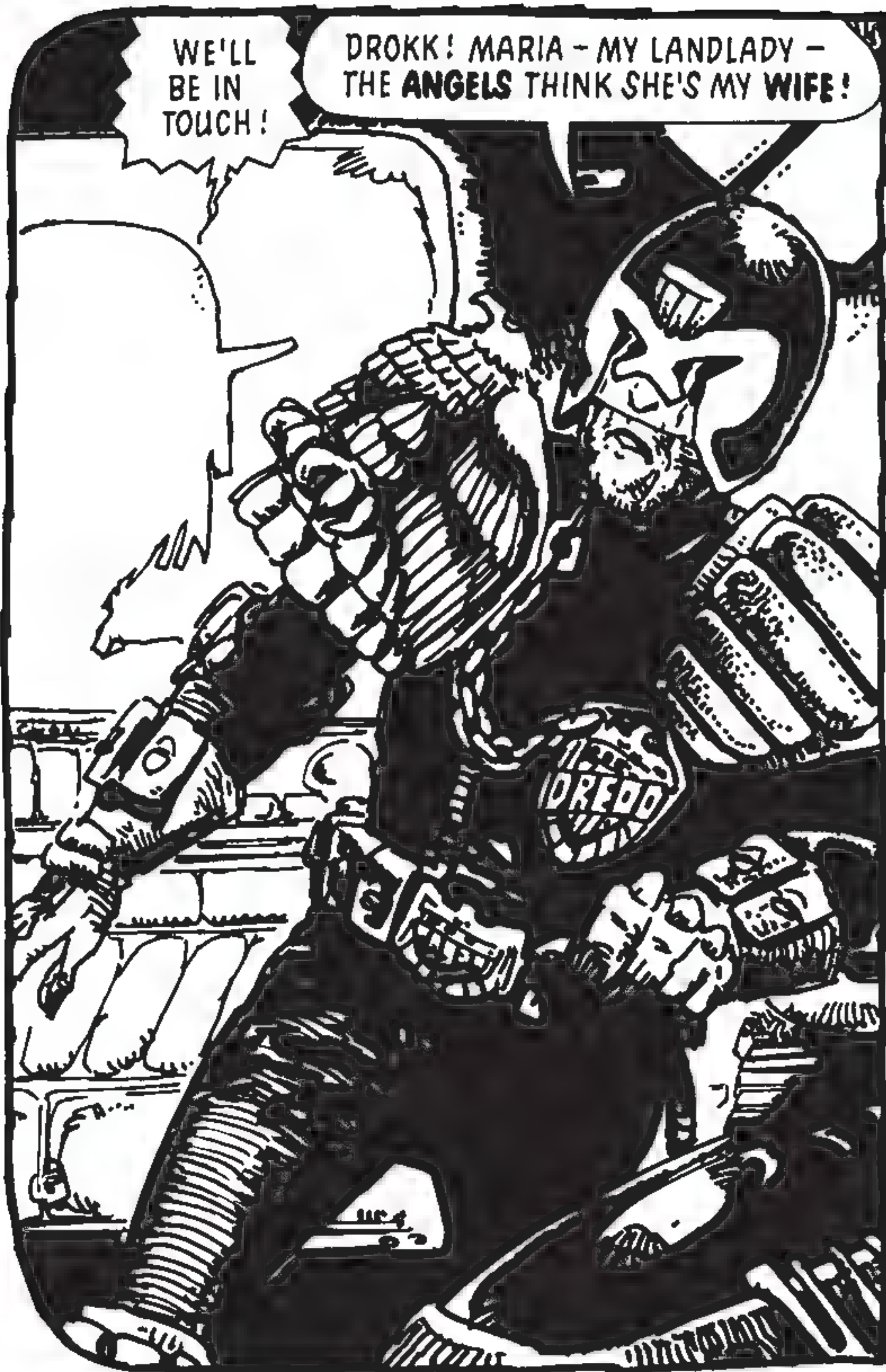
HIS WUMM!

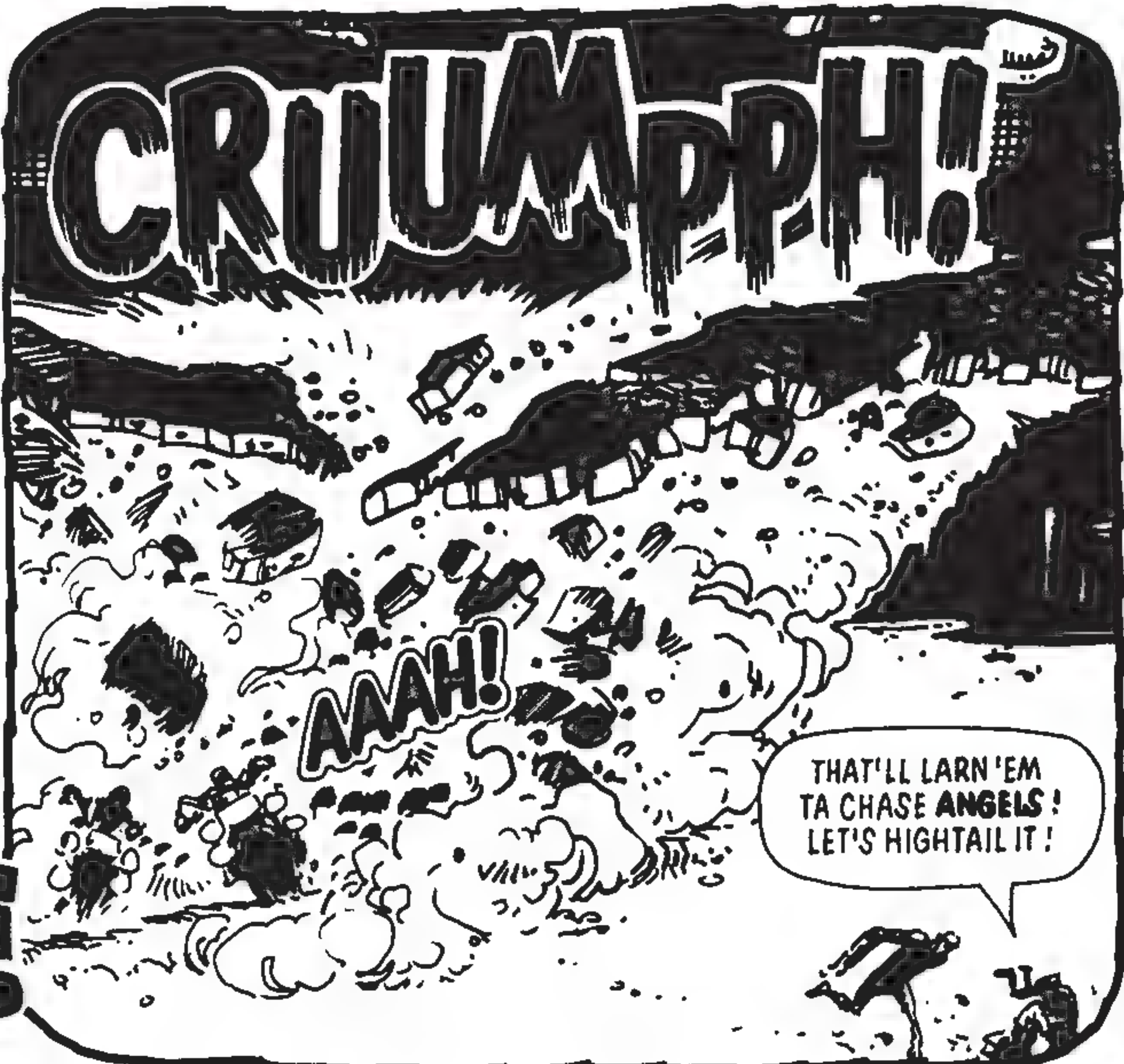
CHUUNK!

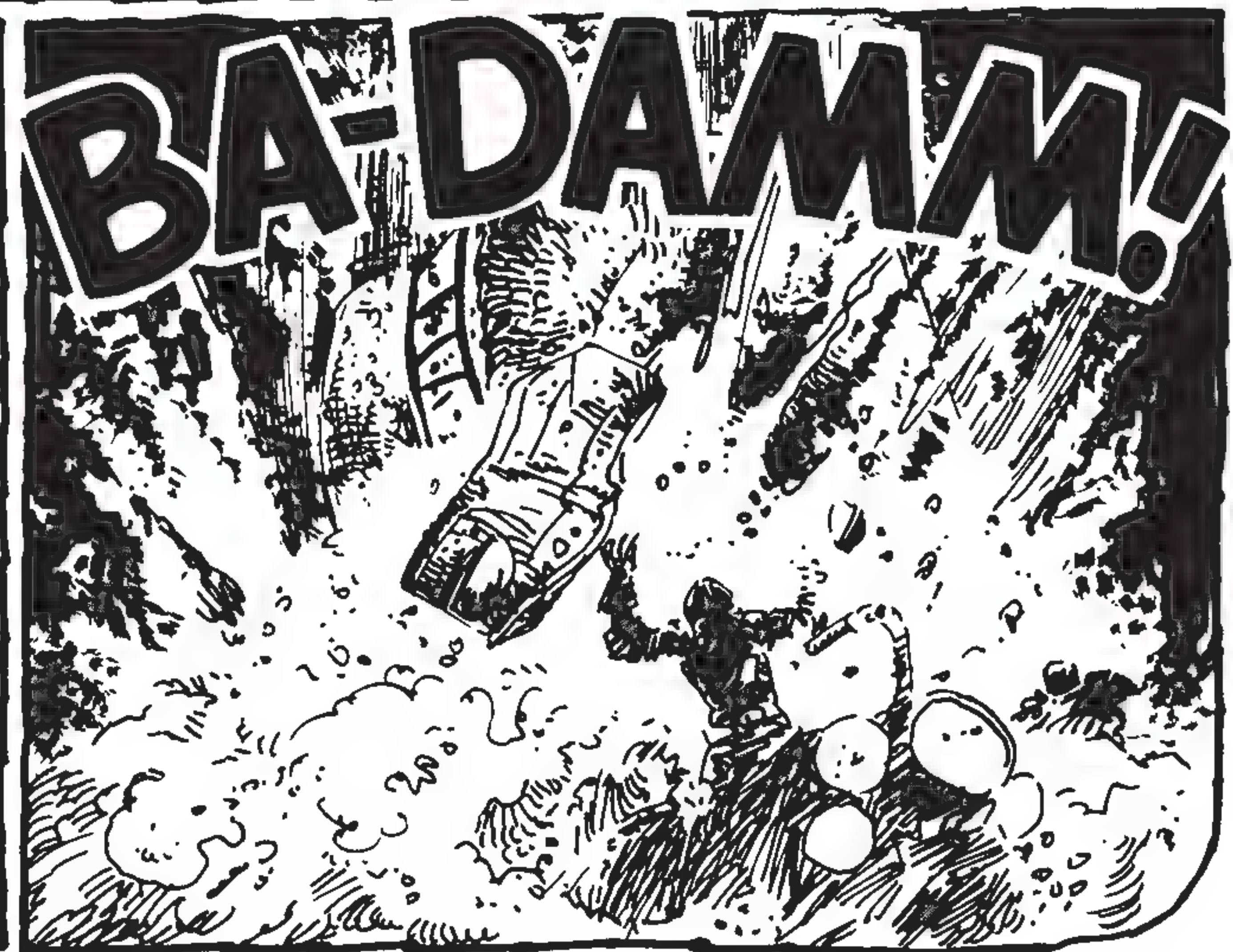
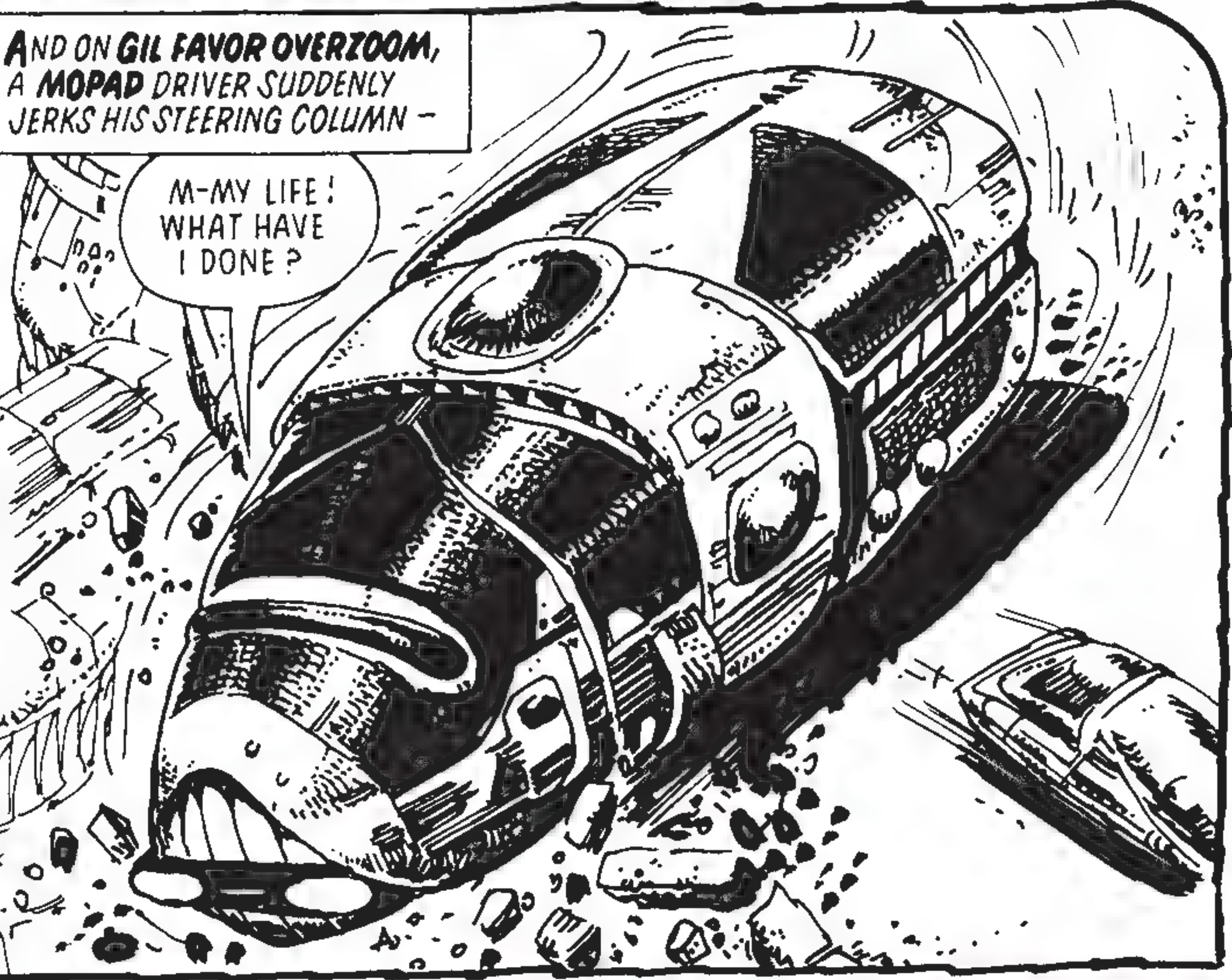
IN TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ, DREDD RECEIVES A VID-CALL —

WE GOT YER WIFE, DREDD!

YOU WANNA SEE HER PURTY LI'L FACE ALIVE AGAIN, YA'LL BETTER DO WHAT WE TELL YA, HEAR?









NOW THAR'S A STROKE O' LUCK!
C'MON, LI'L BROTHER!
LET'S GIT!



BY THE TIME
JUDGES QUELL
THE FLAMES -

THEY WENT DOWN
THE SEWERS. BE
MILES AWAY BY
NOW.

THAT'S FINK'S HOME GROUND.
WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE
OF CATCHING THEM.



SO WE WAIT.
THEY'LL BE IN
TOUCH.



SOME TIME LATER, THE ANGEL
BROTHERS REACH THEIR
UNDERGROUND LAIR -

WHADDA
WE DO NOW,
FINK?

WE GOTTA GIT DREDD
AWAY FROM ALL THEM
OTHER JUDGES. I SAY
WE USE HIS WIFE
WUMMAN AS BAIT
TO SET UP AN
AMBUSH!



Y'ALL SURE
SHE IS HIS
WIFE? YA
HEARD
WHAT
BALDY
SAID.

COURSE
SHE'S HIS
WIFE!



PURTY LITTLE
THING LIKE
HER - JEST
THE SORTO'
WUMMAN
THAT THAR
LAWMAN'D
GIT
HISSELF
HITCHED
UP TO!

NEEK?



SOON, THE FLEA-RIDDEN FIGURE
OF RATTY SCURRIES INTO THE
NIGHT -

DELIVER THAT THAR
NOTE TO DREDD, RATTY BOY -
ME AN' MEAN'LL DO
THE REST!

NEXT
PROG

ANGELS RUSH IN...

MEAN MACHINE AND FINK, LAST SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG, HAVE KIDNAPPED JUDGE DREDD'S LANDLADY, MARIA. NOW, IN JUSTICE HQ -

THERE'S A RAT HERE TO SEE YOU, DREDD!

IT'S FINK'S PET RAT... WITH THE RANSOM NOTE.

I'LL GO ALONE. NO SURVEILLANCE, AS WE DISCUSSED.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, DREDD? THOSE ANGELS ARE MANIACS!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET MARIA BACK ALIVE.



FOLLOE THE RAT.
COME ALONE.
NO TRICKS, SEE.

FINK

THROUGH THE DESOLATION OF THE POST-APOCALYPSE CITY, DREDD FOLLOWS THE SCURRYING RODENT -

BY MY RECKONING, THEY'LL SET AN AMBUSH ALONG THE TRAIL.

QUESTION IS, WHERE?

POP!

HOWDY!

WHIZZZZZ!

BOKKKK!

UGH!

DESTINY'S ANGELS PART 7



IN THE ANGELS' UNDERGROUND LAIR -



HANG HIM HIGH
WHILES WE THINK
WHAT TO DO
WITH HIM!



MARIA!
PARALYSED -
BUT
ALIVE!

S'POSE Y'ALL ARE WONDERIN' HOW YOU'S GONNA DIE, LAWBOY. LET'S SEE NOW... WE COULD SKIN YA... OR WE COULD SANDPAPER YA DOWN TO THE BONE... OR WE COULD GUT YA WITH A BLUNT STONE... ANY NUMBER O' HORRIBLE WAYS...



BUT
THEY'S ALL
TOO EASY FOR
YA, LAWBOY!



DANG RIGHT! I'M
GONNA GIVE HIM A
FACE FULLA
4!

EASY, MEAN
MACHINE!



YOU'LL KILL HIM TOO SOON! REMEMBER, THIS HERE
REVENGE IS FER PA AND LINK AN' JUNIOR - OUR
MURDERED KIN! WE GOTTA CONSIDER HOW THEY'D
WANT HIM TO DIE!

HE KILLED ME
TOO, SEE!



I'M GOIN'
UP TA 4
ON HIM!

NO, MEAN!



I GOT A BETTER WAY! LISTEN - 'MEMBER THAT TIME
BACK IN THE CURSED EARTH WHEN THAT MUTIE
BAD-MOUTHED PA? 'MEMBER WHAT PA DONE TO
HIM? 'MEMBER THE PA
ANGEL MARK ONE
SUPER-SCREAM
TORTURE
MACHINE?

YEAH...



YEAH! WHY, IT
EVEN MADE **JUNIOR**
SQUIRM TA
WATCH!

YESSIR,
PA WUZ ONE
HELLUVA
CRAFTSMAN!



WELL, WHY DON'T
I JEST MAKE US A
PA ANGEL MARK ONE
SUPER-SCREAM
TORTURE
MACHINE?

WHEEE DOGGIE! NOW YOU IS
TALKIN'! THAT'S WORTH
FORSAKIN' A WHOLE **PASSEL**
O' 4'S FER!



Y'ALL KEEP AN EYE
ON THE **LAWMAN**.
I'LL **GIT BUSY!**



ABOUT TIME I FIGURED A WAY OUT
OF THIS. DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF
THAT **PA ANGEL MARK ONE**
SUPER-SCREAM TORTURE
MACHINE ONE LITTLE BIT!

HEY,
STUPID!



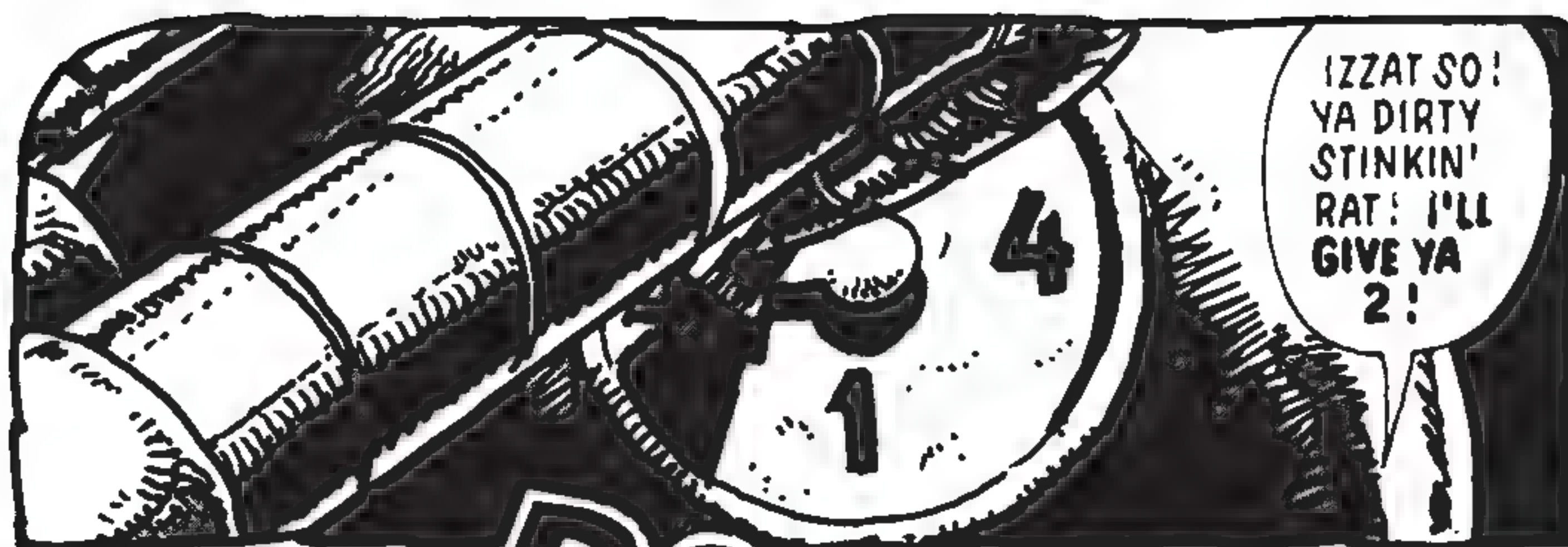
HUH? **NOBODY** CALLS
ME **STUPID!** HEY! HOW
COME'S YOU'S A-GABBIN'
ANYWAYS? YOU'S
PARALYSED!

YOU **DUMB CLUCK!** ANY **DIMWIT**
KNOWS **PARALYSING POISON**
DOESN'T AFFECT THE **LIPS!**



I WARNED YA ABOUT **BAD-MOUTHIN' ME!**
Y'ALL SHUT UP NOW, OR I'M GOIN' UP TA
4 ON YA!

4! 4! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF! ANY
REAL MAN COULD BREAK ME IN HALF ON **2!**



IZZAT SO!
YA DIRTY
STINKIN'
RAT! I'LL
GIVE YA
2!



IT WORKED!
MY HELMET TOOK
THE FORCE OF THE
BLOW, BUT THE
ROPE STILL
SNAPPED.



Y'ALL'S WALKIN'!
YA AIN'T
PARALYSED
A-TALL!

THAT'S RIGHT, CREEP!
I KNEW YOU TWO
WOULD WANT TO TAKE
YOUR TIME ON ME —
THAT MEANT FINK'S
PARALYSING POISON.
SO I HAD THE
ANTIDOTE PREPARED
AND INJECTED INTO ME.



Y'ALL SHOULDA SAVED
YERSELF THE TROUBLE,
DREDD!

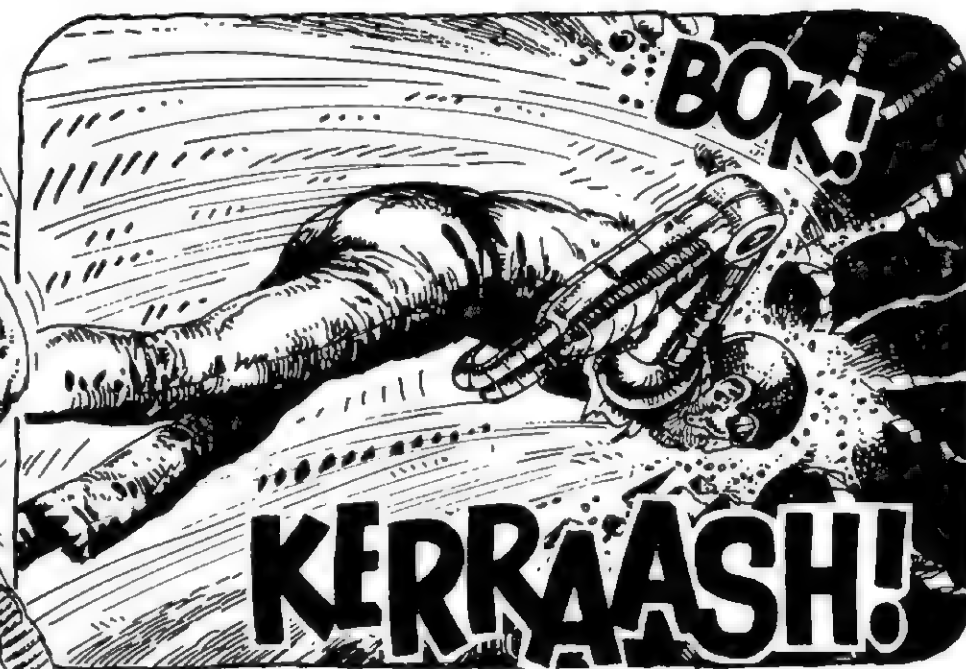
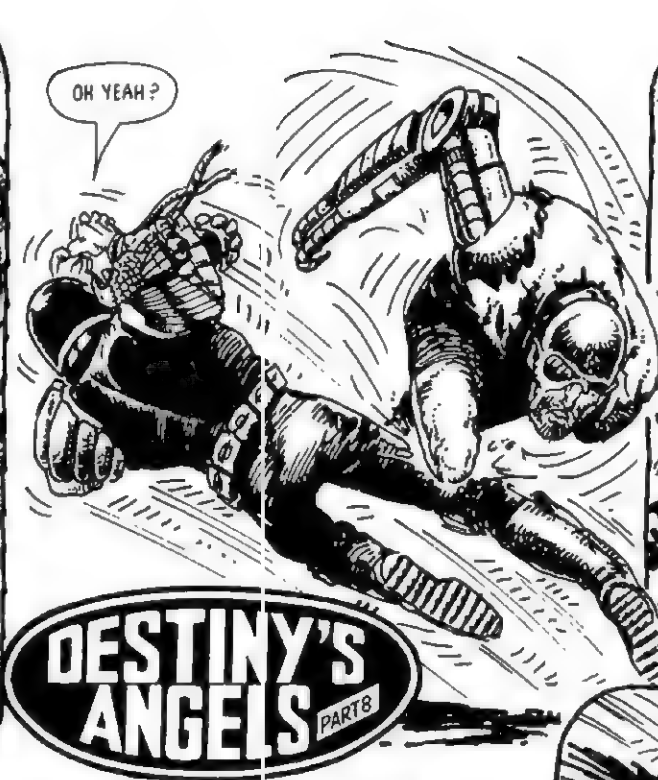
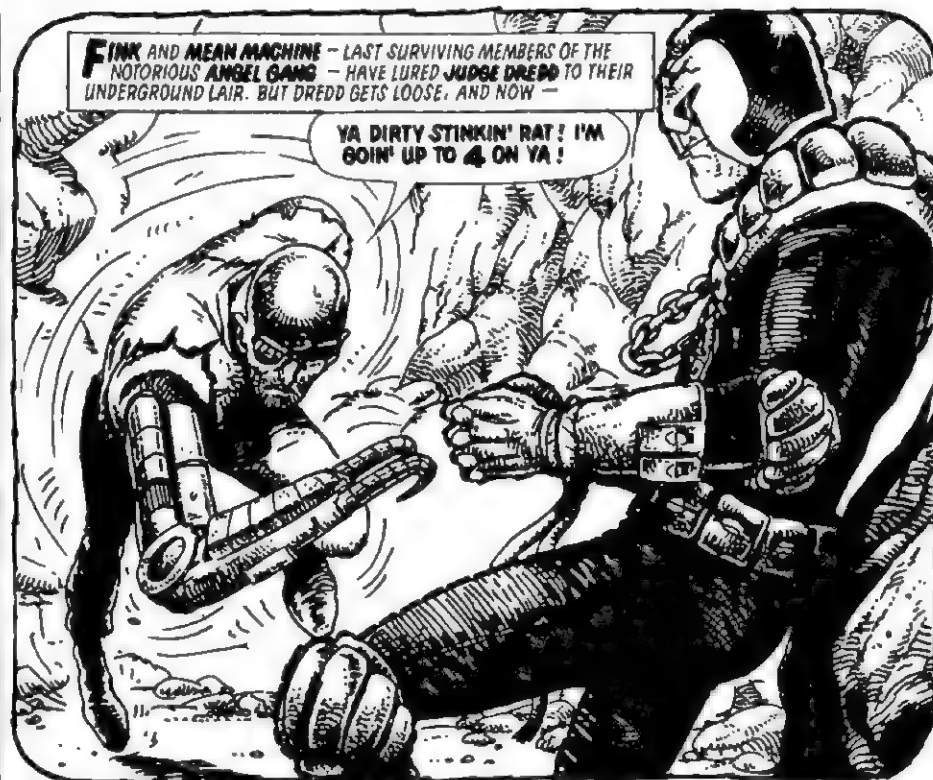
CLICK!



YA GOT THE
MEAN MACHINE
ON 4!

NEXT
PROG

DESTINY FULFILLED!



ONLY DREDD'S LIGHTNING
REACTIONS SAVE HIM —

QUICK-KILLIN'
PIZEN!

CHUNKKK!

EEK!

RATTY!

EAT 4, LAWMAN!

EAT FLOOR, CREEP!

THWAK!

BOK!

THUNKK!

YA LOWDOWN TWO-CRED
LAW-DOG! MA PIZEN STICK'LL
SETTLE YOUR DANG HASH!

KRAKKK!

DANG!
HIS BADGE!

DADBLAST YA! I'LL
JES' TAKE YA WITH
MA TEETH!

RRRIPPP!

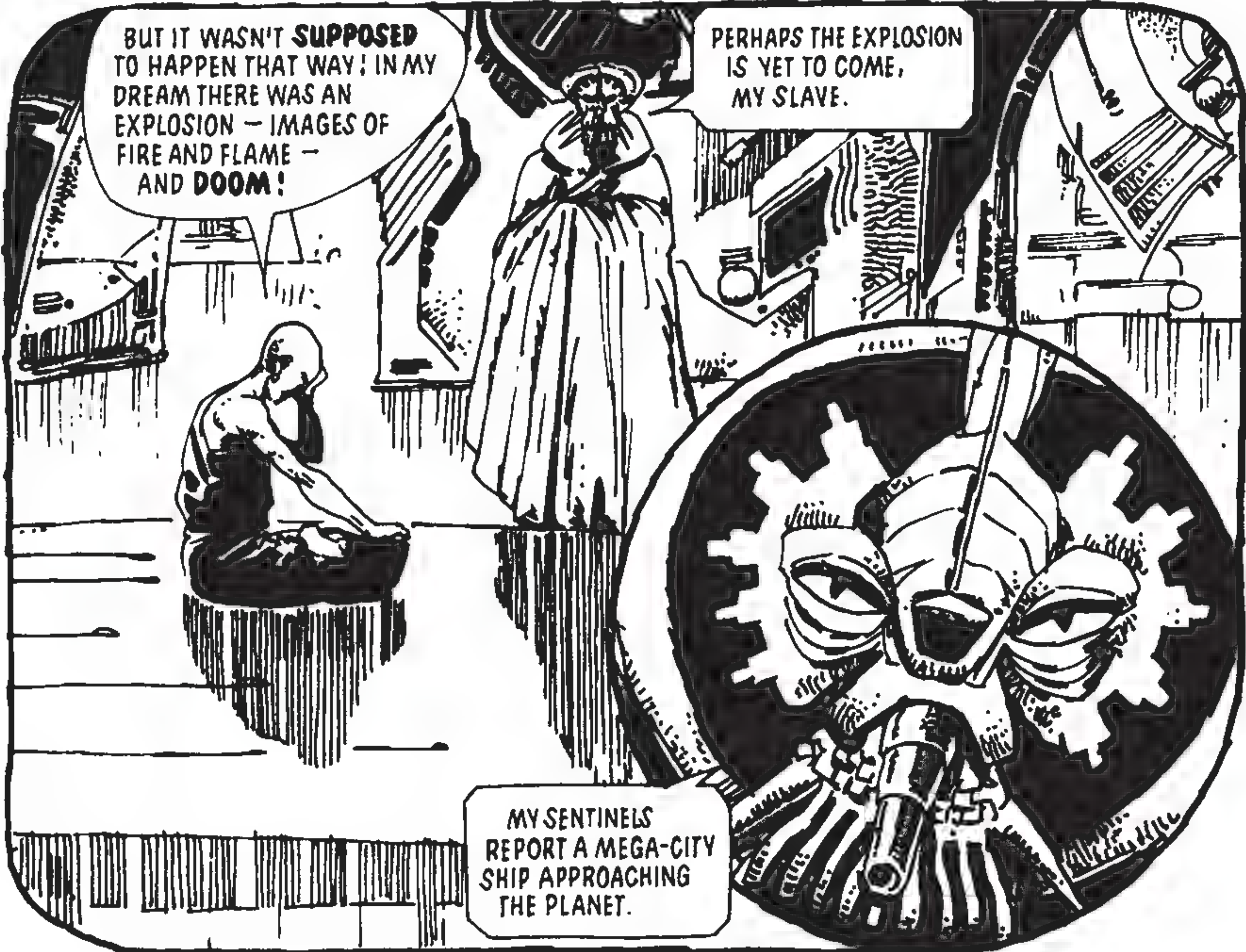
**DROKK! HE'S WORSE
THAN THE RAT!**

OFF!



UGH!

**THE UNFORTUNATE FINK
LANDS ON THE PA ANGEL
MARK ONE SUPER-
SCREAM TORTURE
MACHINE -**

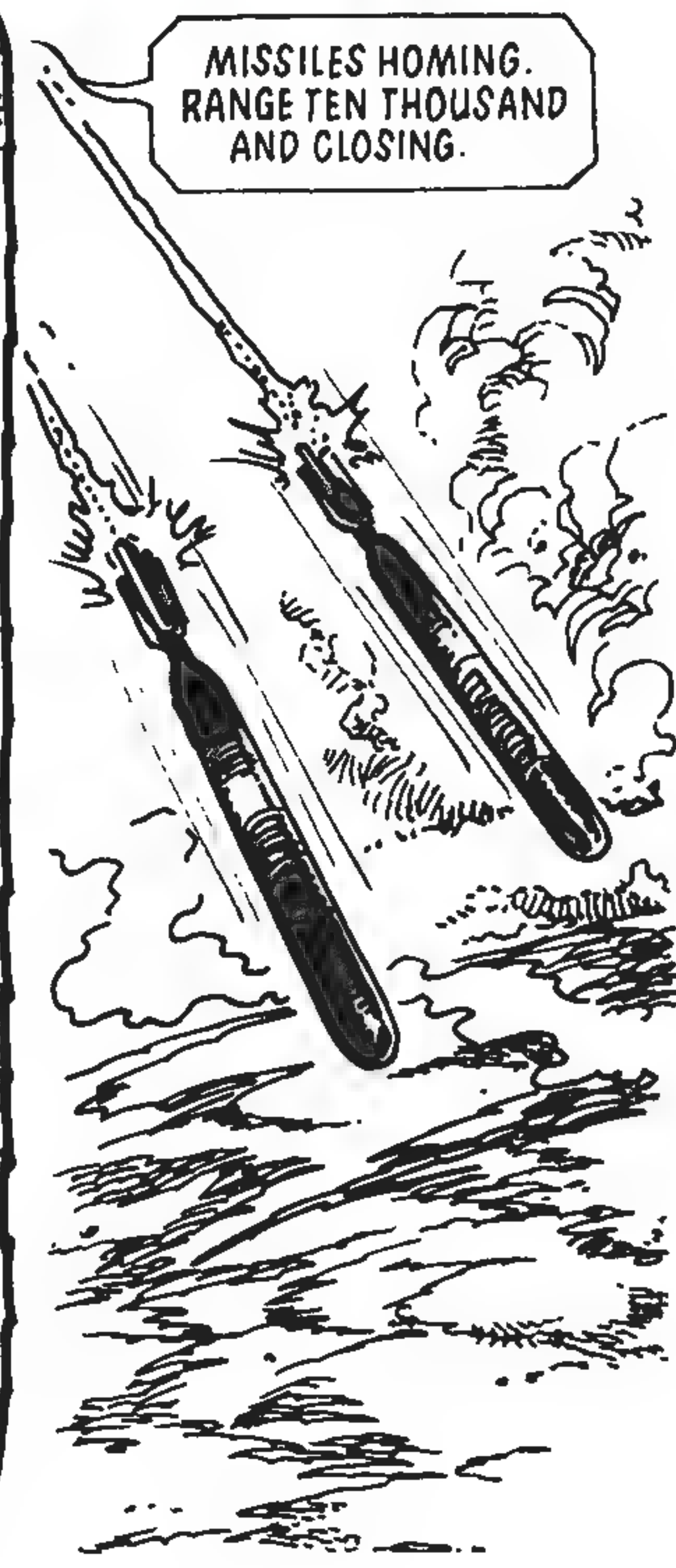
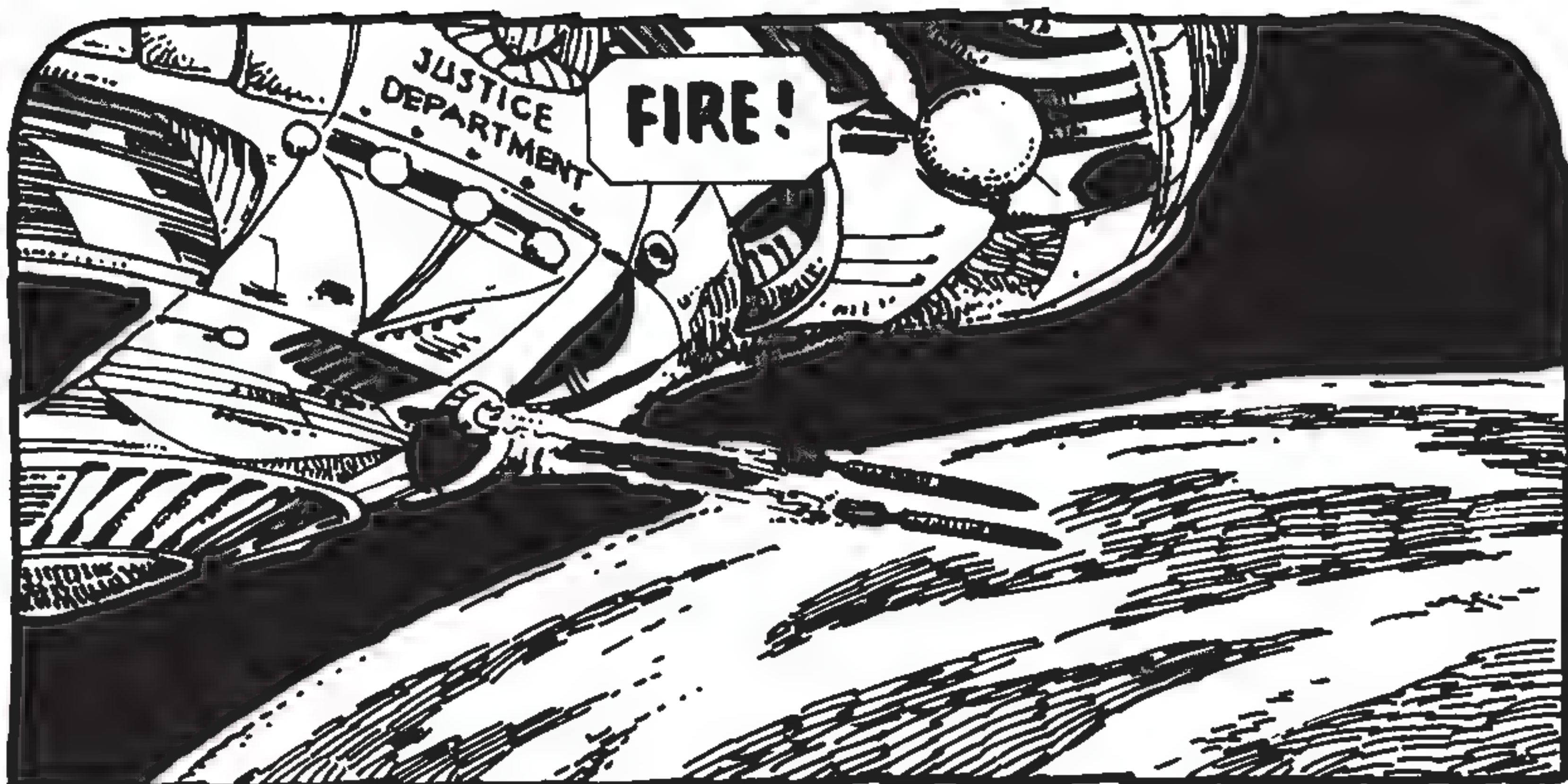


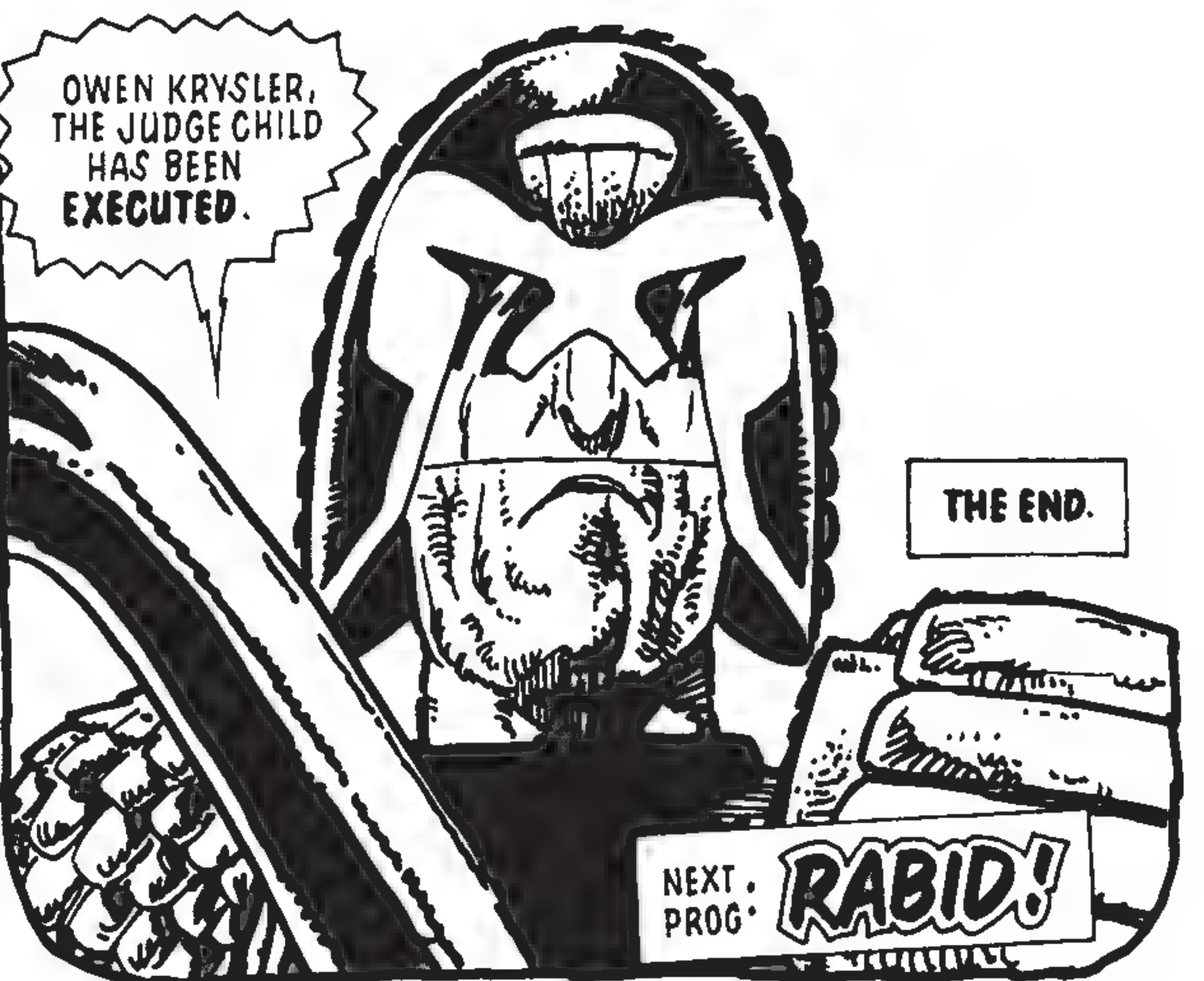
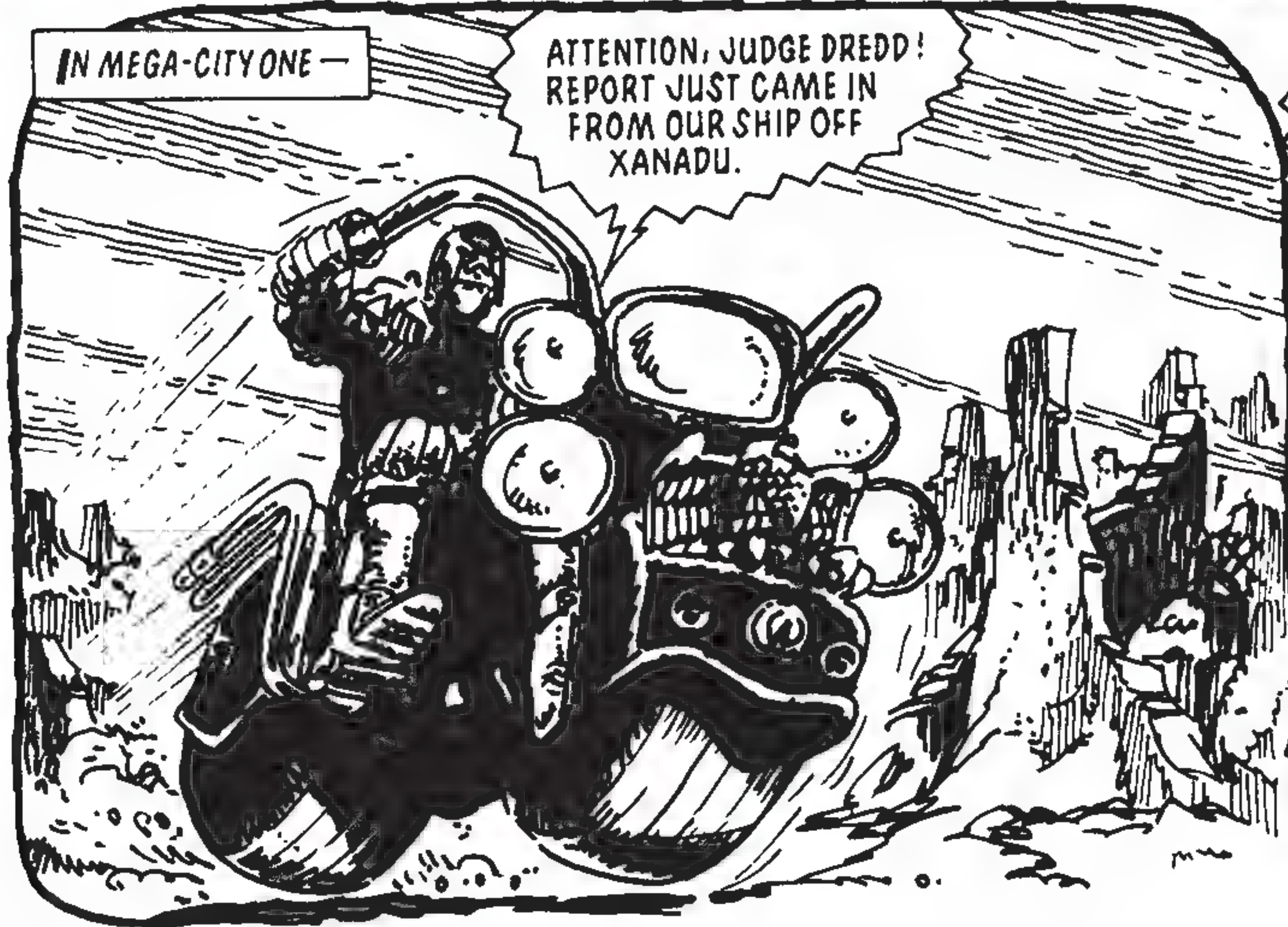
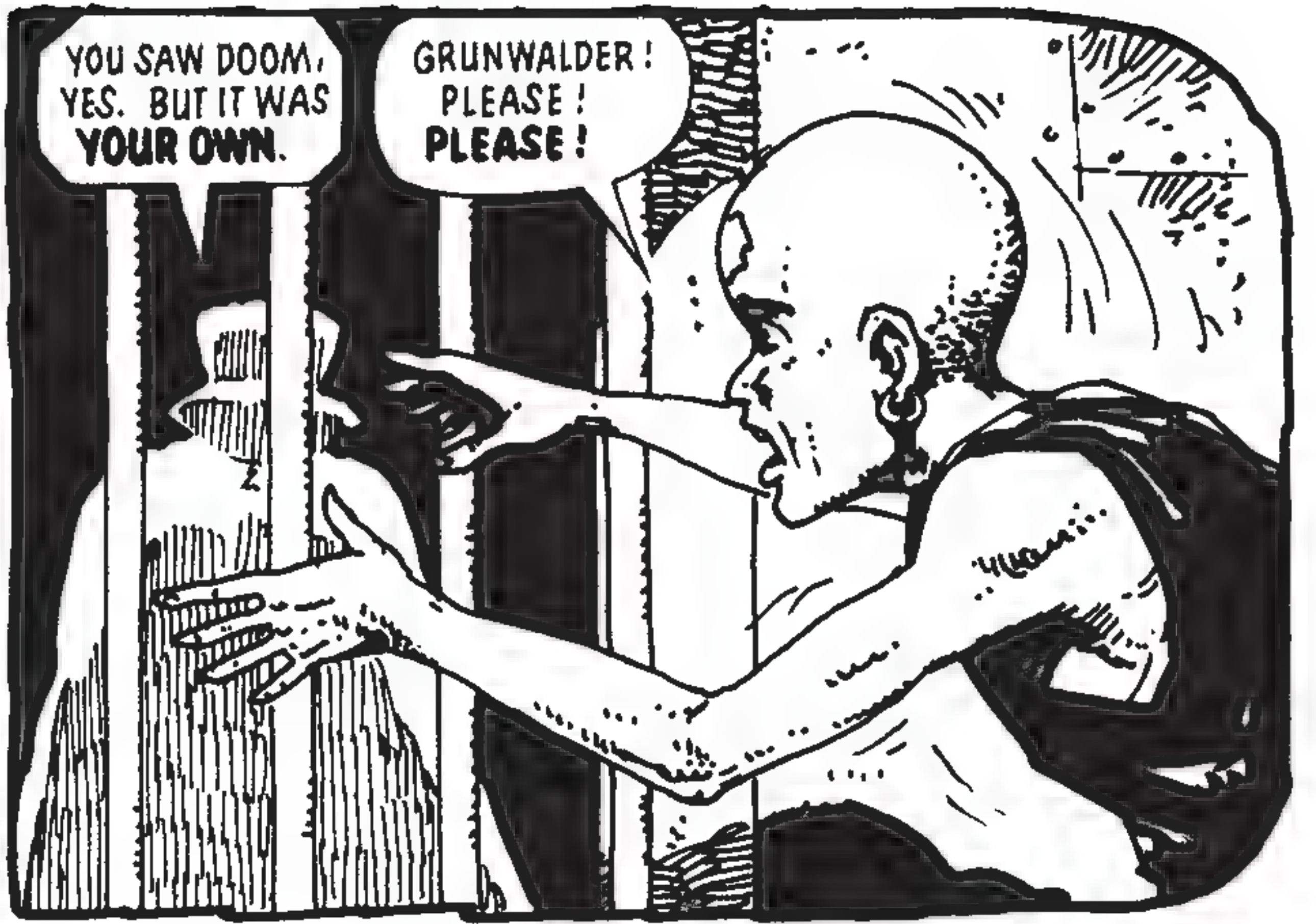
ON THE DISTANT PLANET **XANADU**, THE SINISTER **JUDGE CHILD** HAS BEEN PSYCHICALLY MONITORING THE CONFRONTATION -

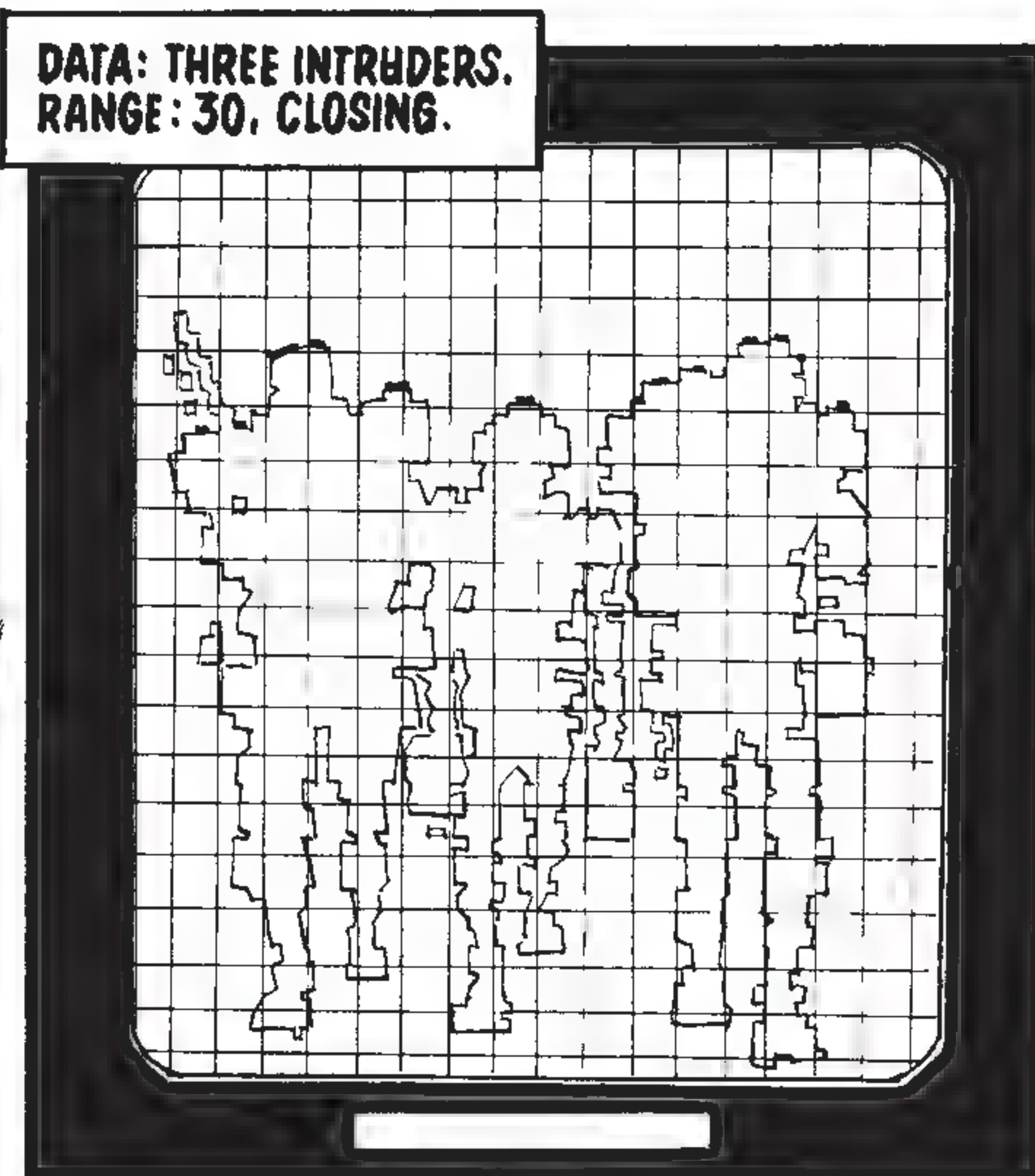
BUT IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THAT WAY! IN MY DREAM THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION - IMAGES OF FIRE AND FLAME - AND DOOM!

PERHAPS THE EXPLOSION IS YET TO COME, MY SLAVE.

MY SENTINELS REPORT A MEGA-CITY SHIP APPROACHING THE PLANET.

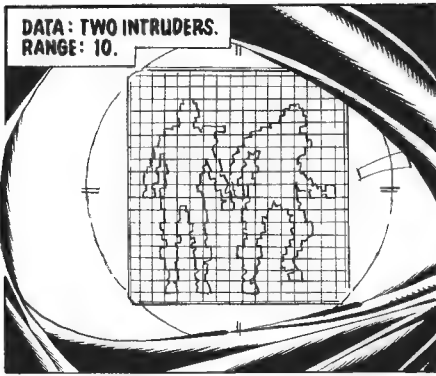


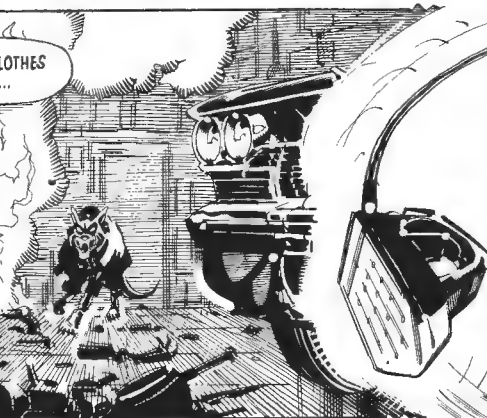
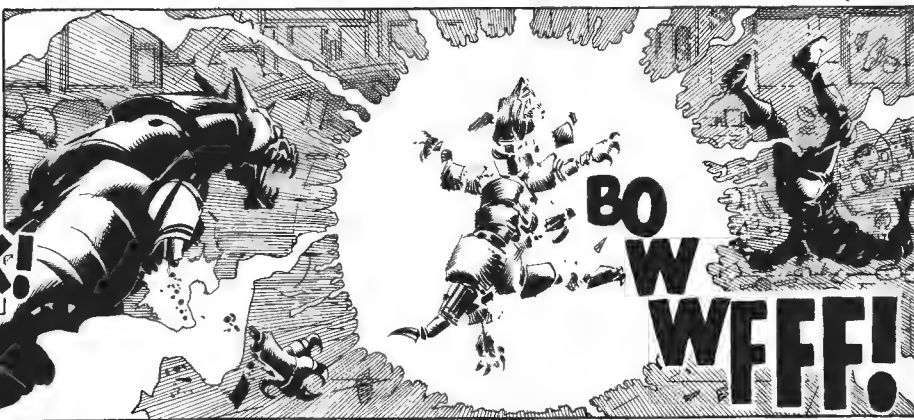
















IN
BLOBS!



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

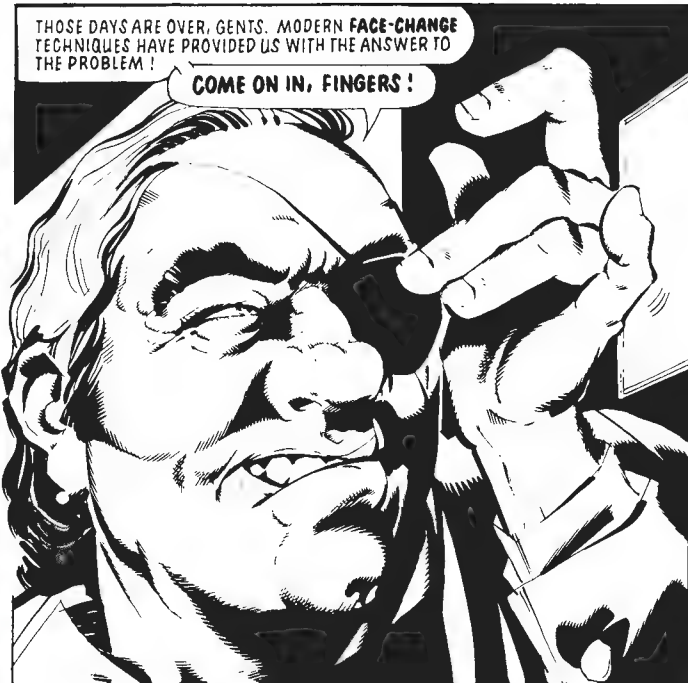


EVERY MONTH A GROUP
OF TOP MEGA-CITY
CRIMINALS MEETS
TO PLAN THE
PERFECT CRIME —

DA CHAIR
RECOGNISES
"CYCLOPS"
PETE RUNCIE!



FACE IT, GENTS, MOST
CRIMINALS ARE APPREHENDED
BECAUSE THEY'RE
RECOGNISED.



THOSE DAYS ARE OVER, GENTS. MODERN FACE-CHANGE
TECHNIQUES HAVE PROVIDED US WITH THE ANSWER TO
THE PROBLEM!
COME ON IN, FINGERS!



THERE HE IS, GENTS!
FINGERS PATEL — ALIAS
THE BLOB!

MY FACE-CHANGE MACHINE
HAS ERASED EVERY
DISTINGUISHING FEATURE!
EVEN HIS VOICE IS
ELECTRONICALLY
SCRAMBLED!

IN SHORT, THE
UNIDENTIFIABLE
CRIMINAL —
THE PERFECT
PERP!



YOU'RE CRAZY, CYCLOPS!
I'D RECOGNISE THAT
FREAK ANYWHERE!

AH, YES, IN A
CROWD OF NORMOS.
BUT I HAVEN'T
FINISHED!

BRING IN THE
WILSON GANG!



NOW PICK OUT
FINGERS!





IMPOSSIBLE!
THEY'RE
IDENTICAL!

CYCLOPS,
YOU'RE A
GENIUS!

THANK YOU, GENTS! NOW ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS CONVINCE THE REST OF THE
CITY TO GET BLOBBED!



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, ANY WELL-ORGANISED CRAZE CATCHES ON FAST —
I'VE GOT A FEW
FASHION VID-ZINES
AS PART OF MY
LEGIT FRONT. I'LL
SEE THEY GIVE THE
BLOB LOOK RAVE
REVIEWS!

I'VE GOT TWENTY TOP
STARS IN MY POCKET!
THEY DON'T KNOW IT
YET, BUT THEY'RE
ALL GONNA GET
BLOBBED-UP!

AND MY FACE CHANGE
CLINICS WILL START DOING
SPECIAL OFFERS ON
BLOB JOBS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY,
THE VID-ZINES
TRUMPET THE
NEW LOOK —

IT'S NEW — IT'S FAB — IT'S BLOB!
YES, VIDDERS, THE CRAZIEST
CRAZE TO HIT THIS CRAZY CITY!
BLOB IS IN!



BLOB GEAR IS A MUST! DUNGAREES,
GLITTER SHIRT, BLACK TOE BOOTS AND ONE
KNEEPAD, LUMINOUS GREEN, WORN LOW
ON THE LEFT KNEE!

AN EXCITING
CHANGE FROM ALL THAT DRAB
VARIETY!

WOW! THAT'S
FOR ME!



STARS LIKE LOVELY LOLA PASTRAMY MAKE WELL-PUBLICISED VISITS TO CYCLOPS' FACE-CHANGE CLINICS —

THE TECHNIQUE IS SIMPLE. ALL HAIR IS REMOVED.
THEN CHEMICALS ARE INJECTED INTO THE FACE,
CAUSING IT TO SWELL UNTIL —

UGH! DON'T TELL
ME ANY MORE!



D-DO I HAVE TO
GET THIS DONE?

IT'S THIS —
OR A
FUNERAL!

WHEN LOLA RE-EMERGES — KUNCIE'S FACE-CHANGE CLINIC



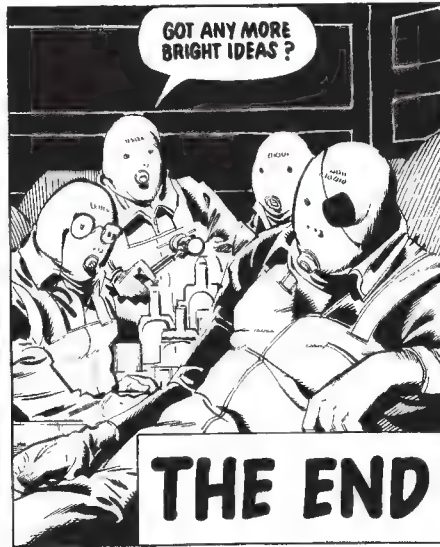
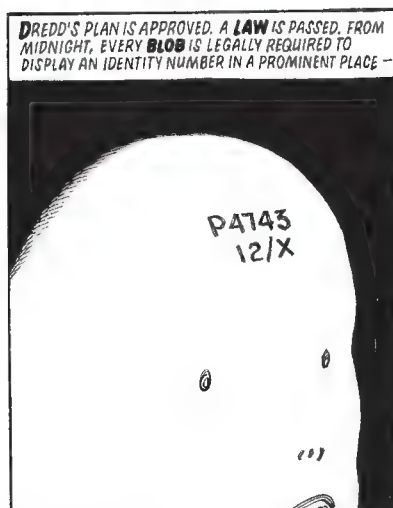
IT'S LOLA PASTRAMY!

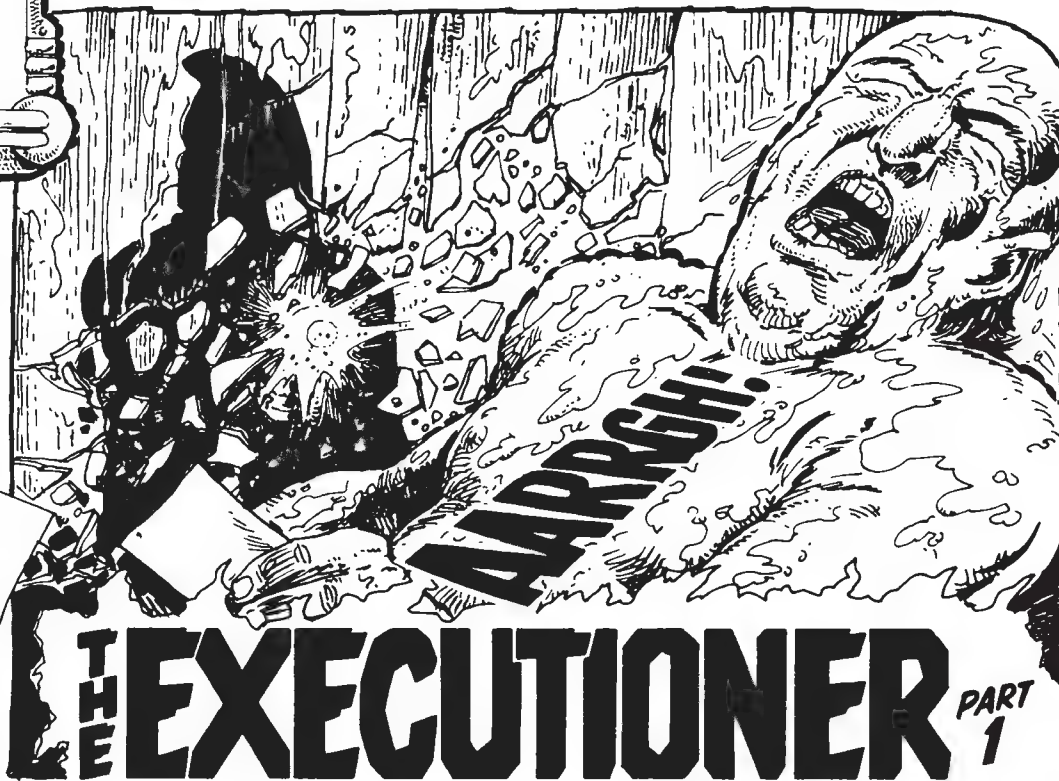
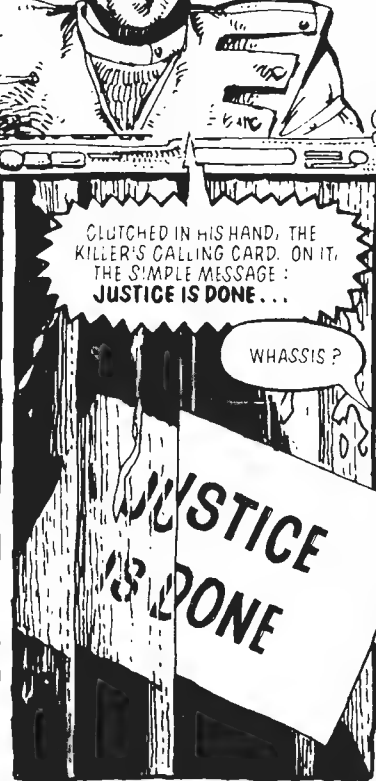
GEE! I'D NEVER
HAVE
GUESSED!

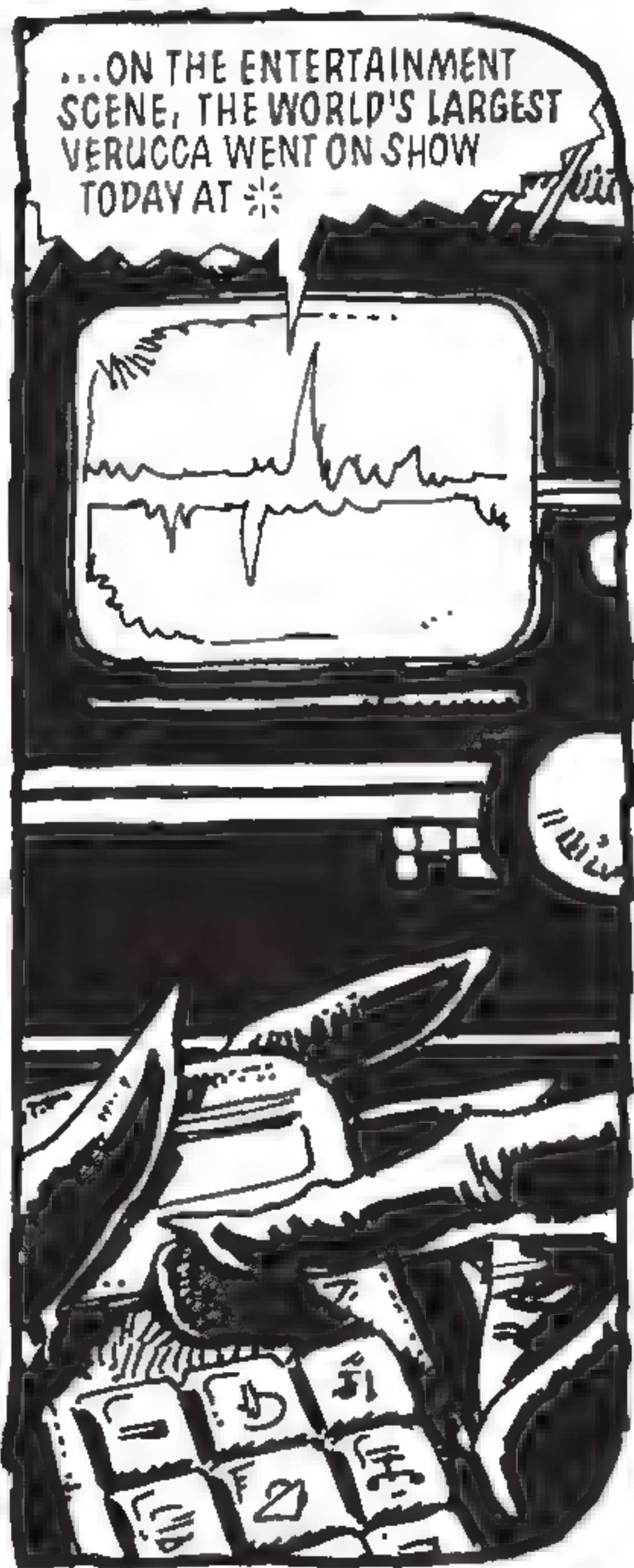
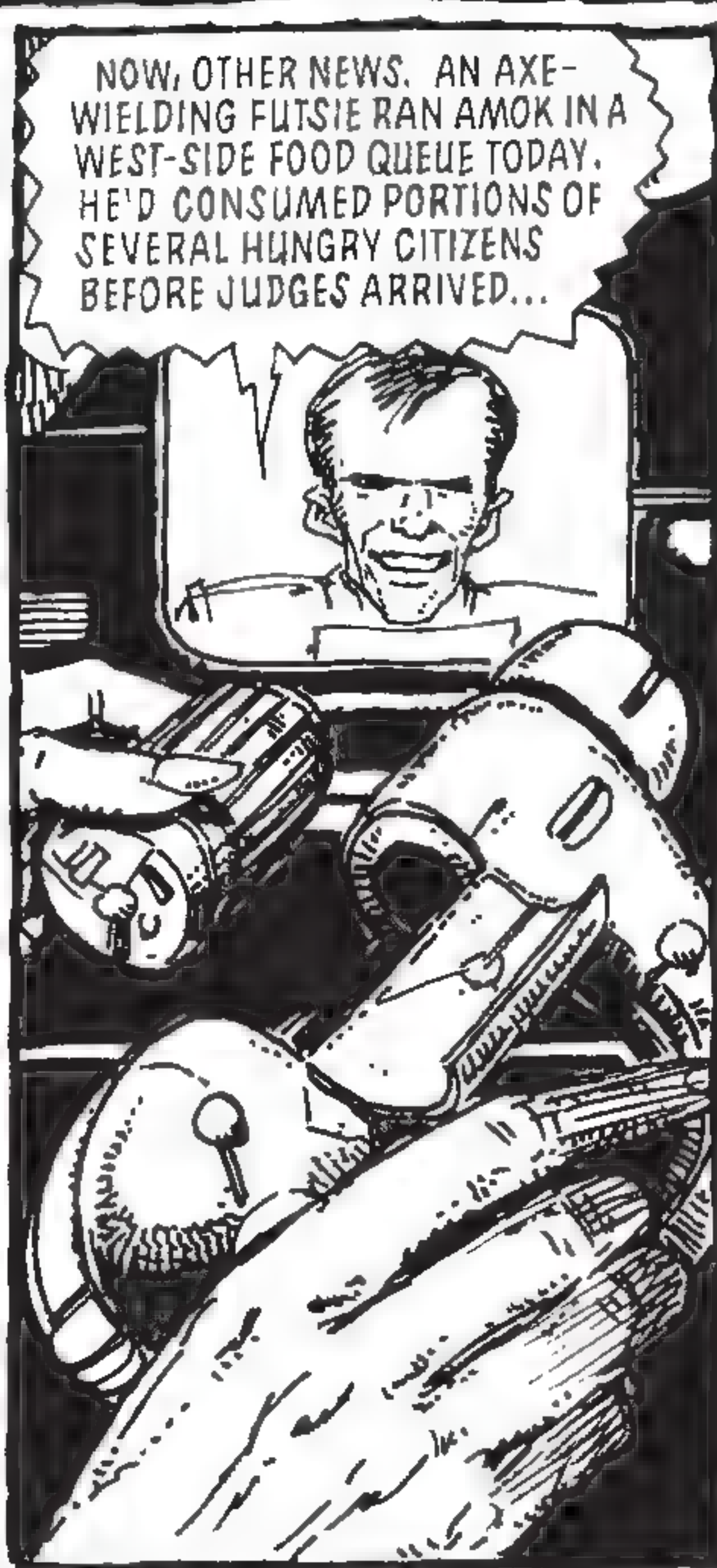
WHAT A TREND-SETTER!
I GOTTA GET
BLOBBED-UP TOO!

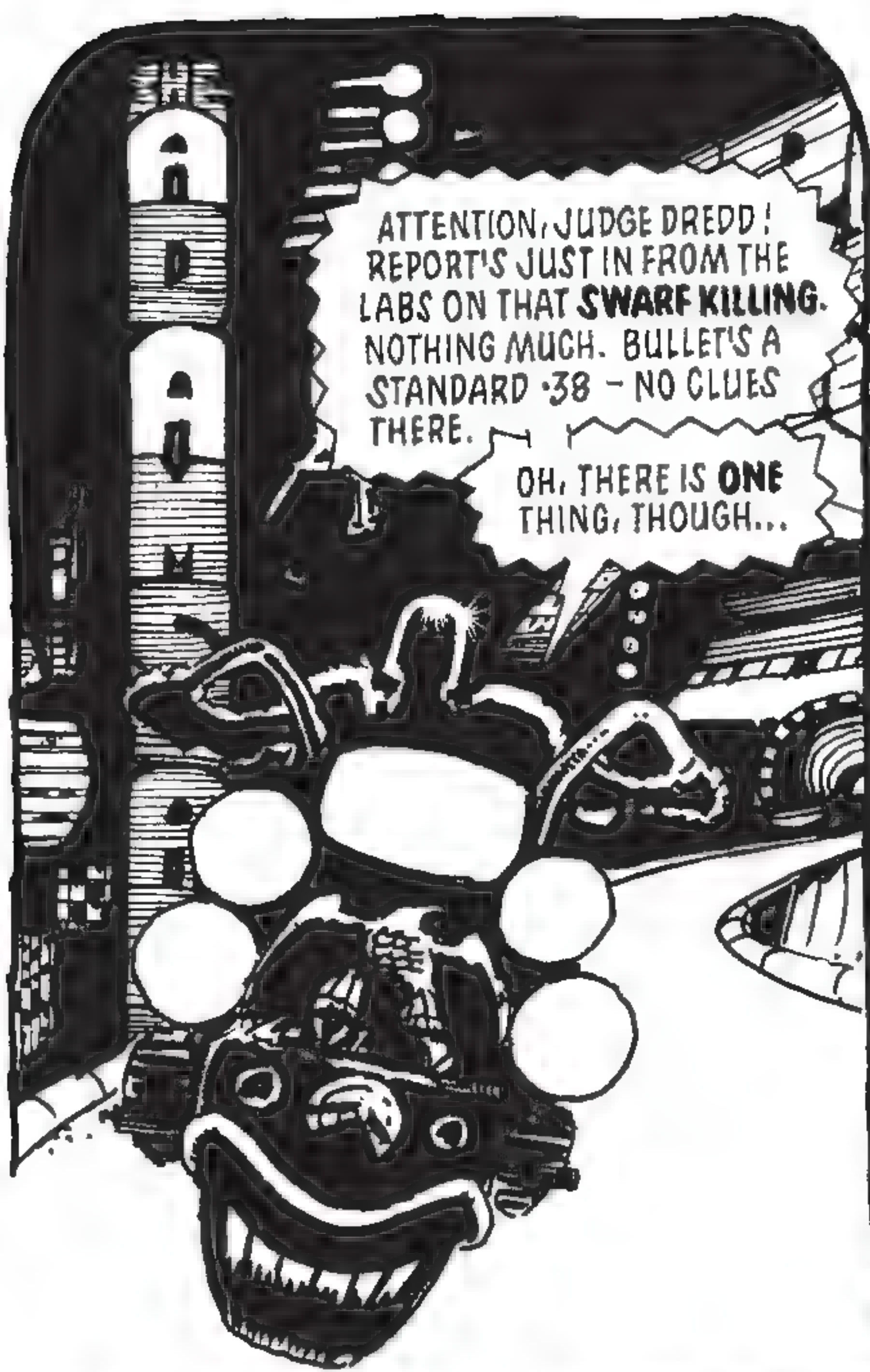


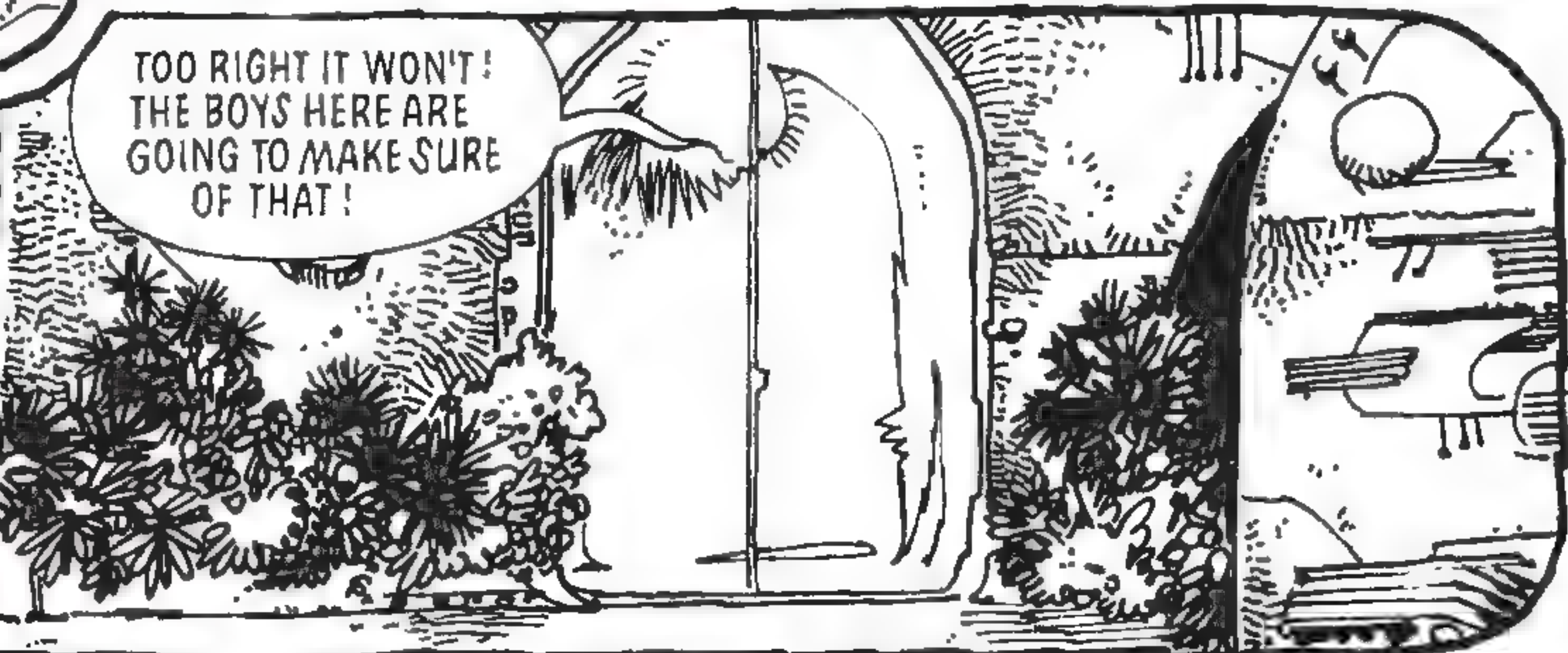


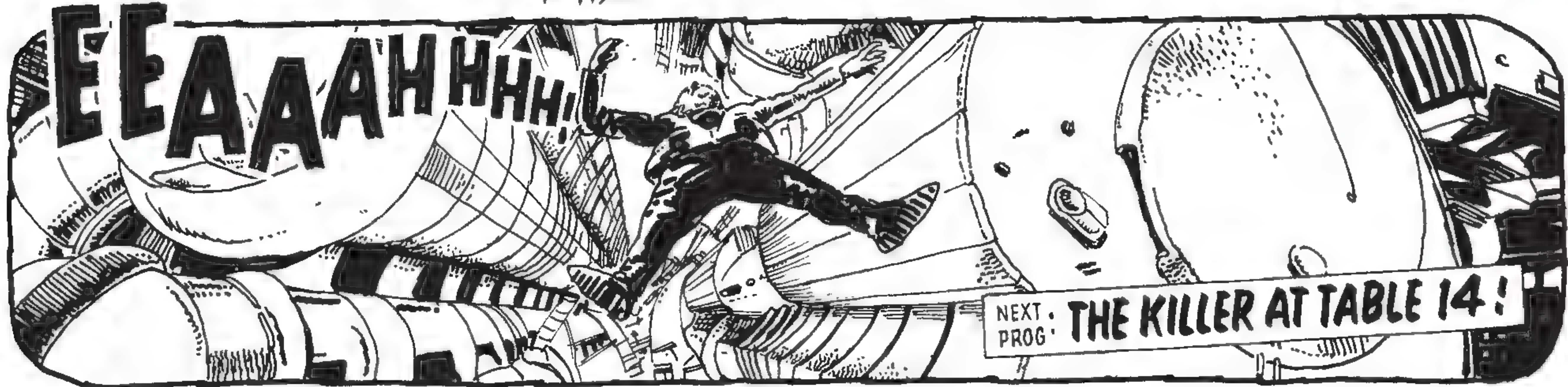
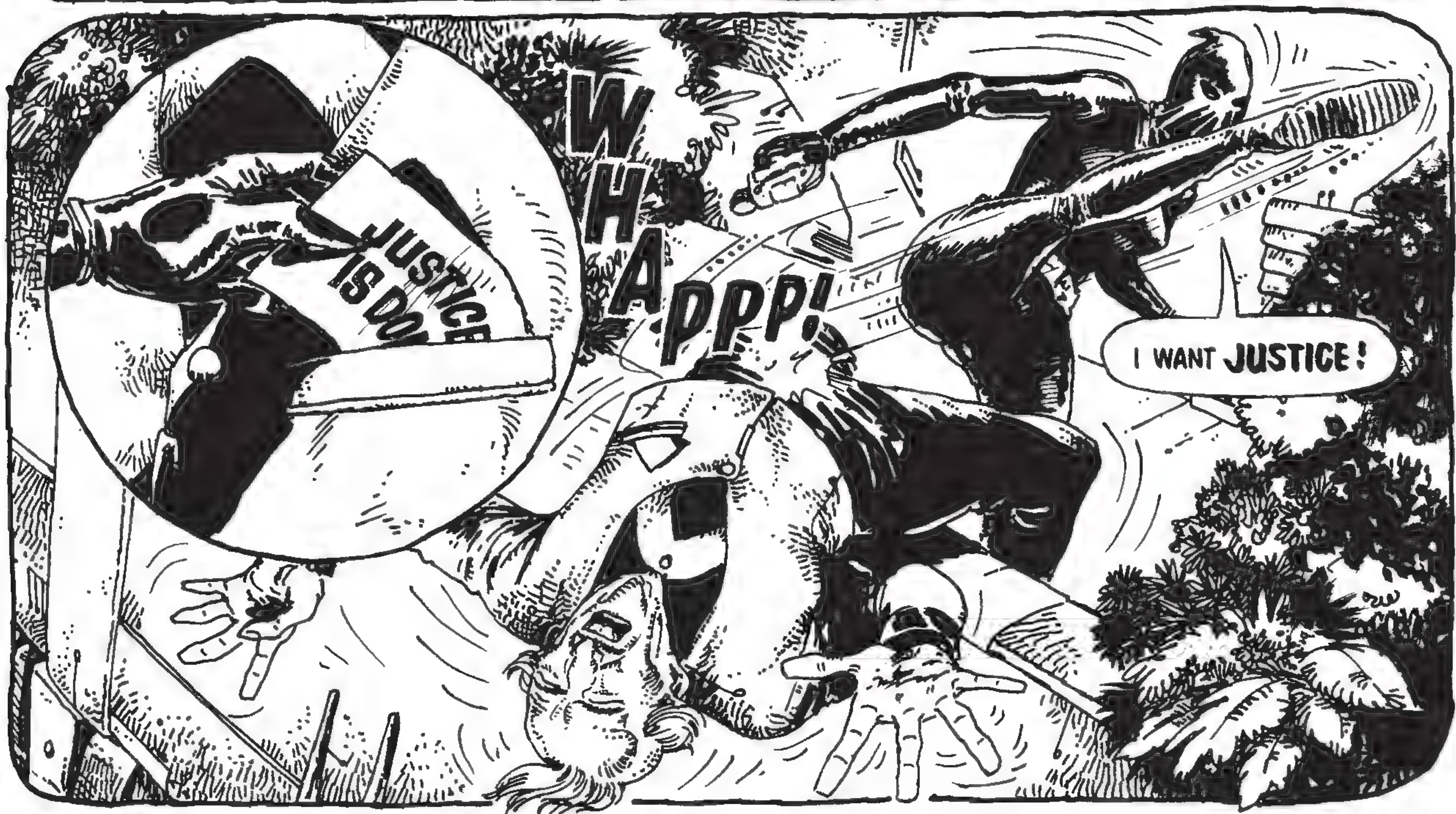














THE EXECUTIONER PART 2

JUSTICE
IS DONE

FROM A TERRACE ON THE
HIGHLIGHT ROOMS,
RACKETEER JACK BEAUTY
PLUNGES TO HIS DOOM -











I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THE **EXECUTIONER**...SHE'S SURE CLEANING UP THIS CITY'S **VERMIN** PROBLEM!

MURDER IS MURDER. NO CITIZEN CAN BE ALLOWED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.



LET ME KNOW IF THE LAB TEKS COME UP WITH ANYTHING. CHECK STAFF AND GUESTS. EVERYONE WHO'S BEEN AT THE **HIGHLIGHT ROOMS** TODAY - I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT.

LATER, AT TEMPORARY JUSTICE HQ -

WE FOUND BEAUTY'S BODY. NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. NOTHING MUCH ON HIM - JUST OUR FRIEND'S CALLING CARD AGAIN.

COMP-IDENT JUST CAME THROUGH.



STAFF AT THE **HIGHLIGHT ROOMS** PUT IT TOGETHER. WOMAN AT TABLE 14.

ALL THE OTHER GUESTS CHECKED OUT, EXCEPT HER. GAVE A FALSE NAME AND ADDRESS.

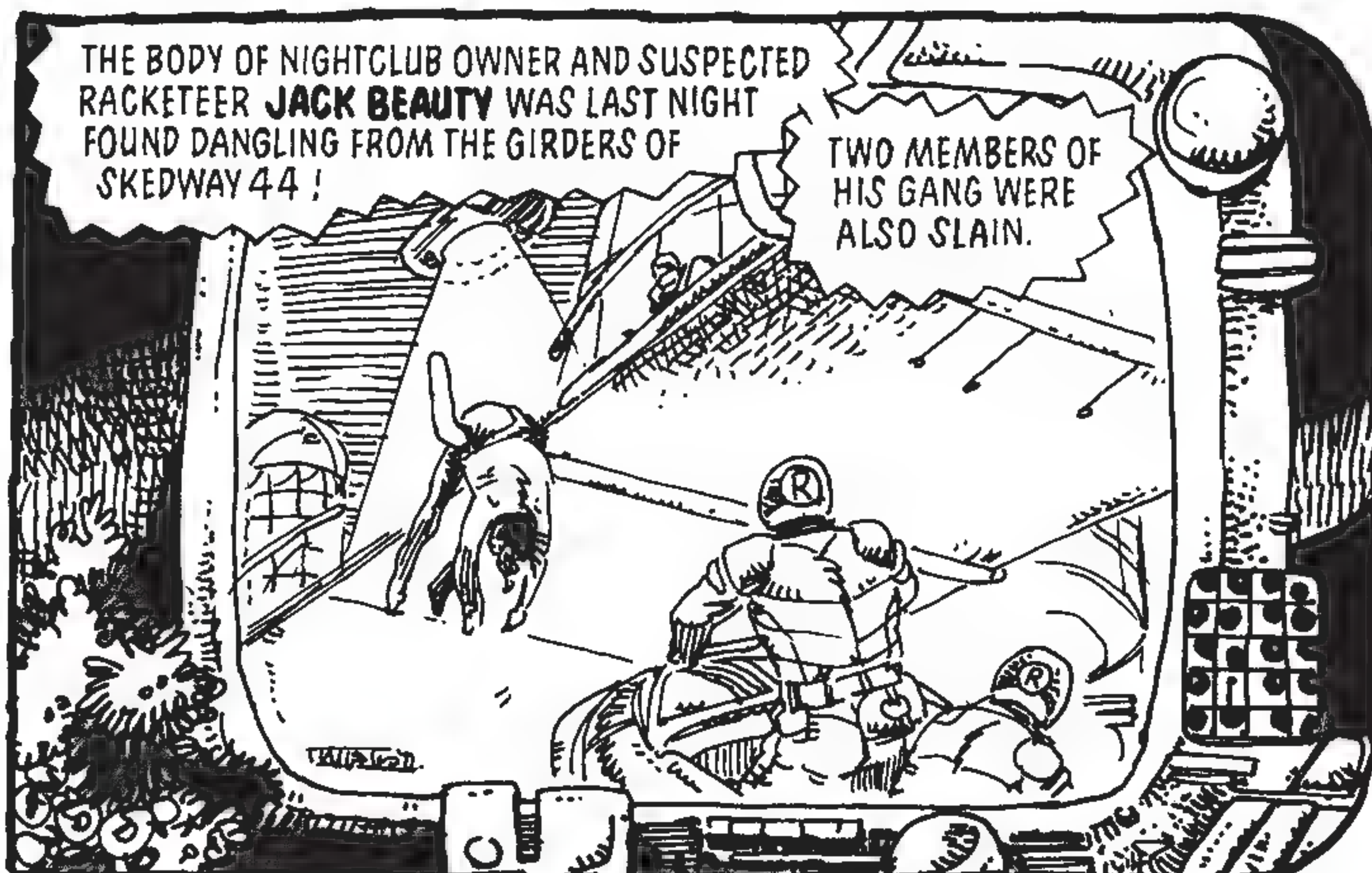


NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND HER **REAL** NAME AND ADDRESS.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

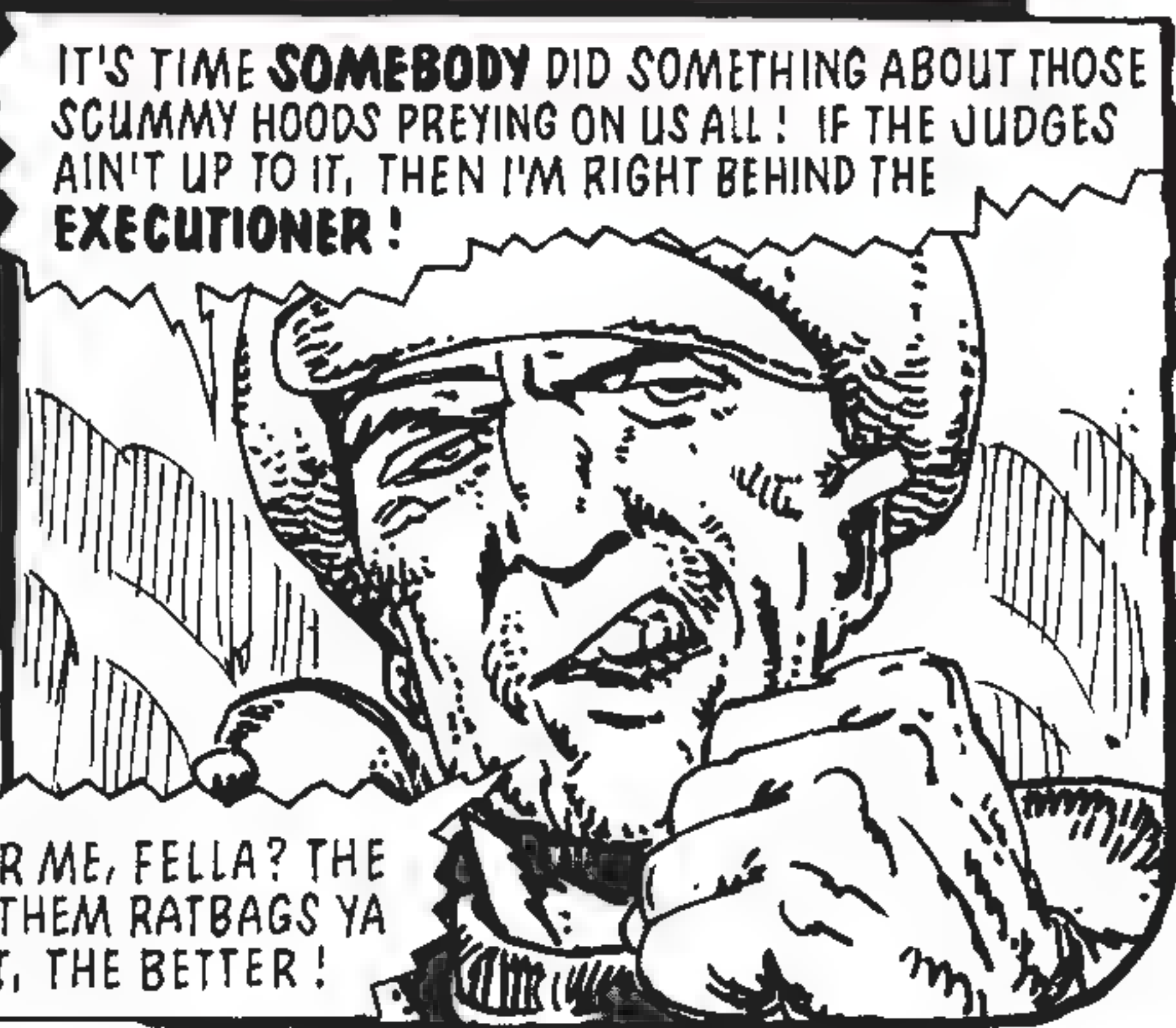
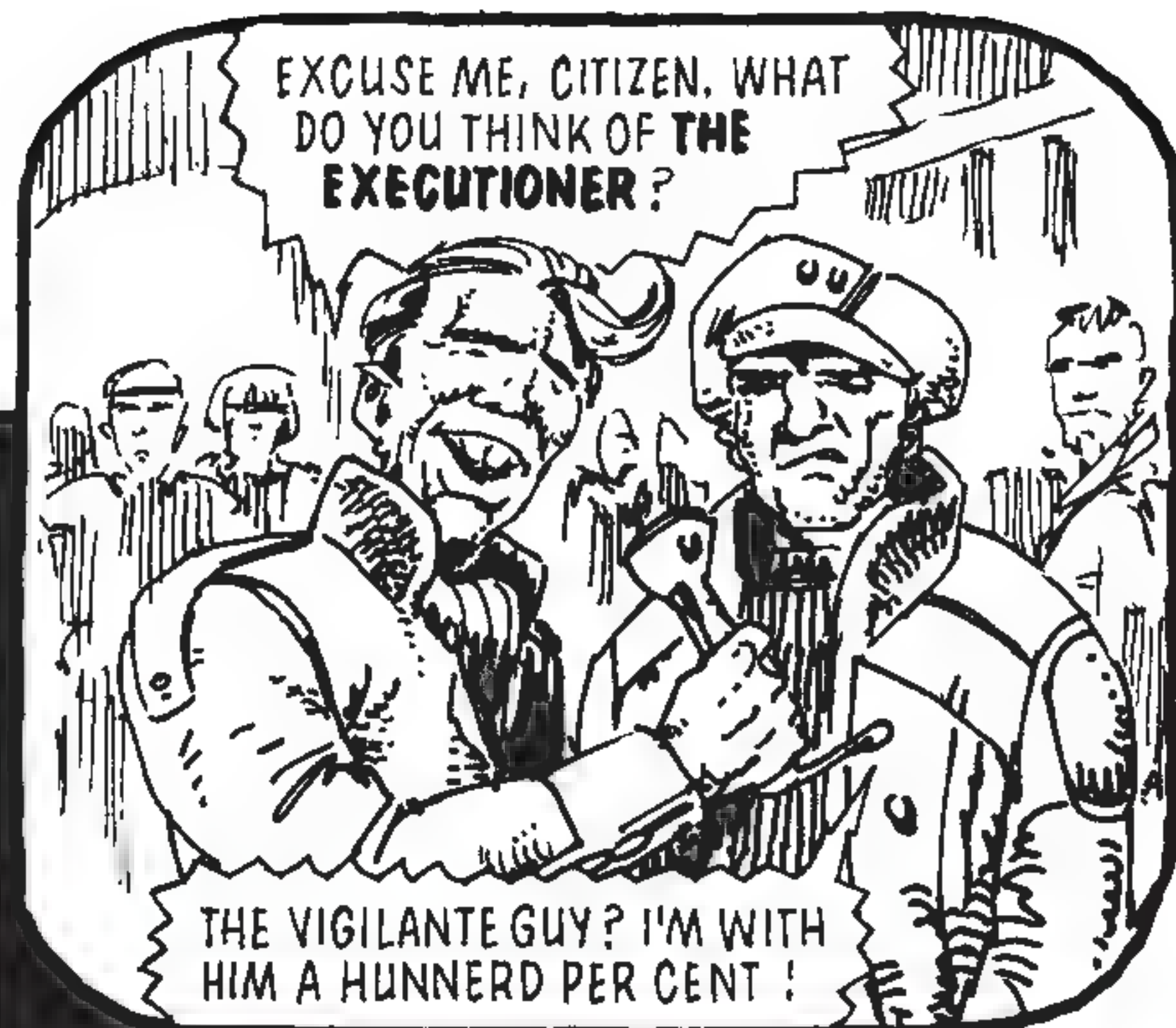


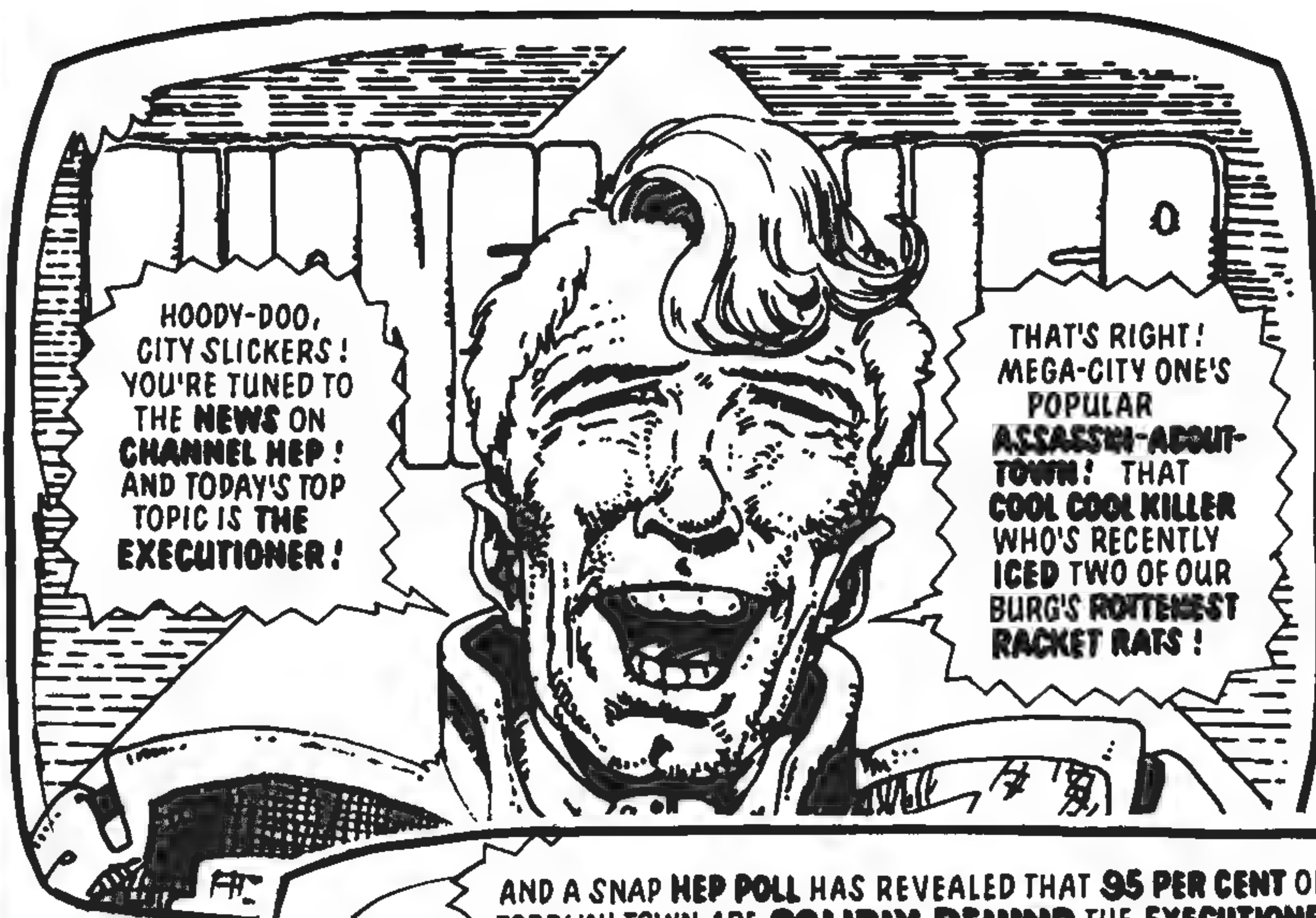
GOOD MORNING, CITY! TODAY'S BIG STORY - THE MYSTERY VIGILANTE KNOWN AS **THE EXECUTIONER** HAS **STRUCK** AGAIN!



THE BODY OF NIGHTCLUB OWNER AND SUSPECTED RACKETEER **JACK BEAUTY** WAS LAST NIGHT FOUND DANGLING FROM THE GIRDERS OF SKEDWAY 44!

TWO MEMBERS OF HIS GANG WERE ALSO SLAIN.





AND A SNAP HEP POLL HAS REVEALED THAT 95 PER CENT OF THIS TODDLIN' TOWN ARE **SOLIDLY BEHIND** THE EXECUTIONER!

QUESTION	%CITIZENS		
	YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
DO YOU SUPPORT THE EXECUTIONER?	95	1	4
HAVE TOP HOODS BEEN ESCAPING JUSTICE TOO LONG?	95	1	4
DO YOU WANT MORE GANGSTERS SLAIN?	99	1	0
WOULD YOU LIKE TO EXECUTE SOMEONE YOURSELF?	100	0	0
DO YOU PREFER SHORK TO BUTTER?	1	2	97

THE EXECUTIONER PART 3







SORRY, DE GAULLE. HAD TO BE SURE!

YEAH, I KNOW. I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME TO YOU!



AND IF I EVER GET THE CHANCE, I WILL!



YOU'VE CHECKED OUT EVERY FEMALE JUDGE - EVERY ONE A BLANK!

I WAS SURE THE EXECUTIONER WAS A ROGUE JUDGE. SHE'S TOO PROFESSIONAL FOR ANYTHING ELSE!

NOT LIKE A HUNCH TO LET ME DOWN!



ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! WE HAVE ANOTHER POSSIBLE EXECUTIONER SLAYING!



SOON, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME -

TWO VICTIMS GUNNED DOWN ON THE SLIDEWALK. WE'VE GOT THE PERP IN CUSTODY!

'FRAID IT LOOKS LIKE A COPY-CAT KILLING!



POINT ONE: VICTIMS WERE SMALL TIME LOCAL BULLY BOYS. NOT EXACTLY IN THE JACK BEAUTY, HEBBY SWARF LEAGUE!



POINT TWO: HANDWRITING ON THE KILLER'S CALLING CARD DOESN'T MATCH THE EXECUTIONER'S!

JUSTISE IS DUN



POINT THREE -
AND I GOTTA ADMIT,
THIS IS THE CLINCHER -
THE PERP IS **MALE**!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU JUST START
WITH POINT
THREE?

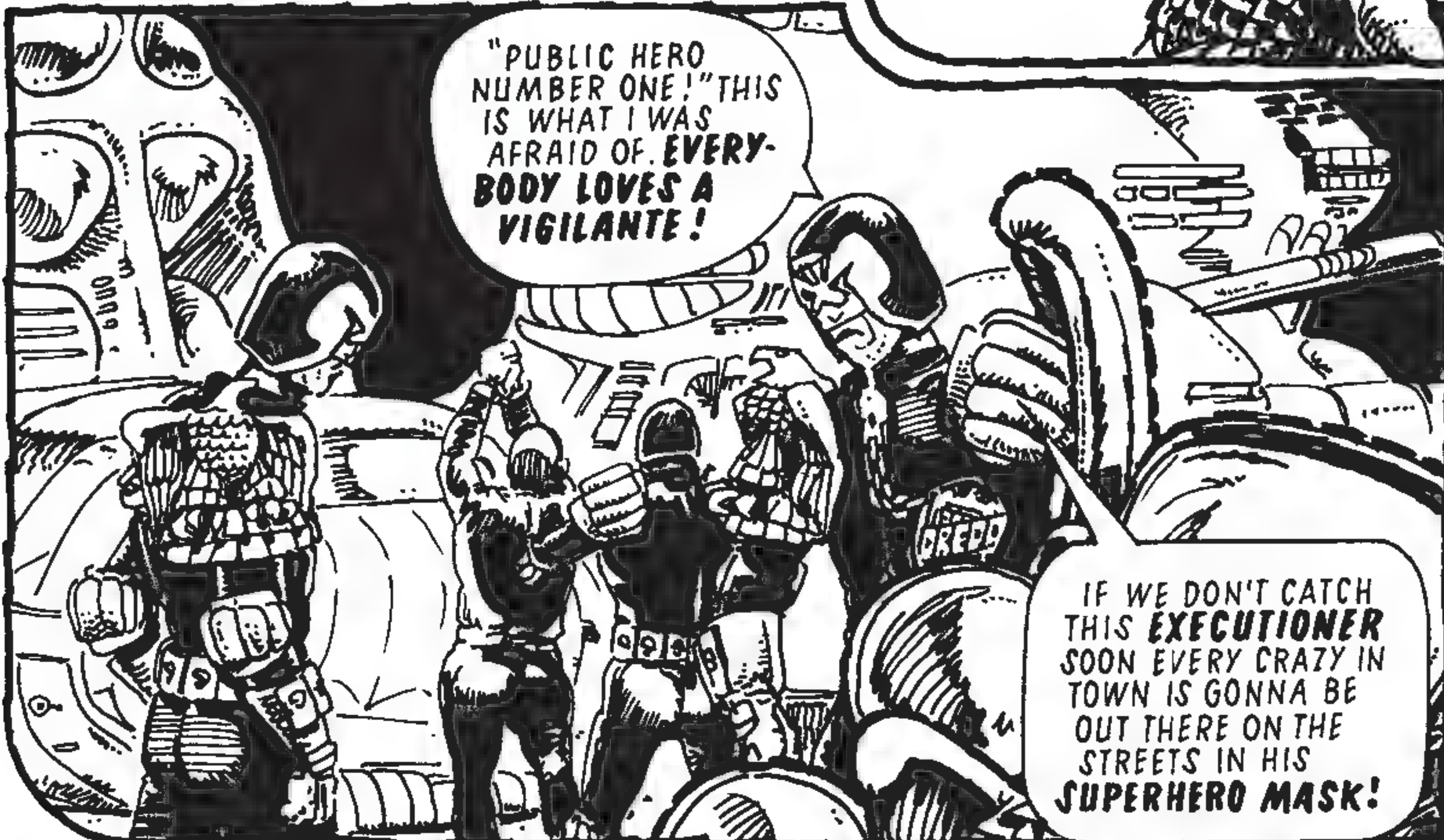


SO YOU'RE THE
EXECUTIONER.
HUH?

SURE AM! **PUBLIC
HERO NUMBER ONE!**
I'M CLEANING THIS
CITY UP FOR YOU, JUDGE.
GONNA WIPE OUT EVERY
CRIMINAL THERE IS!

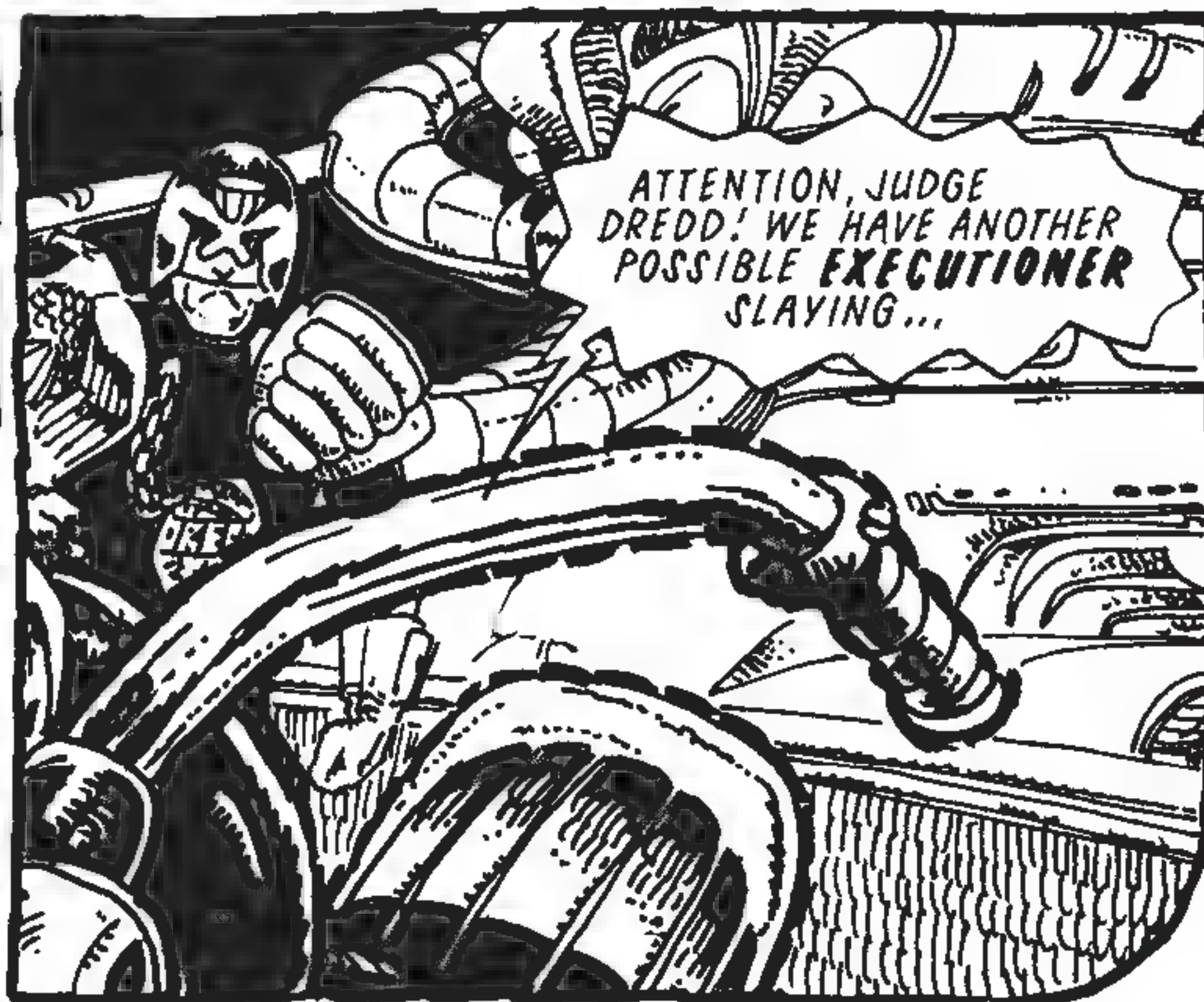


MEATHEAD!
YOU'RE DOING
THIRTY!



"**PUBLIC HERO
NUMBER ONE!**" THIS
IS WHAT I WAS
AFRAID OF. **EVERY-
BODY LOVES A
VIGILANTE!**

IF WE DON'T CATCH
THIS **EXECUTIONER**
SOON EVERY CRAZY IN
TOWN IS GONNA BE
OUT THERE ON THE
STREETS IN HIS
SUPERHERO MASK!

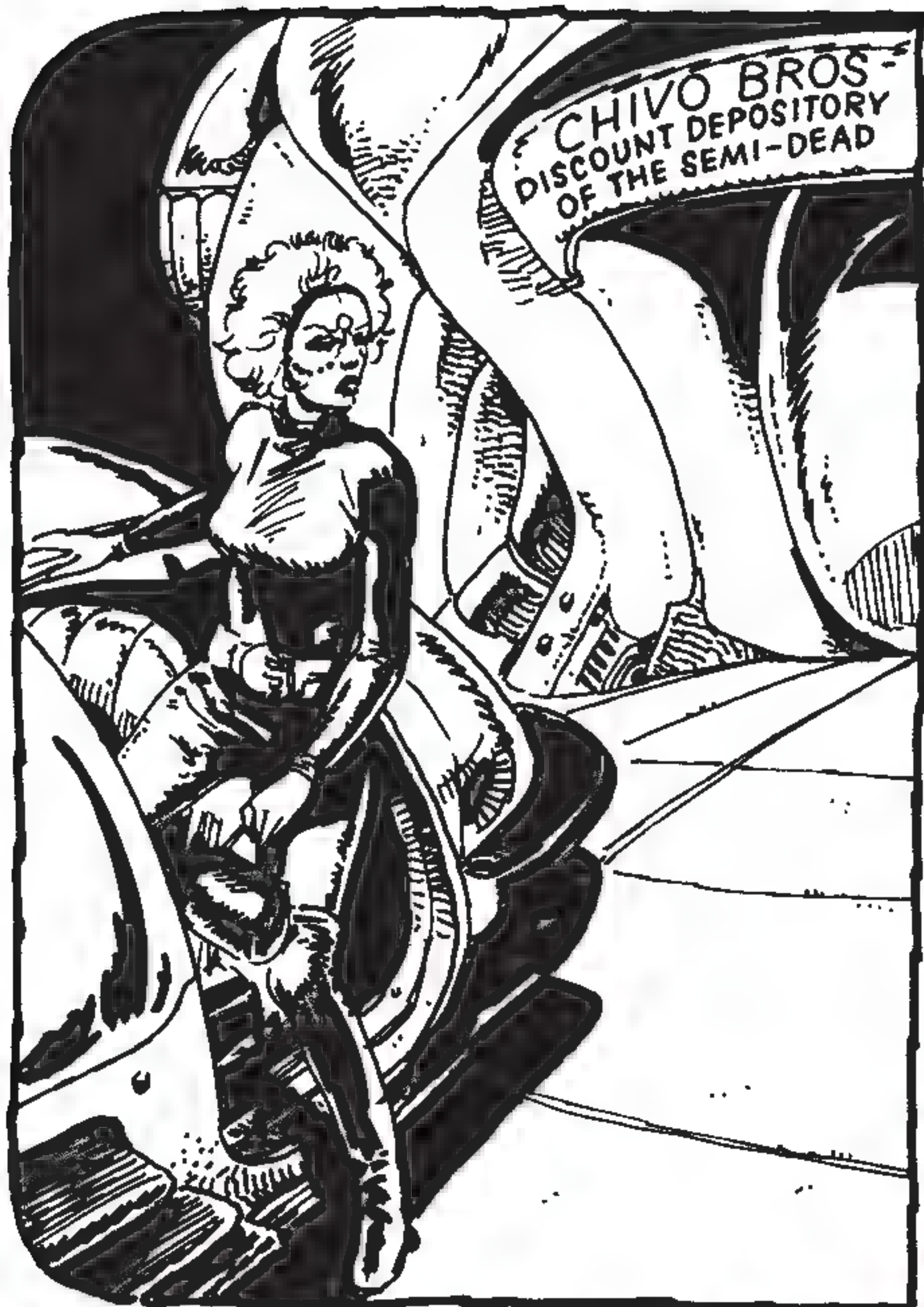


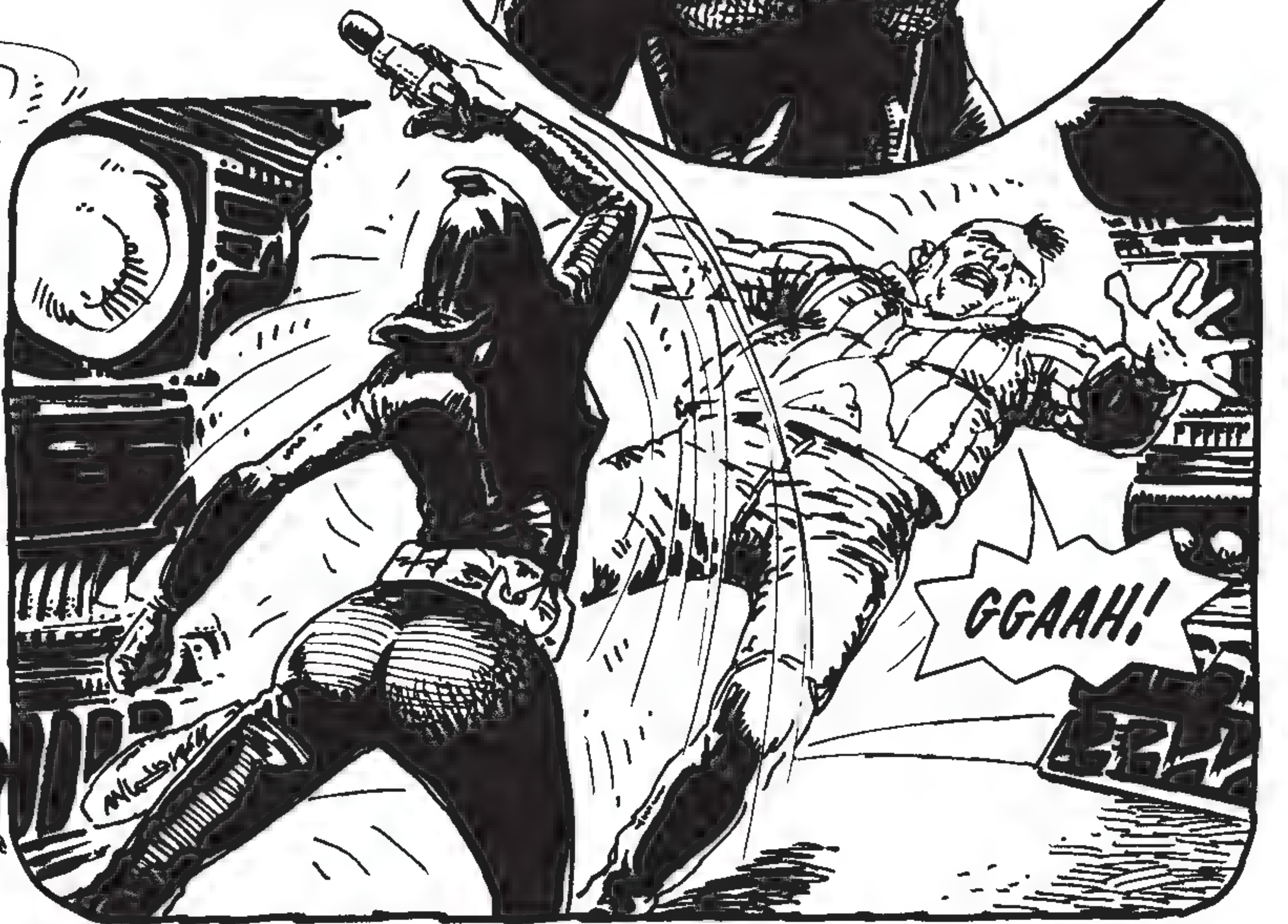
ATTENTION, JUDGE
DREDD! WE HAVE ANOTHER
POSSIBLE **EXECUTIONER**
SLAYING...

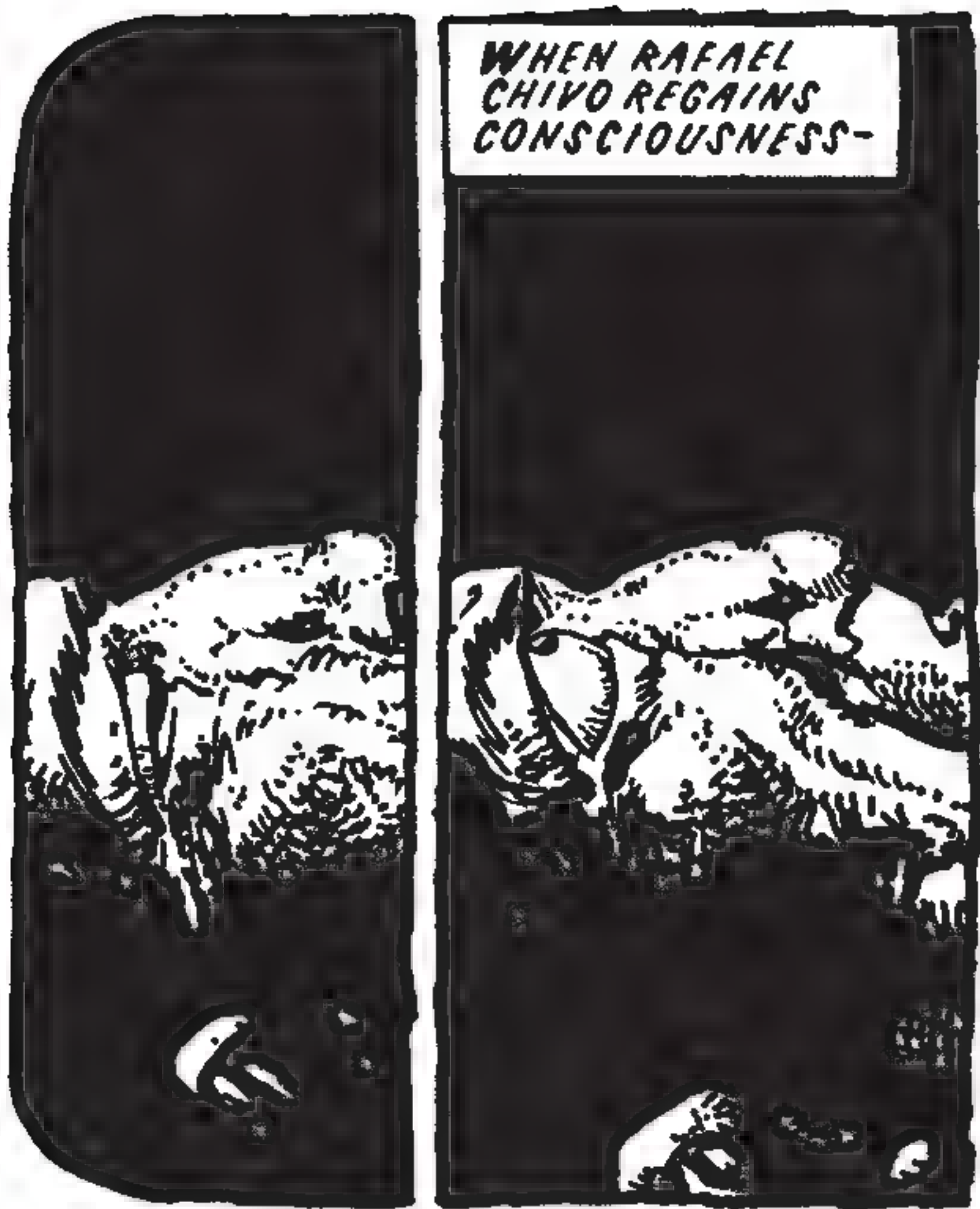


MEANWHILE -

CLIK!







WHEN RAFAEL
CHIVO REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS-



WH-WHAT'M
I D-DOIN' IN
HERE?



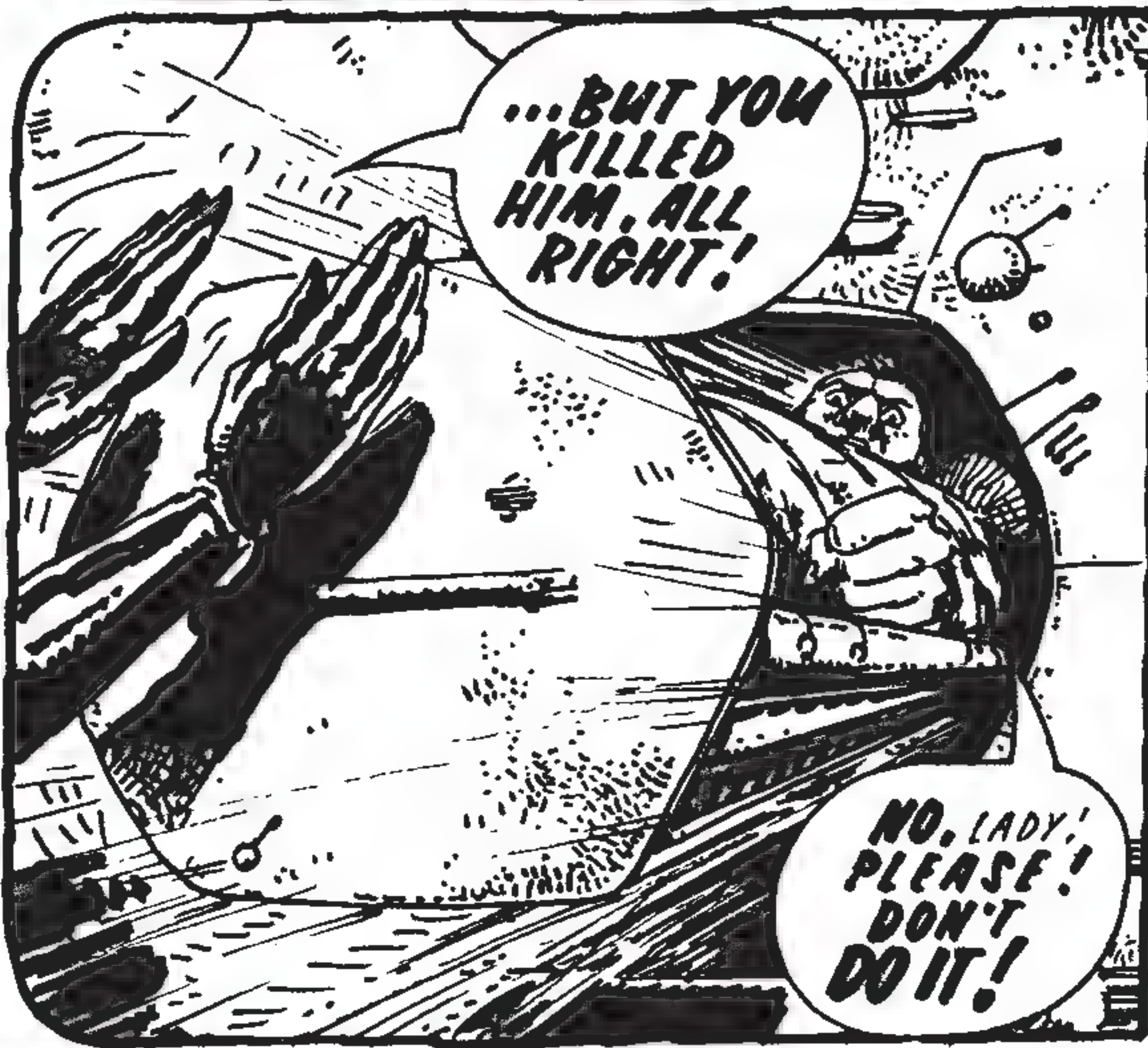
YOU REMEMBER
NICHOLAS
TATUM...?

HE WAS MY
HUSBAND!



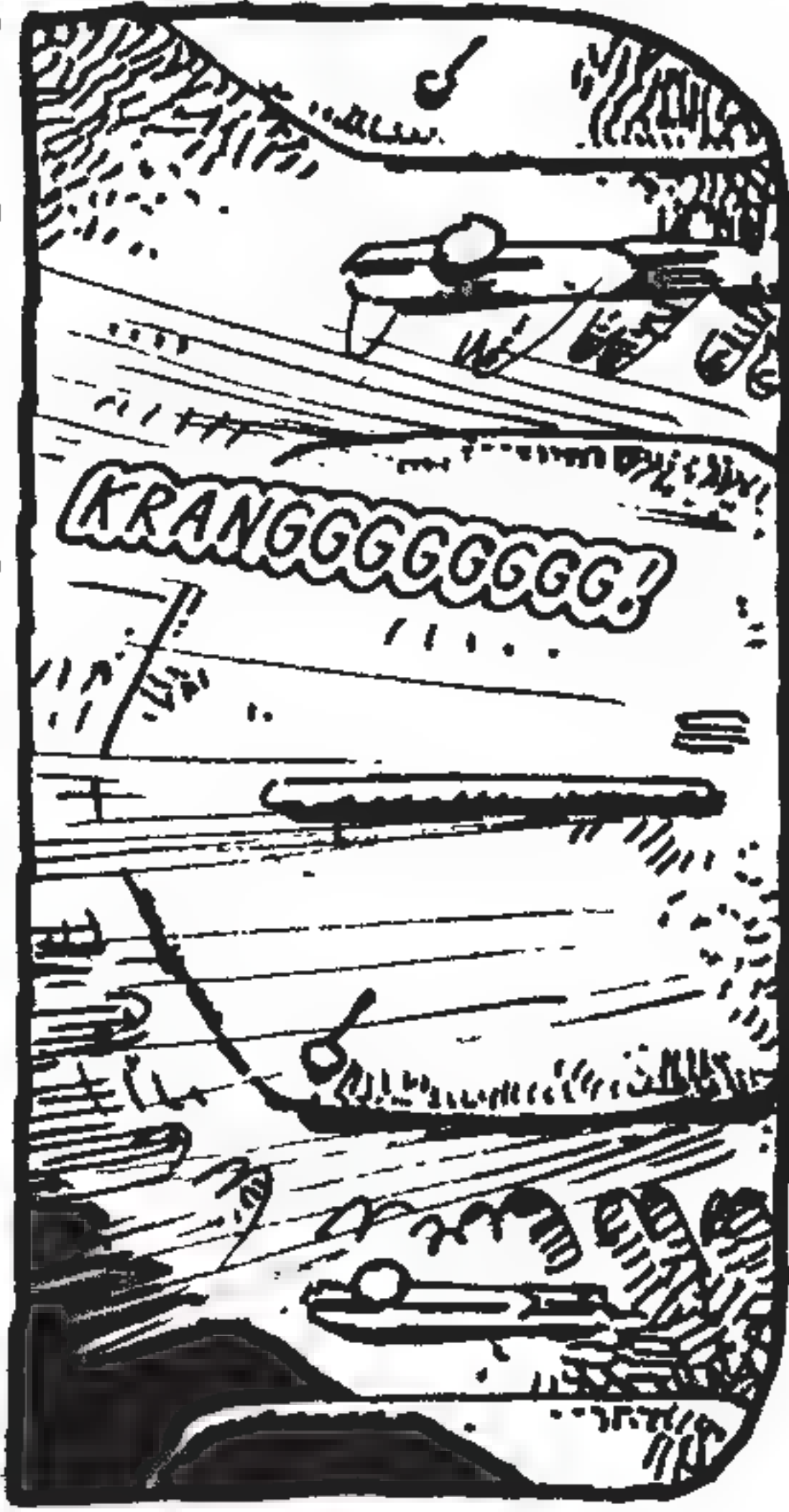
N-NICK TATUM!
LISTEN, LADY- YOU
GOT IT WRONG! I
DIDN'T DO NOTHING,
SEE! HE KILLED
HIMSELF!

NO, CHIVO,
YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG.
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T
PULL THE TRIGGER...



...BUT YOU
KILLED
HIM, ALL
RIGHT!

NO, LADY!
PLEASE!
DON'T
DO IT!



KRANGGGGGGGG!



LIQUID NITROGEN FILLS THE
VAULT AUTOMATICALLY.

FSSSSSHHHH!

THE EFFECT
IS FATAL.



JUSTICE
IS DONE

NEXT PROG:
SENTENCE
OF DEATH!



THE EXECUTIONER
PART 4





AT DREDD'S BIKE
COMPUTER—

HOT ONE HERE, JUDGE
DREDD + BLANCHE
KOMINSKY... 12TH
YEAR CADET + EXPELLED
2093 + UNAUTHORISED
LIAISON WITH MALE
CITIZEN...

LATER MARRIED
SAME + BECAME
BLANCHE TATUM +
INTERESTING
COINCIDENCE...
HUSBAND NICHOLAS
TATUM KILLED HIM-
SELF LAST THURSDAY
... SEEMS HE GOT
IN TOO DEEP WITH A
LOAN OPERATION...

SUSPECTED
FINANCIERS
OF THE LOAN
OPERATION
INCLUDE
HEBBY SWARF
JACK BEAUTY
AND THE CHIVO
BROTHERS...

THE EXECUTIONER'S
VICTIMS! THERE'S THE **LINK**!

NICHOLAS TATUM BORROWED
HEAVILY AND COULDN'T PAY
BACK. THE LOAN OPERATORS
GOT ROUGH AND TATUM
COPPED OUT WITH A BULLET.
SO **BLANCHE TATUM** CAME
OUT OF RETIREMENT TO
EVEN THE SCORE!

YES,
IT ALL
MAKES
SENSE!

CHECK EVERY
FEMALE ROOKIE,
MACK— ESPECIALLY ANY
WHO LEFT THE ACADEMY
OR WERE EXPELLED, SAY
OVER THE LAST FIFTEEN
YEARS.

MEANWHILE,
OUTSIDE RESYK...

IT-IT'S HORRIBLE TO
THINK OF WHAT THEY'RE
DOING TO HIM IN THERE.
ONLY LAST WEEK HE
WAS... **DAD**...

IT'S SO
UNFAIR,
MUM! WHY
HIM? **WHY?**

IT IS UNFAIR. BUT DON'T
CRY, CHILDREN. THE MEN
WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER
WILL BE **PUNISHED**.
I PROMISE YOU.

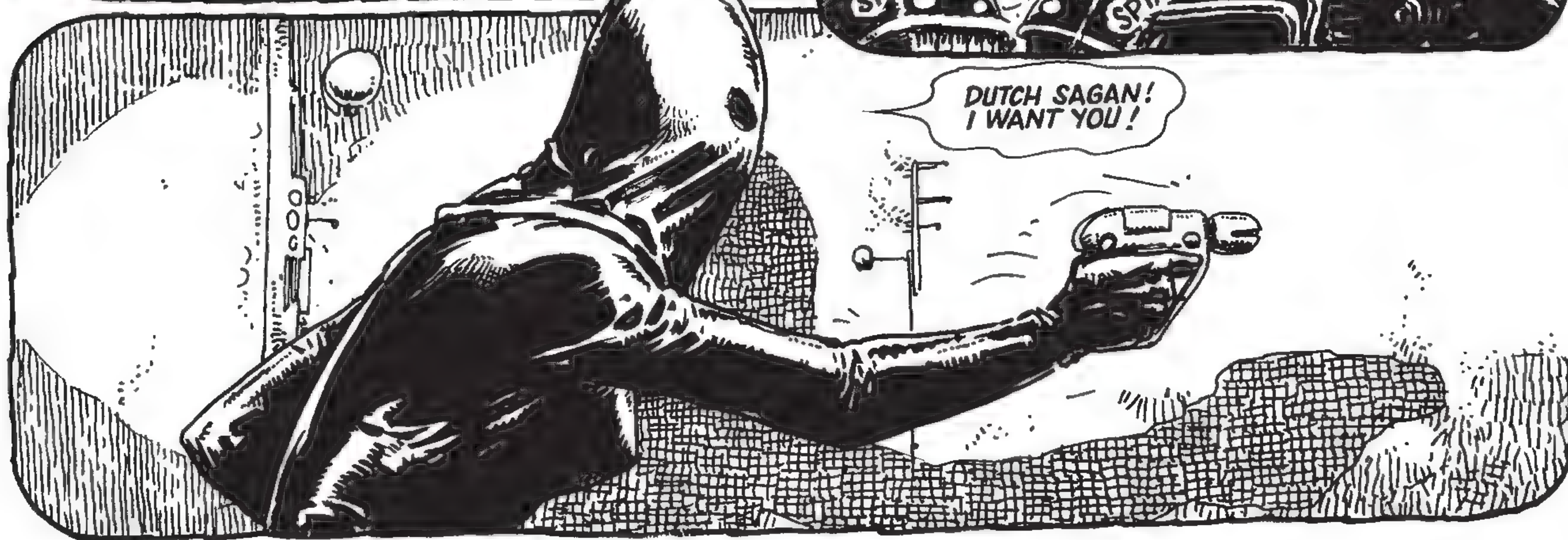
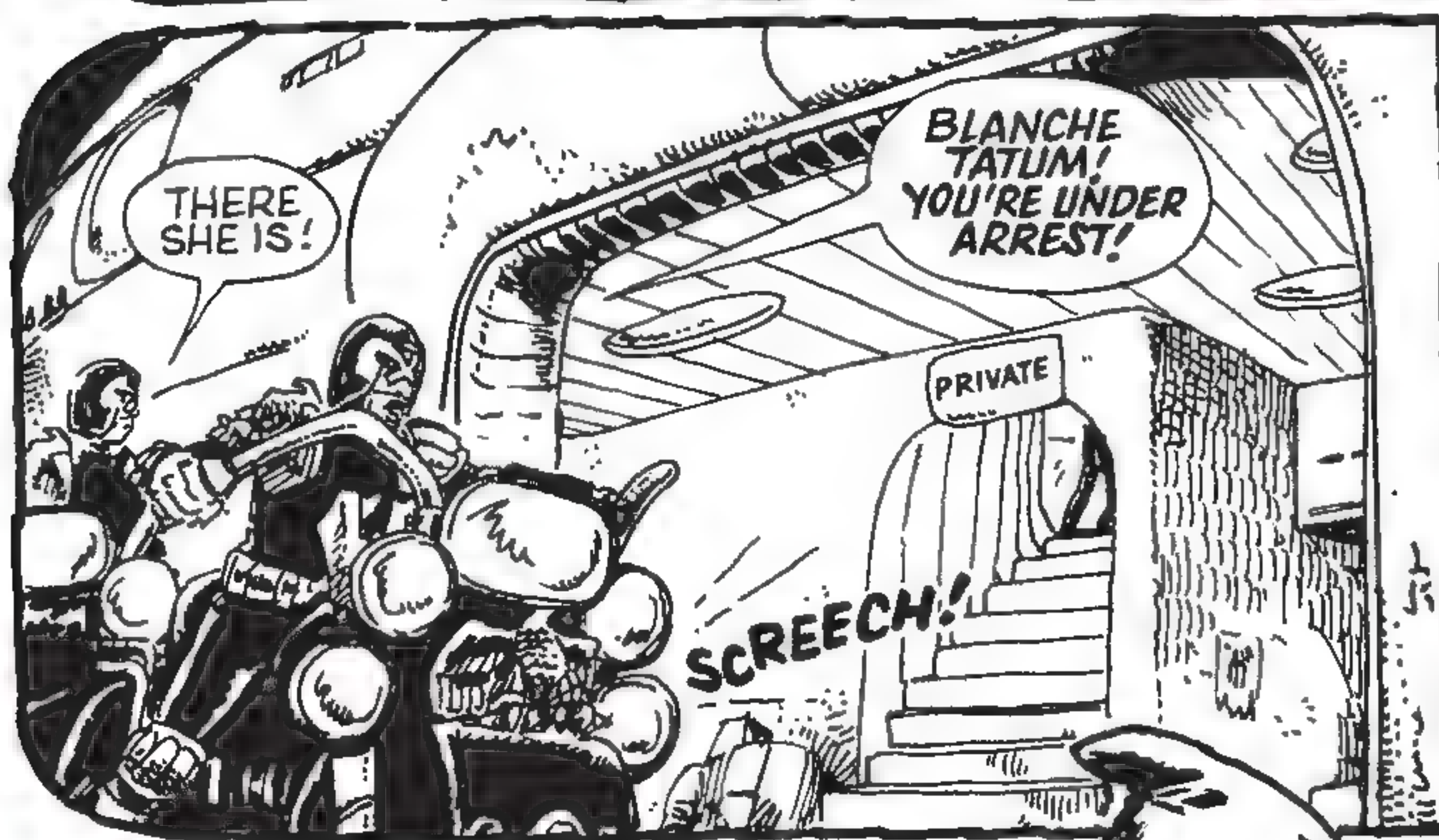
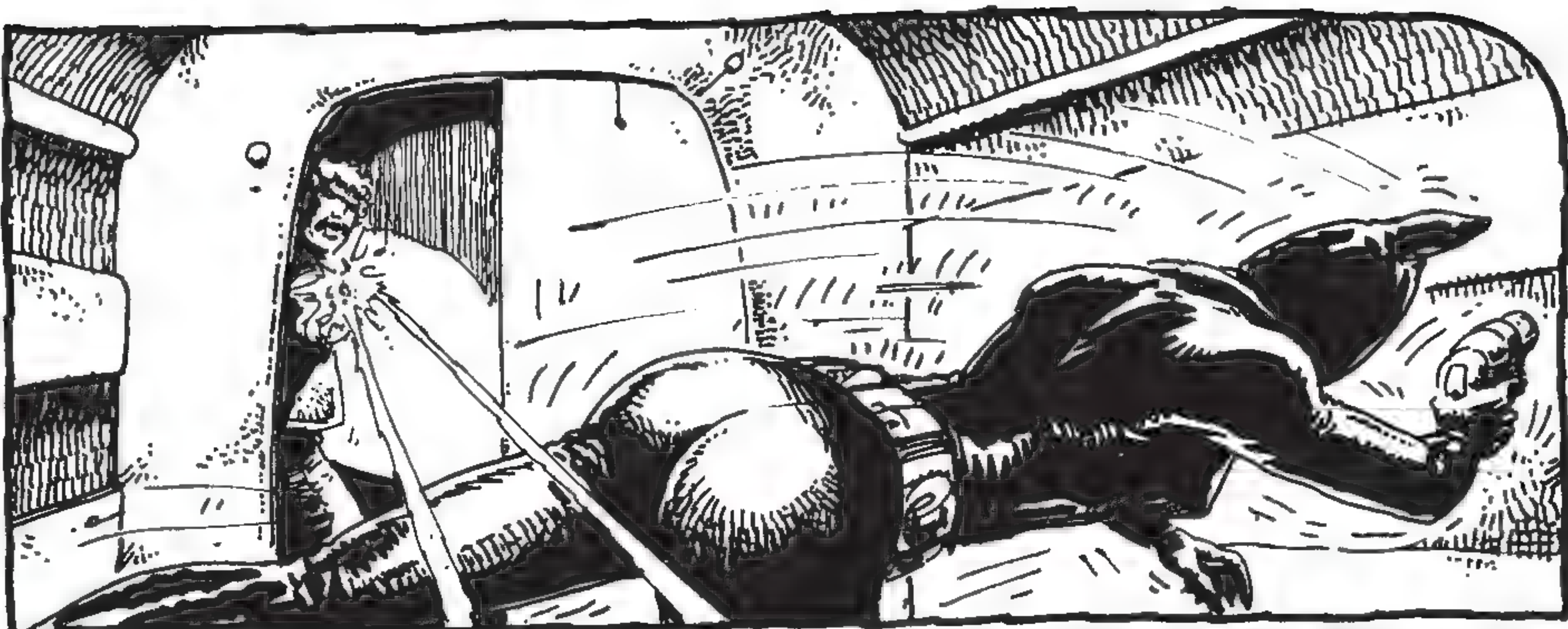
GO TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S
NOW. SHE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU.
WHATEVER HAPPENS, I WANT
YOU TO REMEMBER...
I LOVE YOU.

MUM, WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

DON'T
LEAVE
US.

I HAVE TO.
I HAVE A JOB TO
FINISH...







YOU CAN'T
**HIDE FROM
JUSTICE!**
COME OUT OF
THERE!



PTOO!



PTOO!



PTOO!



COME
OUT, I
SAID!

AAAAH!



IT'S
DREDD!

SHE'S UP
THERE, IN THE
OFFICE! RECKON
SHE'S GOT
DUTCH!



P-PLEASE!
DON'T DO
IT---

YOU'RE WASTING
YOUR BREATH! I'M
PLUMB OUT OF MERCY.
BESIDES, THERE'S ONLY
ONE TREATMENT FOR
RATS LIKE YOU ...



EXTERMINATION!



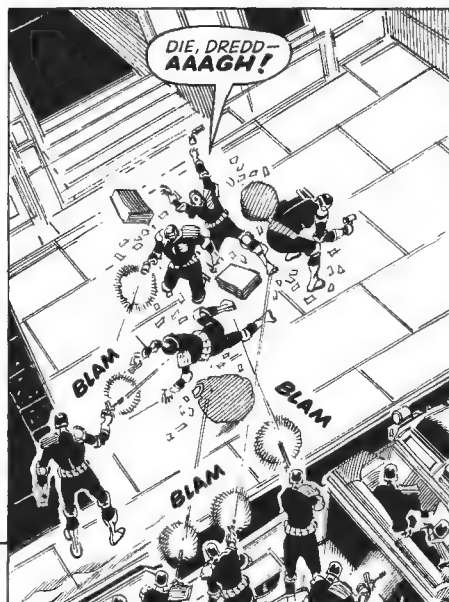
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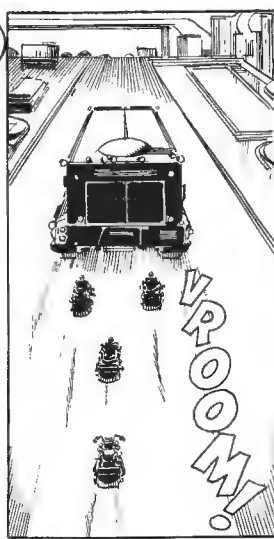
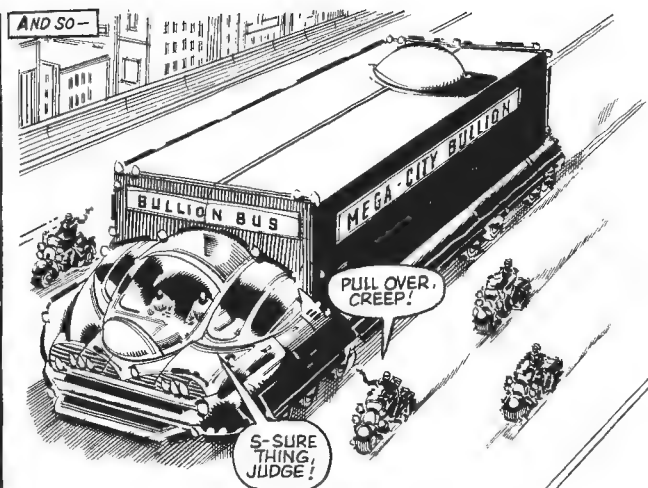


SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
POTTER

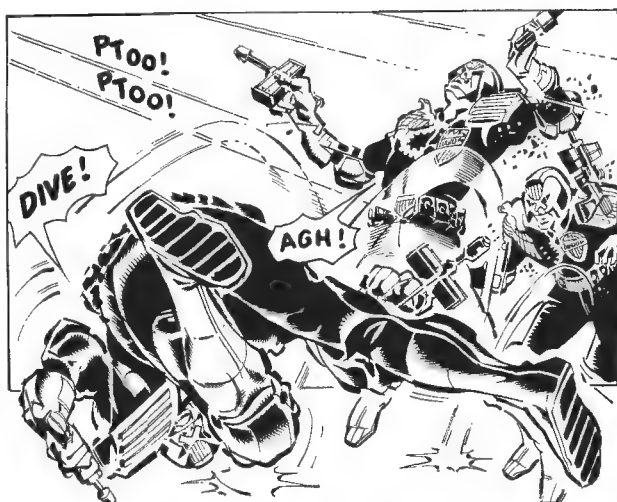


SIMPLE BUT INGENIOUS— IT'S DA PERFECT CRIME!









A MEGA-CITY RAD-PIT
CHRISTMAS EVE ...

... AND SOMETHING FOUL
DISTURBS THE SURFACE!

SLOWLY,
OMINOUSLY,
A GRUESOME
FIGURE HAULS
ITSELF FROM
THE LETHAL
WASTES ...

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING
J. POTTER

MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE ...
ITS WARPED BRAIN CONSUMED BY
ONE, GRIM, UNNATURAL **CRAVING**—

FLESH!
NEED FRESH FLESH!

BEWARE, MEGA-CITY ONE!
TONIGHT IS NO NIGHT FOR
CELEBRATION! TONIGHT IS...

THE NIGHT OF THE RAD-BEAST
PART I

7PM. JUDGE DREDD PATROLS THE DEVASTATION THAT WAS ONCE A CITY SECTOR —

JUDGE!
JUDGE!

O-OVER
THERE!
IT—IT'S
HORRIBLE!

DREDD TO
CONTROL! GOT
TWO STIFFS HERE,
TRACES OF HEAVY
RADIATION.

I WANT
FORENSIC AND
DECONTAM
SQUADS ON THE
DOUBLE.

SOON —

VICTIMS CHECK OUT AS LUDO
FRENCH AND CHEWSEY FANNING,
COUPLE OF SMALL-TIME TAP
DANCERS.*

THEY WERE KILLED BY SINGLE, VIOLENT
BLOWS. RADIATION
LEVELS INDICATE THE
KILLER IS SEVERELY
CONTAMINATED.

THAT LETS HIM
OUT. FIND OUT WHAT
HE KNOWS AND SEND
HIM HOME.

VICTIMS' LIMBS WERE
REMOVED AFTER
DEATH. THAT
MUST HAVE TAKEN
ENORMOUS
STRENGTH.

ANY
INDICATION
WHY?

NONE. BUT WE FOUND THIS
CLUTCHED IN FANNING'S HAND.
A WALLET BELONGING TO A
CITIZEN BIZMO KLUX —
PROBABLY A TAP
VICTIM.

NOTHING MUCH
ELSE IN THE WALLET —
AND NO SIGN OF KLUX.

*TAP DANCERS —
MUGGING TEAM.



SUBJECT: BIZMO KLUX

BORN: JULY 12 1971 +++
THE BRONX • NYC

AGE: 134

HEIGHT: 175 cm

WEIGHT: 204 kg

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: NUMEROUS +++

SUBJECT HAS UNDERGONE FREQUENT BIOTRONIC SURGERY FOR REPLACEMENT OF BODILY PARTS WITH ARTIFICIAL SUBSTITUTES ++ TO WIT:

2027: PLASTEEN HEART AND LUNGS FITTED ++

2041: CONTRACTED SEVERE PAGET'S DISEASE • BONE STRUCTURE ALL FOUR LIMBS REPLACED WITH ALLULOID FRAME ++

2063: WASTING DISEASE • FACEPLATE INSERTED • RIGHT SIDE

2067: BLIND • LEFT EYE • BIOTRONIC REPLACEMENT +++

2096: SEVERAL MINOR REPLACEMENT OPERATIONS UP TO THIS DATE WHEN MICRO-COMPUTER IMPLANTED IN SUBJECT'S BRAIN TO MONITOR ALL SURGICAL ADDITIONS +++



PRESENT ADDRESS: APT 1684b • LEE MAJORS BLOCK

LAST SEEN: 17.30 MRS BROON'S CONFECTIONERIE +++
SUBJECT PURCHASED 100 gms PAN DROPS ++







CHRISTMAS EVE - THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR.

A PARTY MOOD HAS DESCENDED ON MEGA-CITY ONE. THE CITIZENS ARE DETERMINED TO BURY THE LAST BAD MEMORIES OF THE WAR IN ONE BIG FESTIVE BLOW-OUT!

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS! JINGLE ALL THE WAY...

OH WHAT... FUN... IT... AWLK!

FOR WAR WOUNDS

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

PEAC

A MONSTER!

AAAH!

THE NIGHT OF THE RAD-BEAST

PART 2

KEEP BACK! IT'S GLOWING WITH RADIATION!



JUDGE DREDD IS HOT ON THE RAD-BEAST'S TRAIL -

CONTROL TO DREDD! YOU WANTED THE GUFF ON BIZMO KLUX -

APPEARS CITIZEN KLUX WAS 90 PER CENT ARTIFICIAL PARTS. IF HE IS YOUR KILLER, THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN HOW HE COULD SURVIVE HEAVY RAD-CONTAMINATION.

BUT IT DOESN'T HELP ME CATCH HIM. HE'S HEADING INTO THE CHRISTMAS CROWDS. HAVE ALL AVAILABLE UNITS ON THE LOOKOUT!



BIZMO KLUX - THE REAL BIZMO KLUX - HAD PERISHED IN A RADIATION PIT.

NOW ONLY HIS BIOTRONIC PARTS SURVIVED - A MINDLESS, IRRADIATED AUTOMATON.

CRASH!

AIEEEEE!

DRIVEN ON BY COMPUTER IN AN INSANE QUEST FOR REPLACEMENT PARTS!

NEED BITS! REBUILD BIZMO!

IT'S GOT ME!

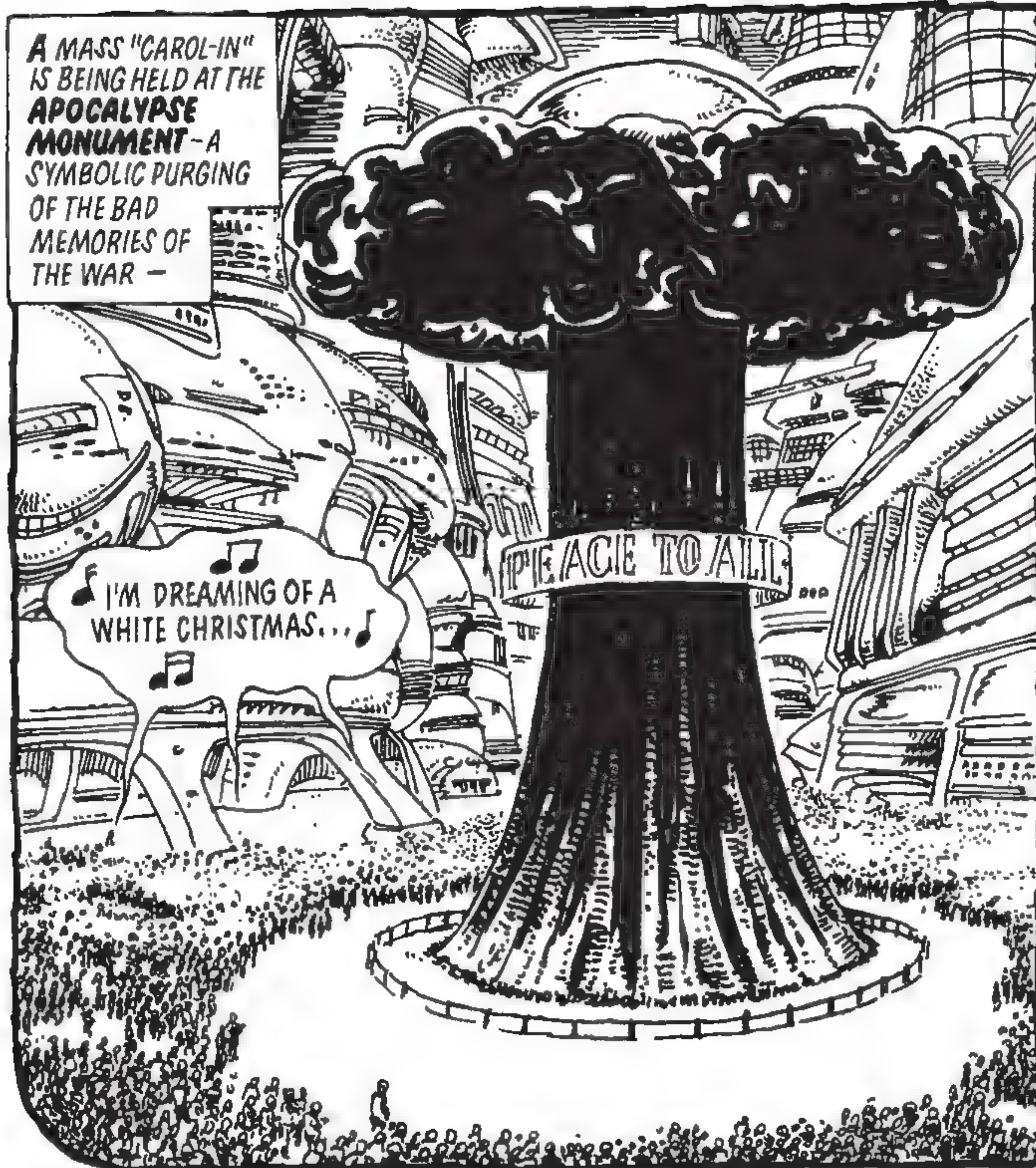


HEEEELPPP!

HELP YOURSELF, CRUMB! I'M OFF!

THIS FLESH GET CONTAMINATED TOO! NO GOOD! NO GOOD!

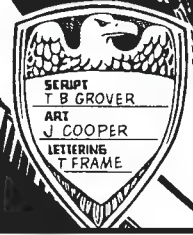
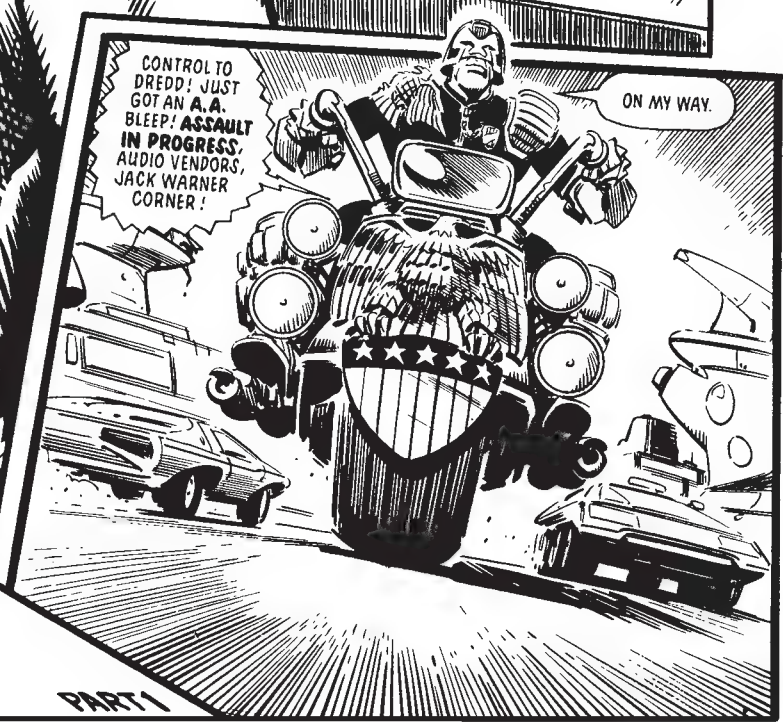
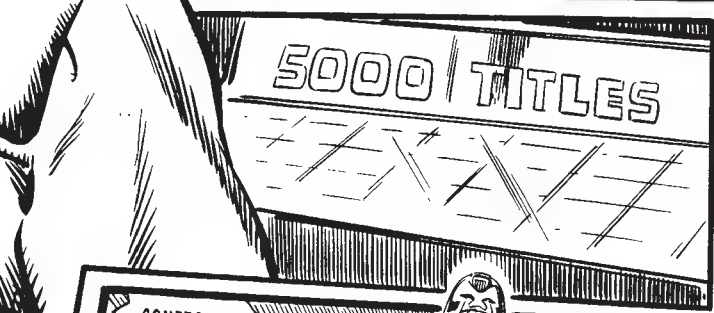
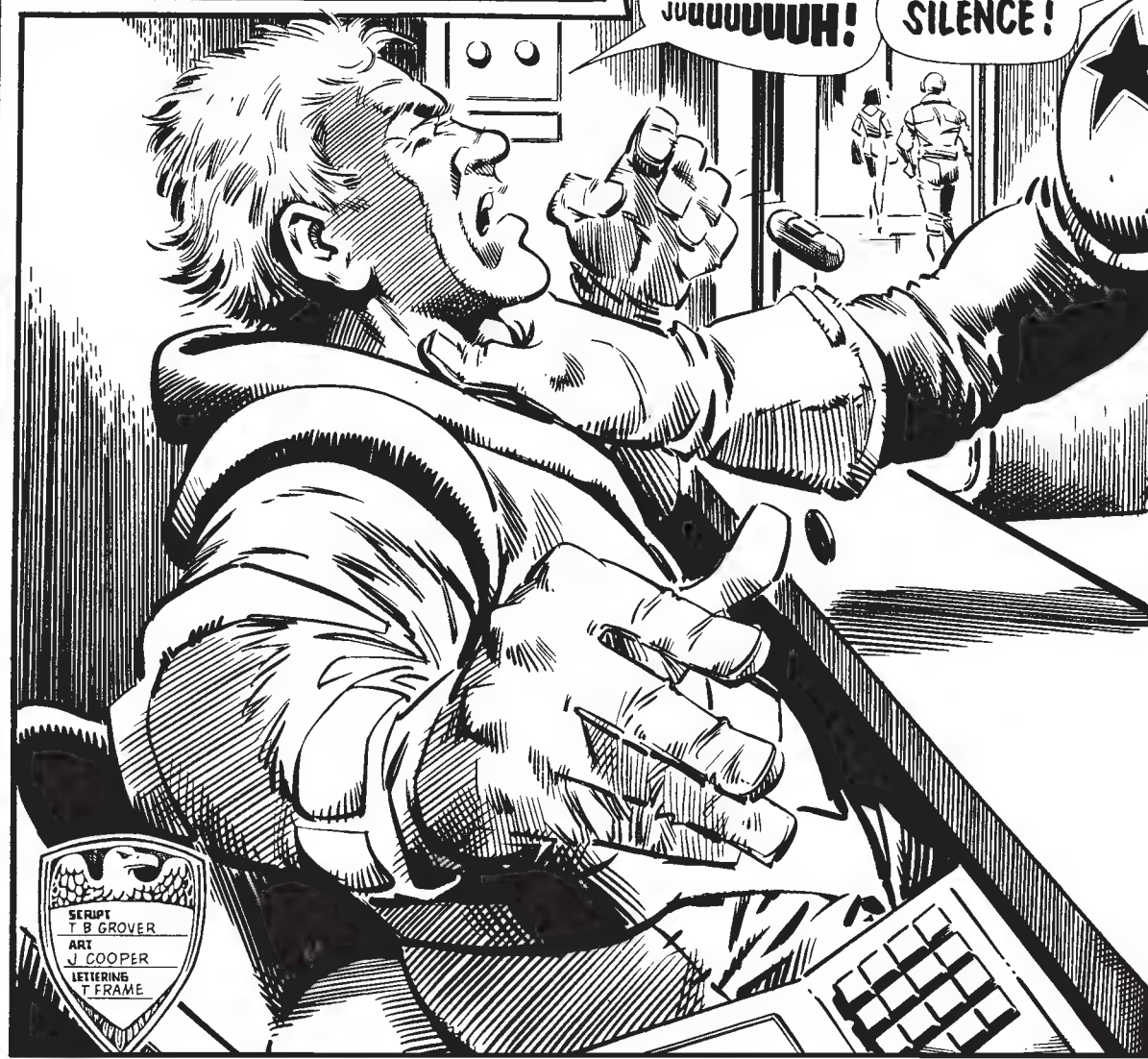
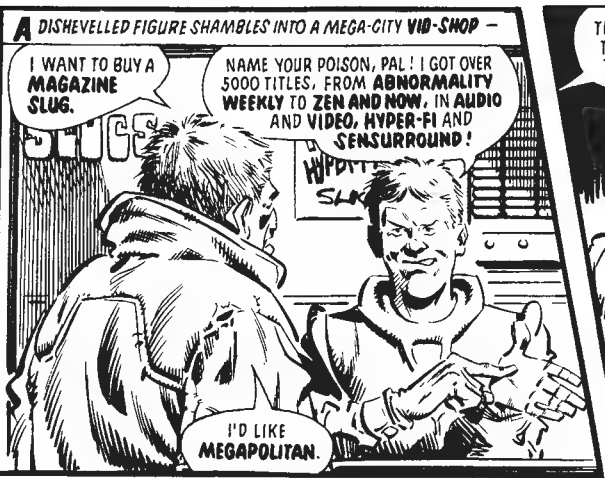






NEXT PROG. **THE LAST INVADER!**

JUDGE DREDD







WHEN NIKITA CAME TO, THE BATTLE
HAD PASSED HIM BY —

UUUUHHHH



HOSTILE FORCES
ALL AROUND ME.
MUST FIND
COVER...



HE FOUND REFUGE IN
THE JOE BUGNER
BLOCK STADIUM...

TOO OPEN HERE.
SAFER UP IN THE
MAINTENANCE
LOFT.



MY RADIO'S BROKEN. THERE'S
NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO REMAIN
IN HIDING UNTIL MY KOMBAT
UNIT RE-ESTABLISHES CONTACT.



NIKITA SLEPT. WHEN HE AWOKE...

VOICES BELOW.
THE ENEMY!

THE WAR'S OVER!
EAST-MEG ONE HAS
SURRENDERED!

SURRENDERED?
IMPOSSIBLE!
WE WERE WINNING!



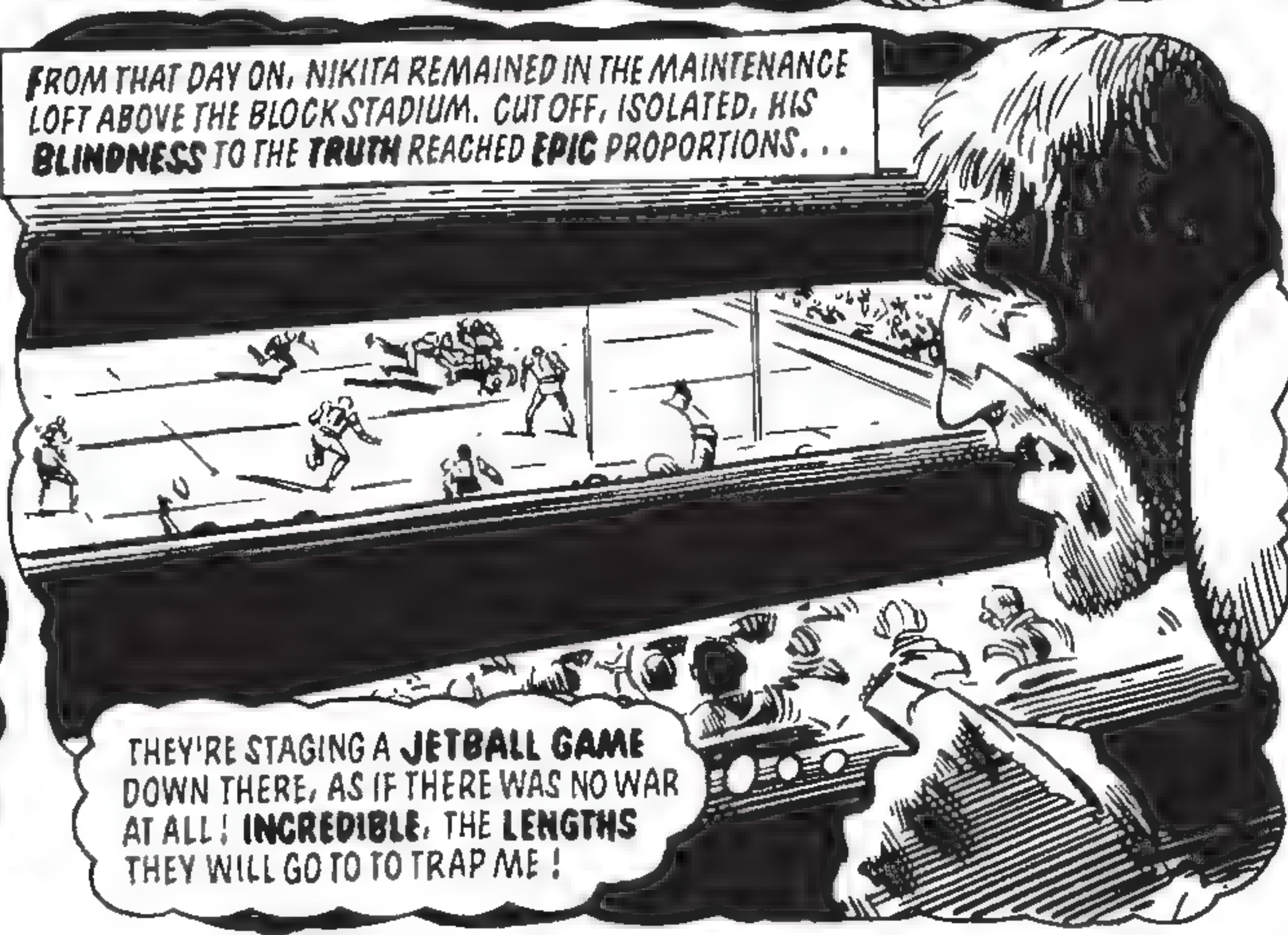
IT'S A TRICK! A TRICK TO
LURE ME OUT! THE FOOLS,
DO THEY THINK NIKITA
ENGELS IS A CHILD TO FALL
FOR THEIR HAM-FISTED
PLOYS?

IF THEY WANT ME,
THEY WILL HAVE TO
COME AND GET ME!



FROM THAT DAY ON, NIKITA REMAINED IN THE MAINTENANCE
LOFT ABOVE THE BLOCK STADIUM. CUT OFF, ISOLATED, HIS
BLINDNESS TO THE TRUTH REACHED EPIC PROPORTIONS...

THEY'RE STAGING A JETBALL GAME
DOWN THERE, AS IF THERE WAS NO WAR
AT ALL! INCREDIBLE. THE LENGTHS
THEY WILL GO TO TO TRAP ME!





WHEN THE STADIUM WAS EMPTY, NIKITA WOULD SNEAK DOWN TO FORAGE -

POPCORN REMAINS - USED CHEWING PLASTEEN - THE WASTEFUL, DECADENT FOOLS! THEY DEFEAT THEIR OWN OBJECT BY LEAVING ME VALUABLE SUSTENANCE!



HMMM... **MEGAPOLITAN** - A MEGA-CITY AUDIO MAGAZINE. PROBABLY MORE ENEMY LIES AND PROPAGANDA TO SAP MY UNDAUNTABLE SPIRIT.



HE PLAYED THE SLUG ON HIS KOMBAT REKORDER. SUPRISINGLY, THERE WAS NOT EVEN A MENTION OF THE WAR...

...NOW HERE'S THAT RECIPE AGAIN: 4 KILOS RAW MUNCE, ONE PINT SUMP STOCK, SYNTHETIC SEASONINGS...

VERY TASTY! WHEN OUR VICTORIOUS TROOPS RECONQUER THIS PART OF THE CITY, I WILL CERTAINLY COOK IT!



THE AUDIO MAG'S FRIENDLY VOICES SOON BECAME NIKITA'S ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT IN HIS LONG, LONELY VIGIL...

HELLO AGAIN, DEAR LISTENERS. **AGONY ANNIE** HERE, THE LADY TO SHARE YOUR PROBLEMS WITH. FIRSTLY, I HAVE A TAPE FROM "**WORRIED**" OF SECTOR ONE...



DEAR ANNIE, MY HUSBAND HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME FOR WEEKS. HE'S EVEN STOPPED **MOVING**. DO YOU THINK HE'S STOPPED **LOVING** ME?

DEAR WORRIED, I THINK HE'S **DEAD**. CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES AND START LOOKING FOR A NEW HUSBAND.



DEAR ANNIE, EVERY NIGHT I DREAM I'M TURNING INTO A CAMERA. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

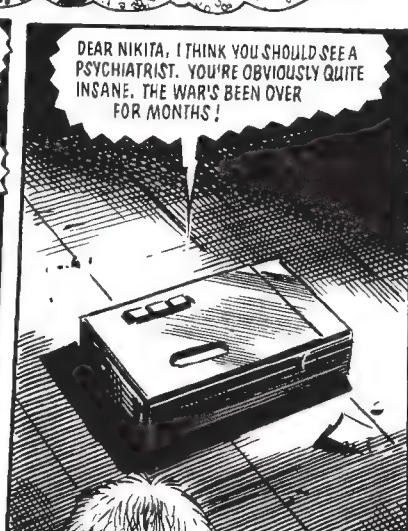
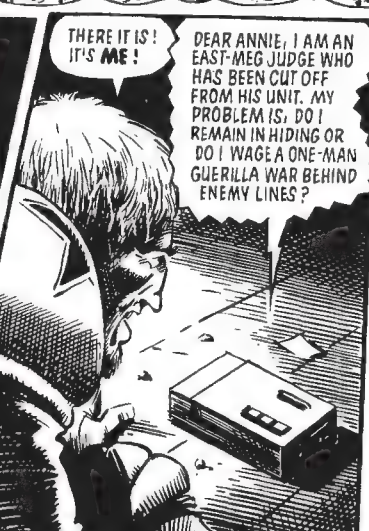
DEAR FLASH, SNAP OUT OF IT BEFORE IT DEVELOPS INTO SOMETHING WORSE.



THAT ANNIE! SO FULL OF GOOD, SENSIBLE ADVICE - JUST LIKE MY OWN CLONE-MOTHER. PERHAPS SHE CAN HELP **ME** WITH MY PROBLEM...

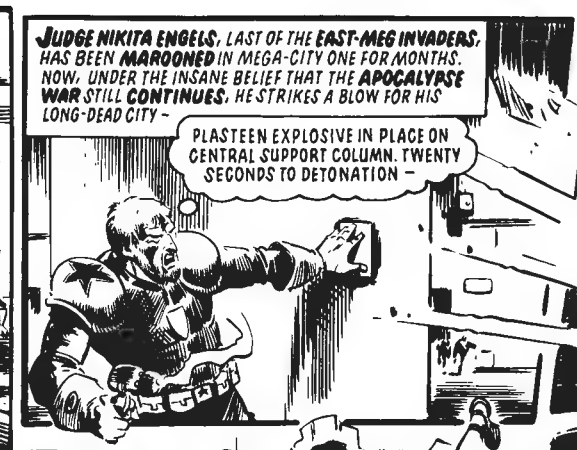
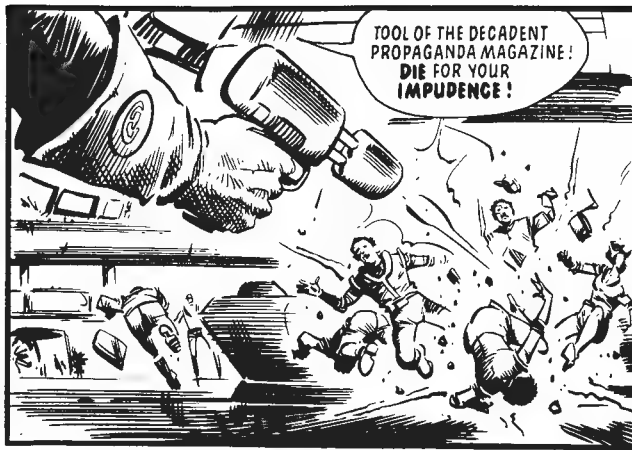


NIKITA HAD MADE HIS TAPE AND SENT IT OFF. NOW, HE HAD STOLEN THE LATEST **MEGAPOLITAN**—





IN MEGAPOLITAN TOWER, HOME OF THE CITY'S SWANKIEST AUDIO-MAG-





JUDGE DREDD IS IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION -

EYEWITNESSES ON THE STREET SAY THE PERP WAS DRESSED IN THE RAGGED UNIFORM OF AN EAST-MEG JUDGE.

SAME CREEP WHO DID THE SLUG VENDOR'S SHOP. WHY HAS HE CHOSEN THESE TARGETS?



OBVIOUSLY OFF HIS ROCKER.

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS SAYS SHE'S GOT A LEAD ON THE PERP.

WHO IS SHE?

ANNIE PRITCHARD, THE MEGAPOLITAN PROBLEM ADVISOR. SHE'S KNOWN AS AGONY ANNIE.



IN OUR LAST ISSUE, WE CARRIED A PROBLEM TAPE PURPORTING TO BE FROM A SOV JUDGE TRAPPED IN THE CITY.

HENSON - GET ME A COPY OF THAT SLUG.



DREDD PLAYS THE MAGAZINE TAPE THROUGH HIS BIKE SYSTEM -

DEAR ANNIE, I AM AN EAST-MEG JUDGE WHO HAS BEEN CUT OFF FROM HIS UNIT. MY PROBLEM IS, SHOULD I REMAIN IN HIDING, OR SHOULD I WAGE A ONE-MAN WAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES? PLEASE ANSWER QUICKLY, ANNIE, AS I AM AT MY WITS' END. YOURS FOR THE ULTIMATE GLORY OF EAST-MEG ONE, JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS.



WITHHOLDING INFORMATION IS AN OFFENCE. WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT THIS, CITIZEN?

I-I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS IMPORTANT. I THOUGHT HE WAS A NUTCASE.



HE IS. A DANGEROUS ONE.



NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CREEP. PITY AGONY ANNIE CAN'T SOLVE THIS PROBLEM FOR US.

MAYBE SHE CAN, HENSON. DID YOU NOTICE A SLIGHT BACKGROUND NOISE ON THAT TAPE?



COMPUTER, RUN THAT SLUG AGAIN.
FILTER OUT ENGEL'S VOICE — AND
AMPLIFY ALL BACKGROUND
SOUND.

WILCO.



GRADUALLY,
THE BIKE
COMPUTER
ISOLATES
ANOTHER
VOICE...

...BEAUTIFUL WIPE-OUT THERE BY THE
HOME TEAM'S "IRON-MAN" GRUNDER!
AND NOW HE'S...

IT'S AN IN-GAME
COMMENTARY — JETBALL.
IF I'M ANY JUDGE.



A COMPUTER CHECK
REVEALS THAT
"IRON MAN" GRUNDER
IS A JOE BUGNER
BLOCK PLAYER.
SOON, A SQUAD OF
JUDGES RACES
TOWARDS THE BLOCK-

NIKITA ENGELS WAS
WITHIN EARSHOT OF A
BUGNER BLOCK HOME
GAME WHEN HE MADE
THE TAPE. THAT MEANS
HIS HIDEOUT IS IN THE
BLOCK STADIUM!



THERE'S
A GAME
ON NOW!

WE'LL TRY TO
EVACUATE THE
STADIUM WITHOUT
PANICKING THE
CROWD.



BUT FROM HIS HIDEOUT IN THE MAINTENANCE
LOFT, JUDGE NIKITA ENGELS WATCHES —

SO THE JUDGES HAVE TIRED OF THEIR
PROPAGANDA WAR AGAINST ME.
A **FRONTAL ASSAULT!**

THEY WILL FIND ME
MORE THAN READY!



RIGHT, DREDD, I'VE
SPOKEN TO THE MATCH
COMMENTATOR. HE —

BAAGH!

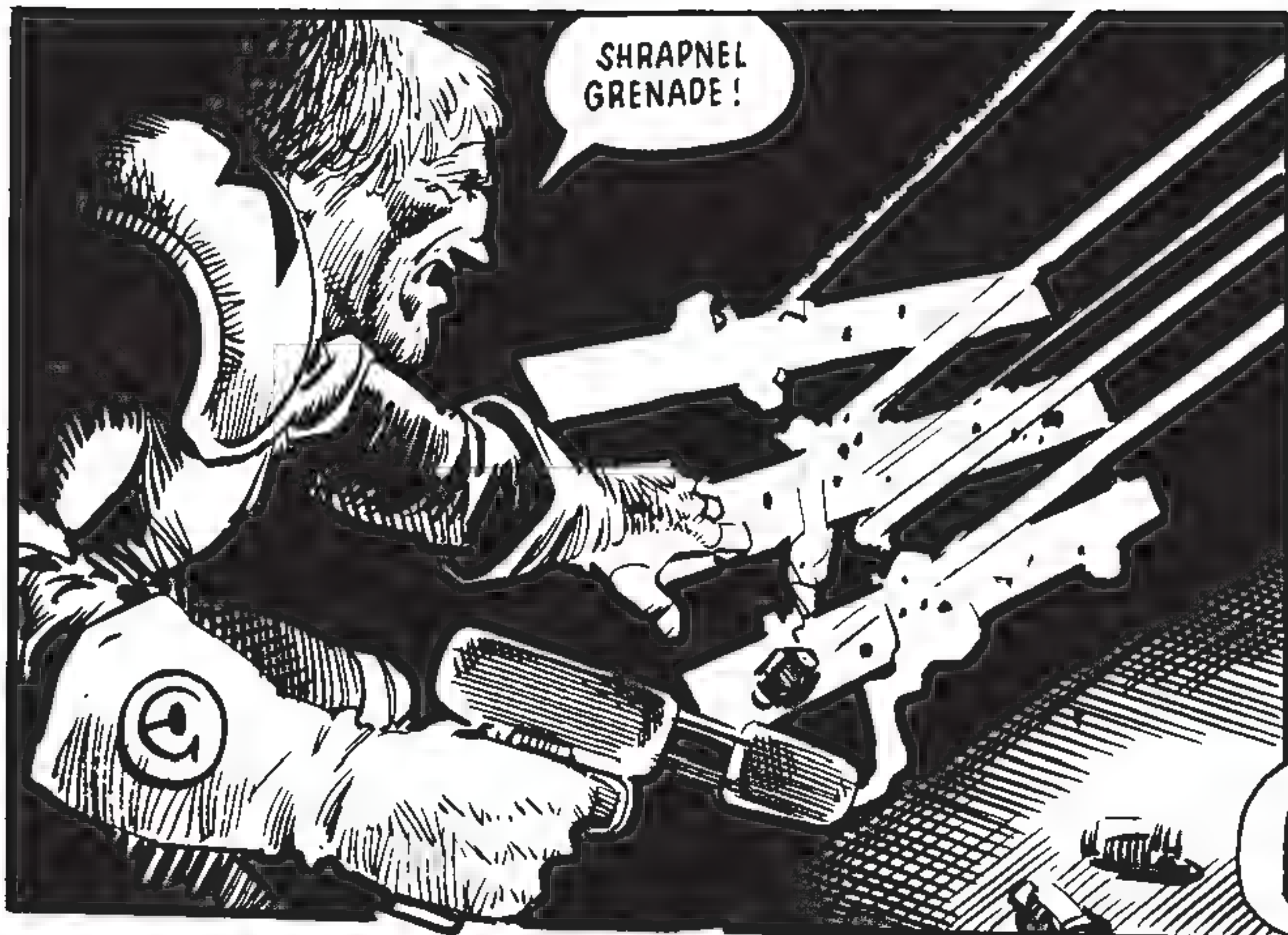


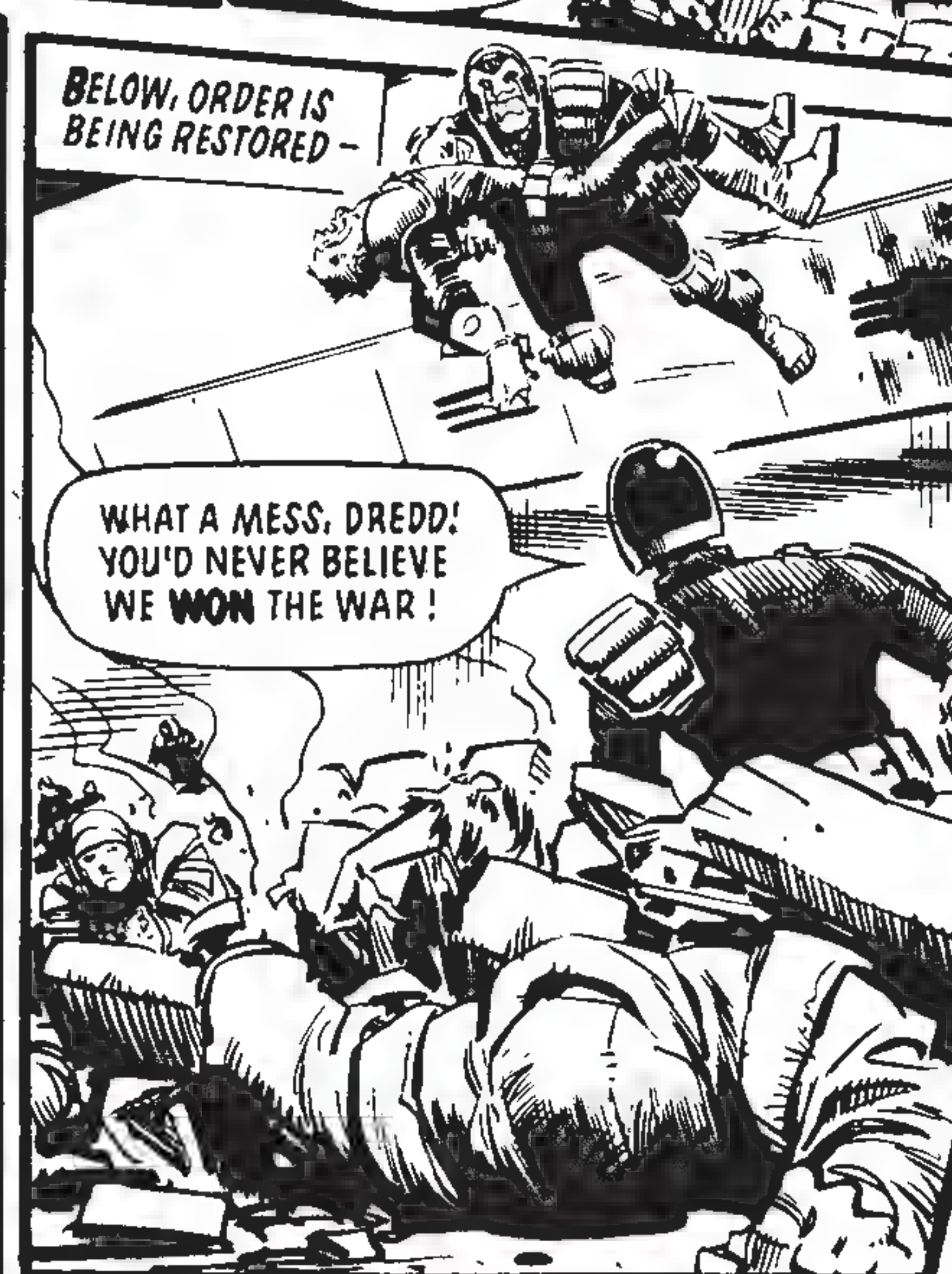
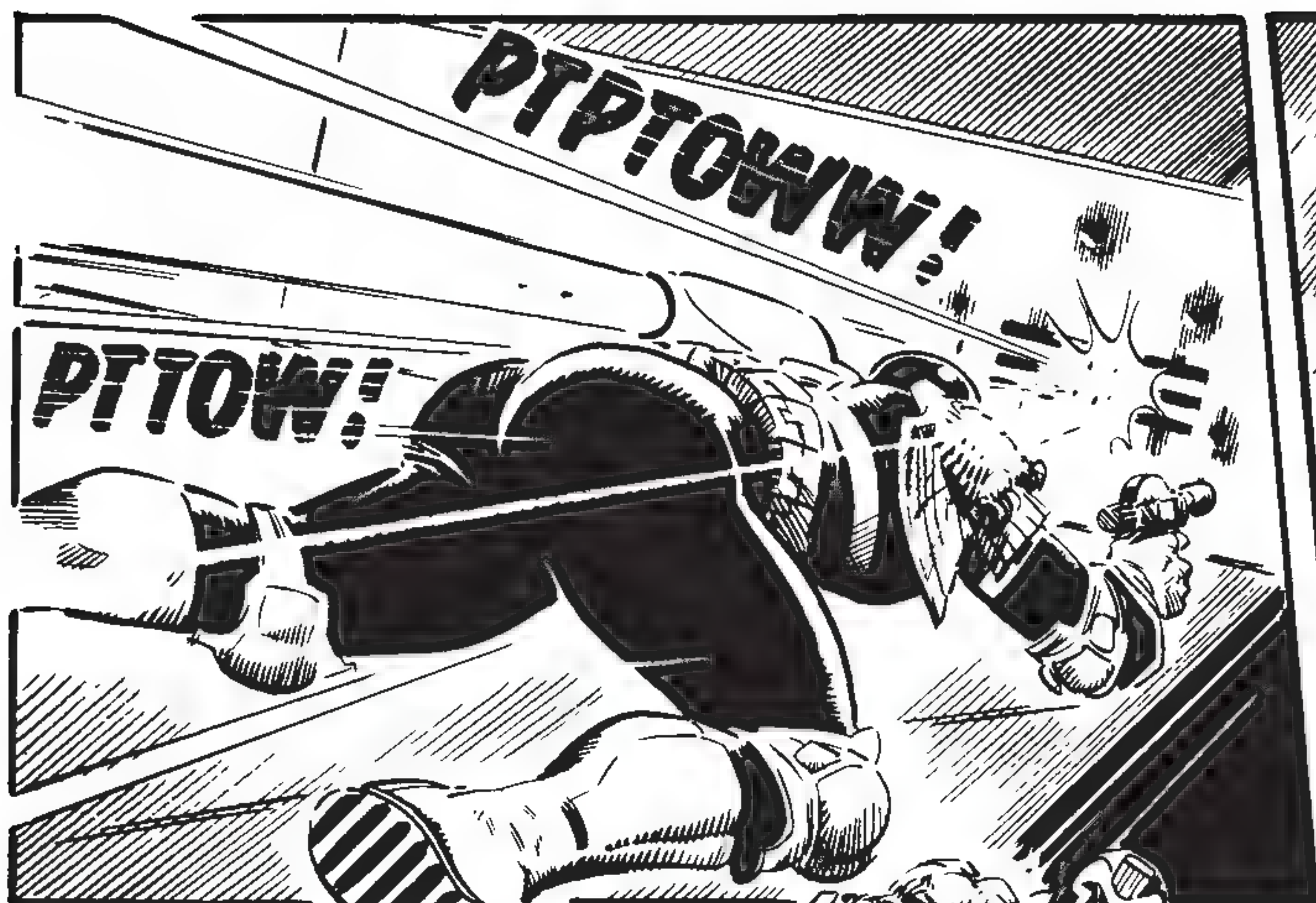
MAINTENANCE
LOFT —
HIT IT!



JUDGES! A
FIREFIGHT!

**RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!**





THE
WAR'S OVER.
CREEP!

DROKK! GOT
TO CUT THE
ENGINE!

I DIE... A
HAPPY MAN...
SECURE IN THE
KNOWLEDGE
OF... OF OUR
ULTIMATE
VICTORY!

HAVEN'T GOT THE
HEART TO TELL HIM
EAST-MEG ONE WAS
OBLITERATED
MONTHS AGO.

BELOW, ORDER IS
BEING RESTORED -

WHAT A MESS, DREDD!
YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE
WE WON THE WAR!

IF ALL THE
EAST-MEGGERS
HAD BEEN LIKE
NIKITA ENGELS,
MAYBE WE
WOULDN'T
HAVE WON.

NEXT
PROG. **SHANTY TOWN!**

JUDGE DREDD

SHANTY TOWN PART 1

HOLD IT! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

JUDGES!
BLOW 'EM AWAY!

MEGA-CITY NIGHT. A BAND OF SMUGGLERS PICK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUINS OF THE WEST WALL —

LOOKS ALL CLEAR!
COME ON!

AGH!

BUDDA!

BUDDA!

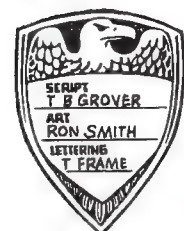
BUDDA!

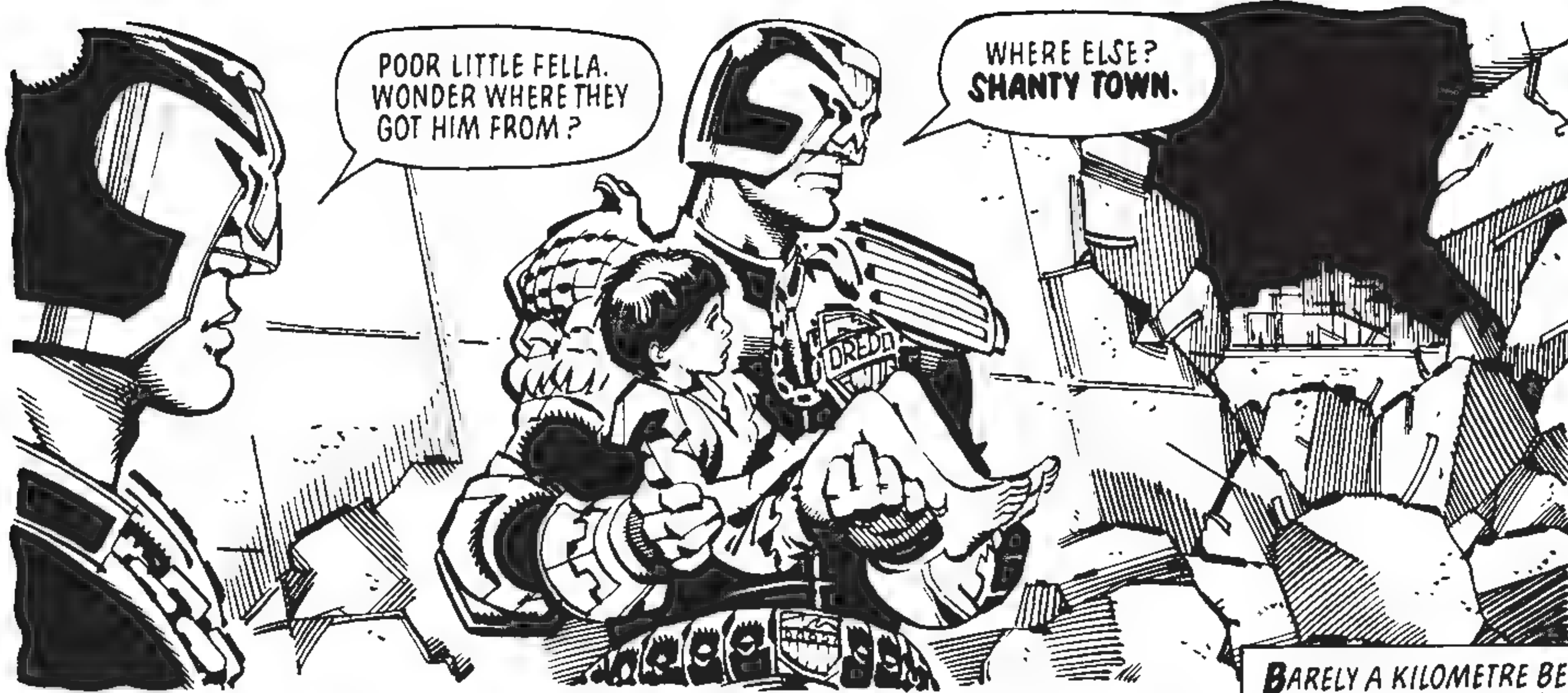
AAAAAAHHH!

ORGAN LEGGERS.
ENOUGH SPARE PARTS
HERE TO BUILD
A MAN!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!

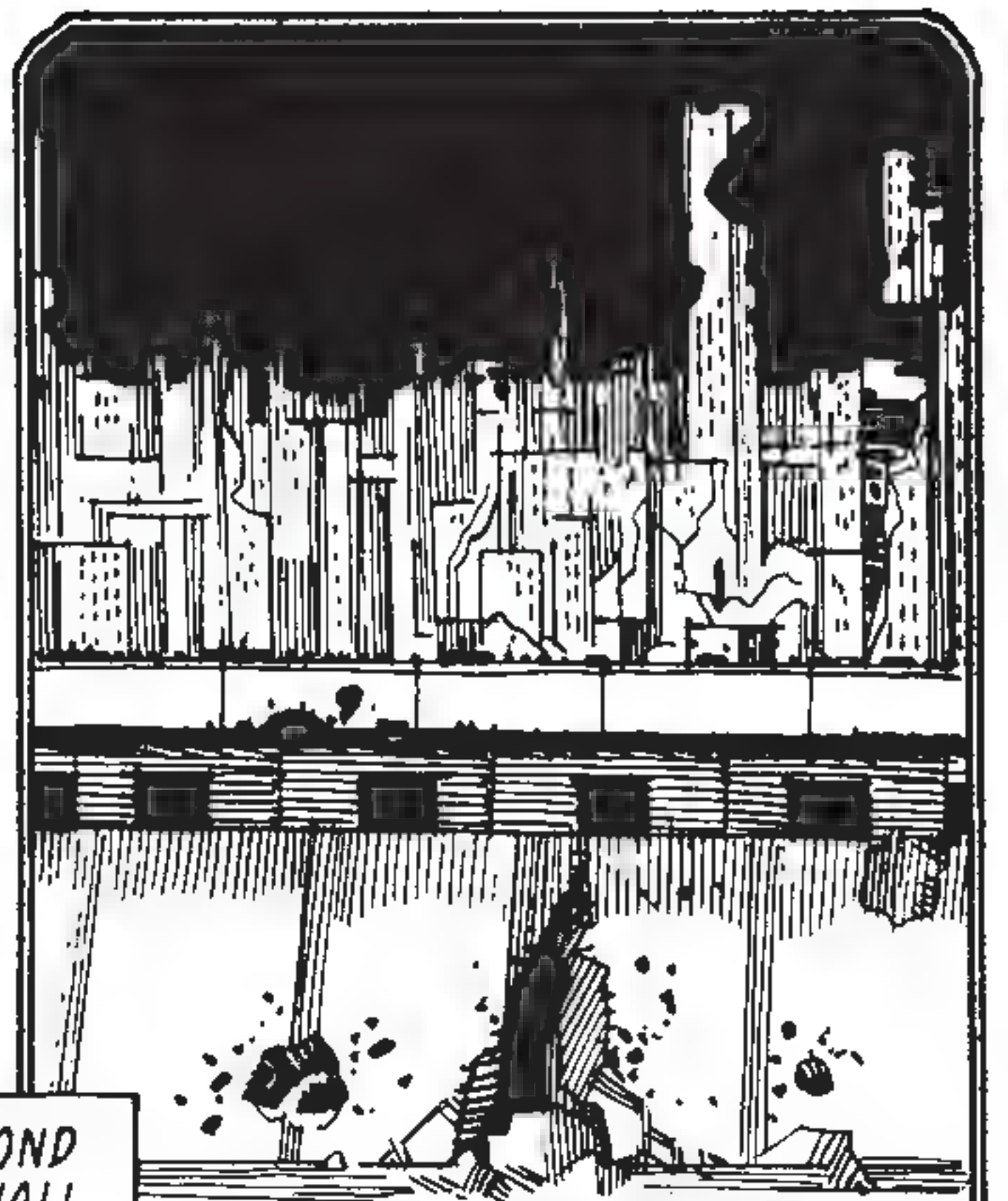
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE
DEALING IN A LITTLE
LIVE MERCHANDISE!



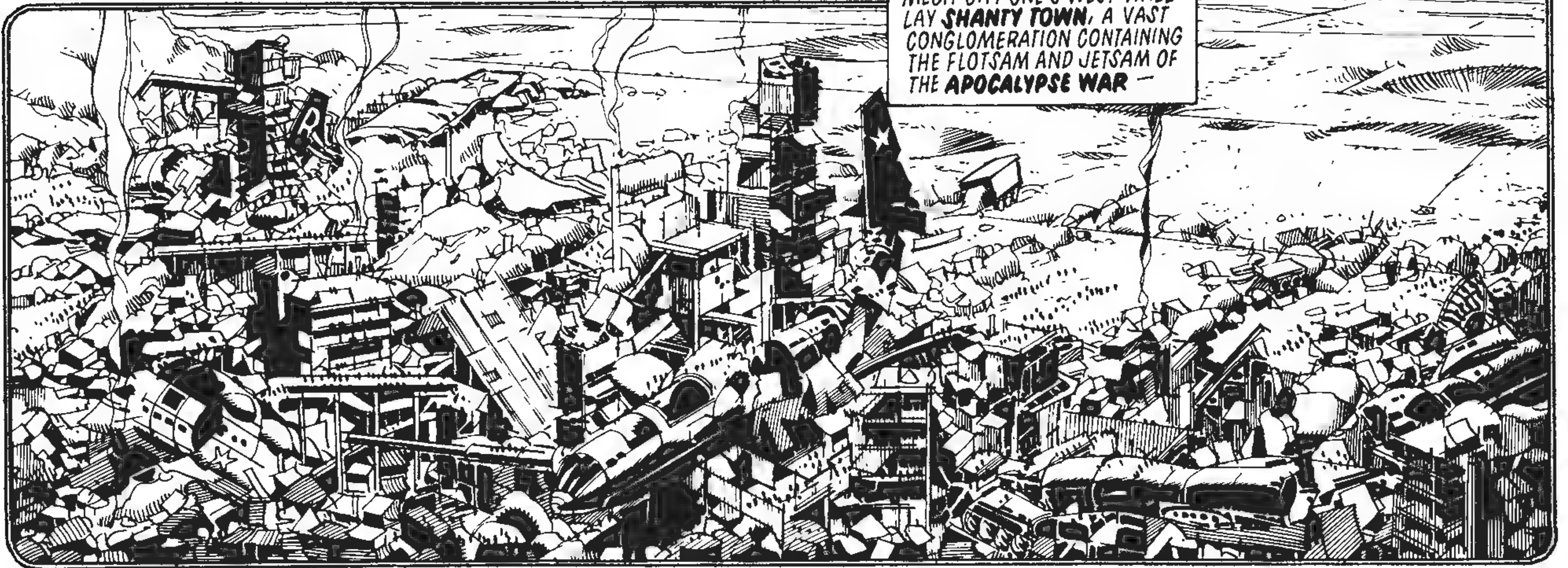


POOR LITTLE FELLA.
WONDER WHERE THEY
GOT HIM FROM?

WHERE ELSE?
SHANTY TOWN.

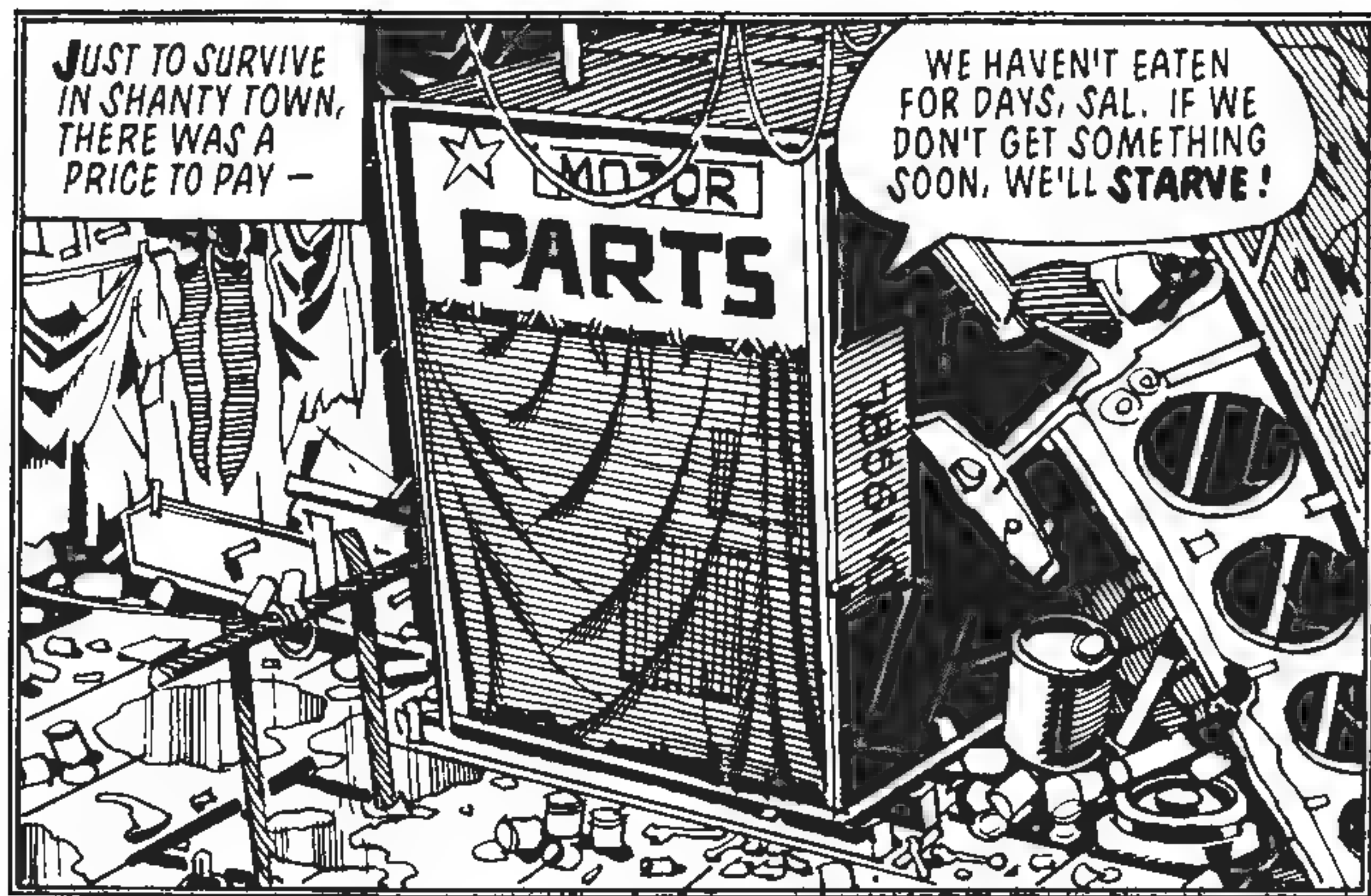


BARELY A KILOMETRE BEYOND
MEGA-CITY ONE'S WEST WALL
LAY **SHANTY TOWN**, A VAST
CONGLOMERATION CONTAINING
THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF
THE **APOCALYPSE WAR** —



HERE, AMIDST TERRIBLE OVERCROWDING,
MORE THAN A MILLION REFUGEES
CLAWED OUT THEIR GRIM EXISTENCE...

EASY PREY FOR THE RULING
CRIMINAL GANGS.



JUST TO SURVIVE
IN SHANTY TOWN,
THERE WAS A
PRICE TO PAY -

WE HAVEN'T EATEN
FOR DAYS, SAL. IF WE
DON'T GET SOMETHING
SOON, WE'LL **STARVE!**



MAYBE IT'S BETTER WE **DO** STARVE, SHERM.
WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS THIS FOR US?

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! WE CAN STILL
SELL SOMETHING ELSE TO THE **ORGAN**
LEGGERS!



WHAT? WE'VE BEEN SELLING
OURSELVES BIT BY BIT FOR WEEKS!
NOW THERE'S NOTHING **LEFT**
TO SPARE, SHERM!

I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE.
WE COULD SELL SOME
OF ME!



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GRANNY.
ORGAN LEGGERS DON'T WANT **OLD PARTS**.
THEY'RE NO USE FOR TRANSPLANT
SURGERY.

BUT THERE IS **ONE**
THING...



WHAT...? SHERMAN -
NO! NOT
HUMPHREY!



I DON'T WANT TO SELL
HIM EITHER, BUT HE'S
ALL WE'VE GOT
LEFT!

LOOK, THERE'S **THOUSANDS** IN MEGA-CITY ONE
WHO LOST THEIR KIDS IN THE WAR. THEY'RE
PAYING THE ORGAN LEGGERS **BIG MONEY** FOR
KIDS THEY CAN FOSTER. WE COULD LIVE FOR
WEEKS ON WHAT WE
GET FOR
HUMPHREY!

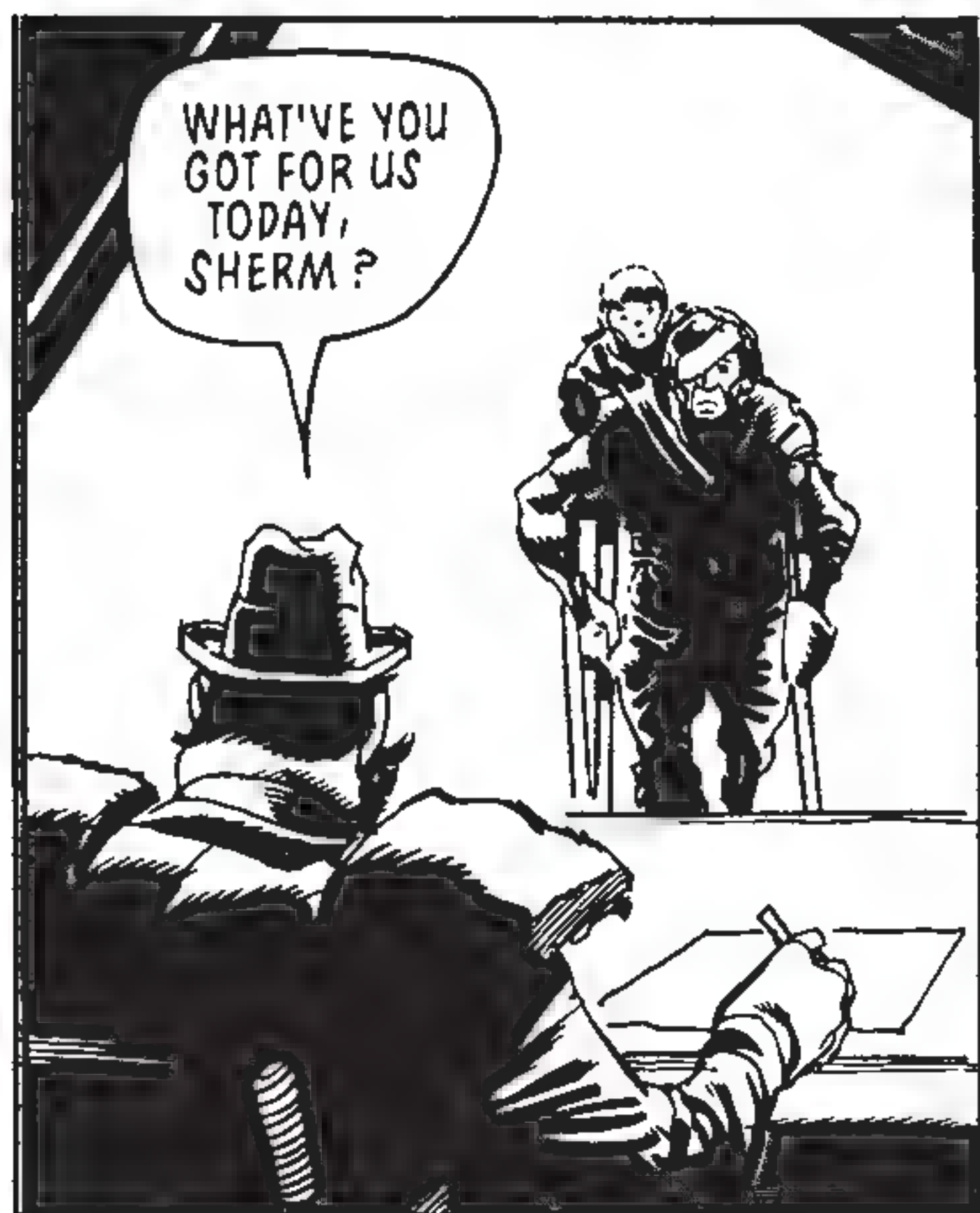
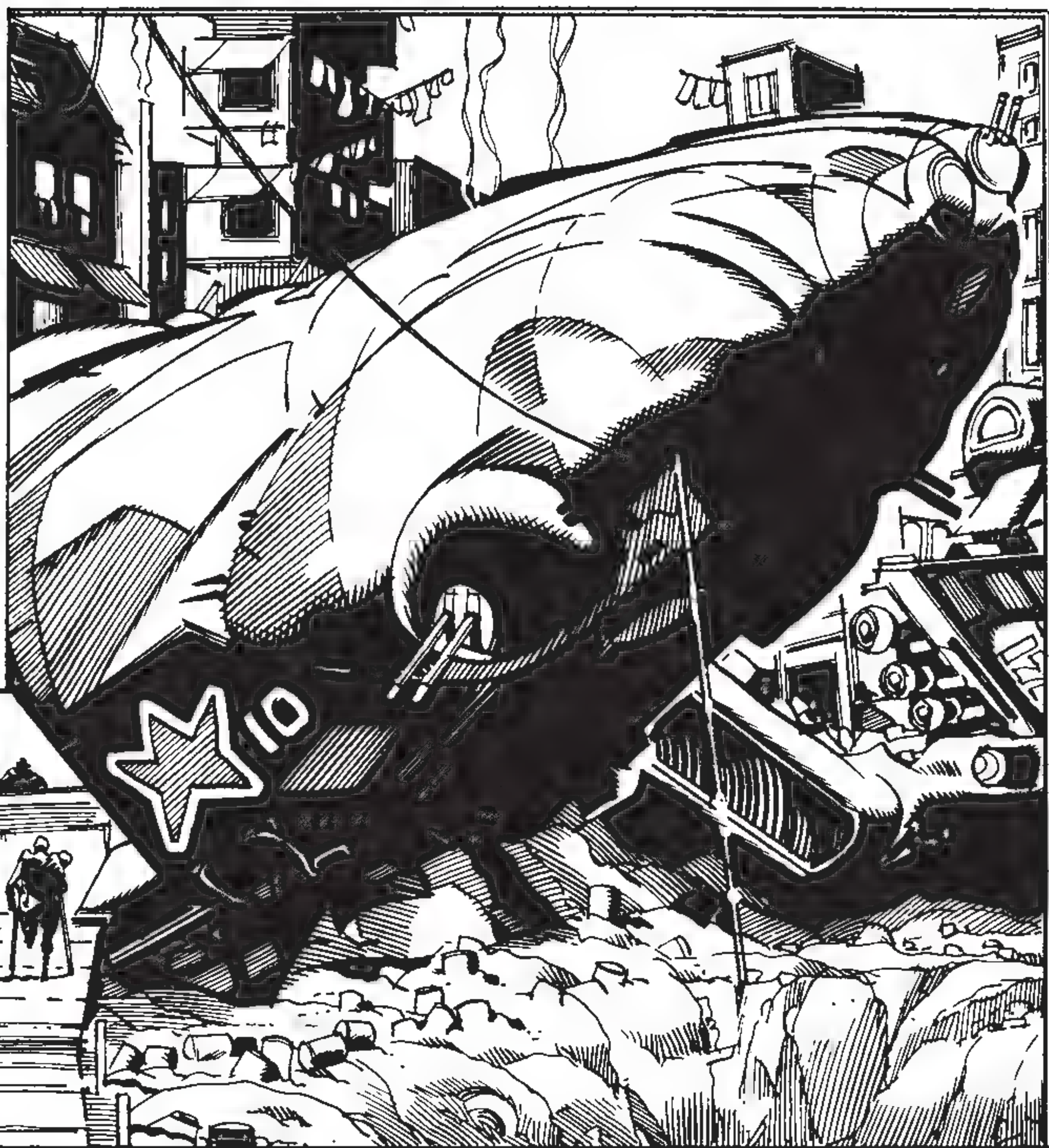
NO!

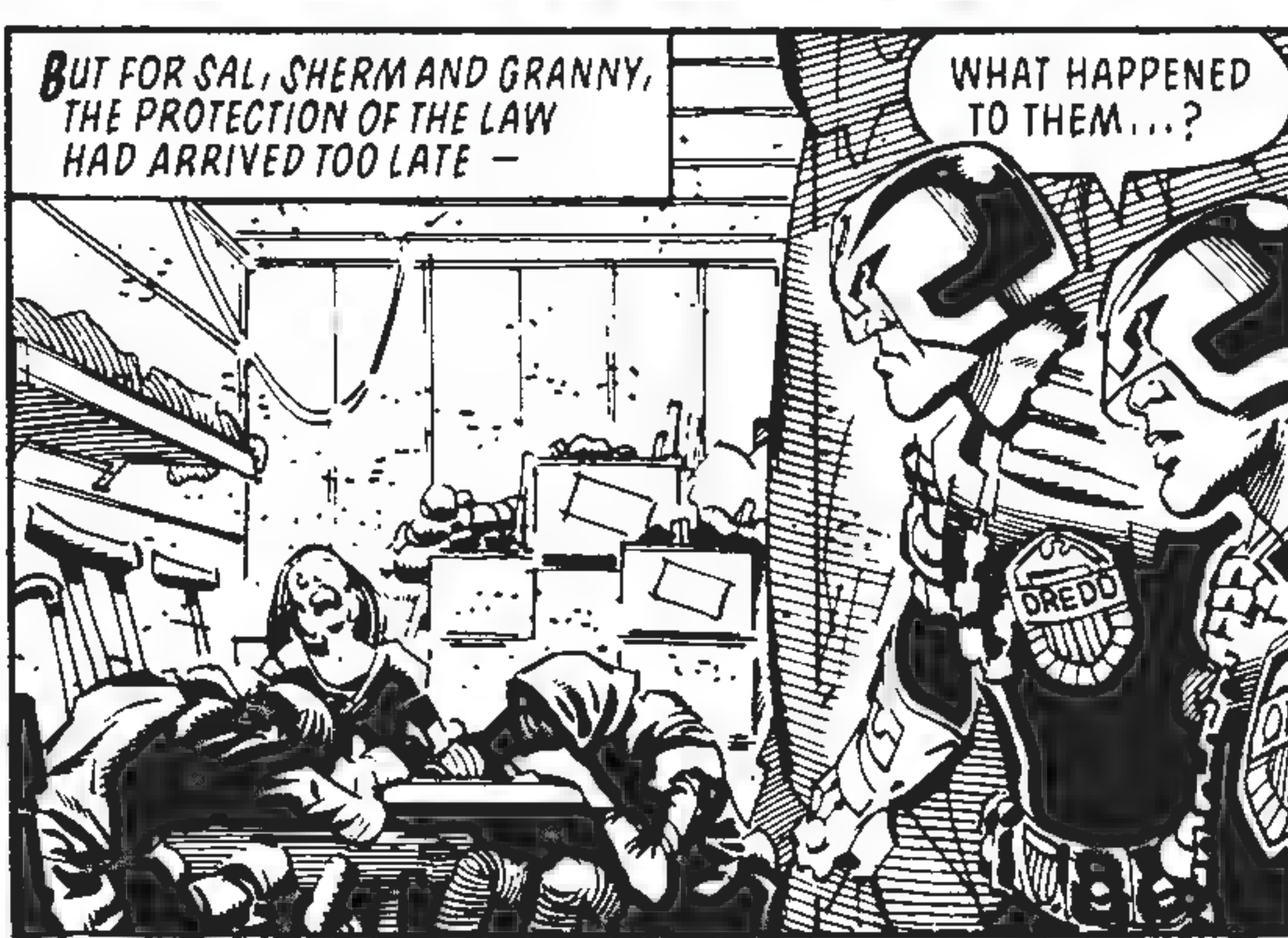
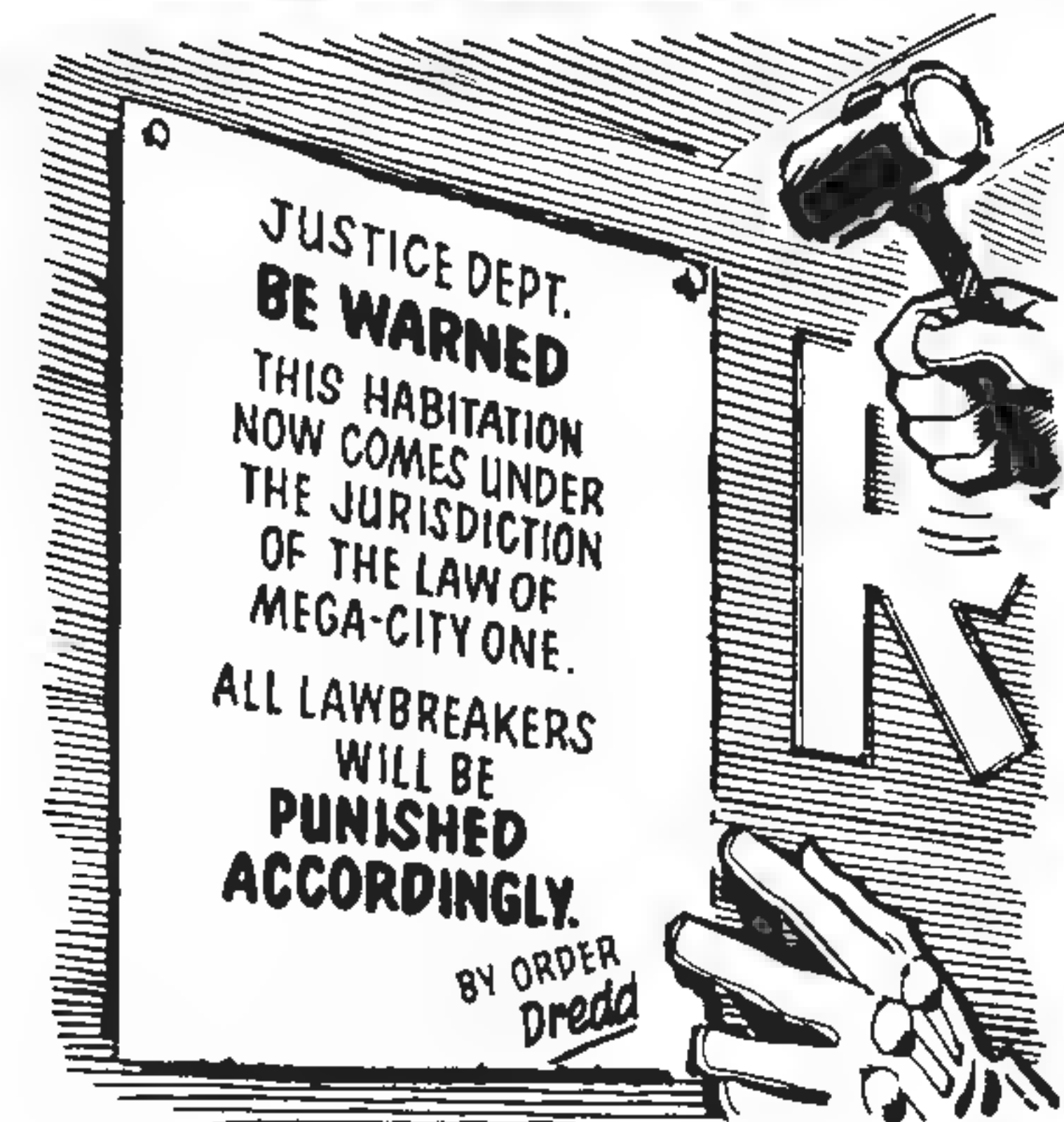
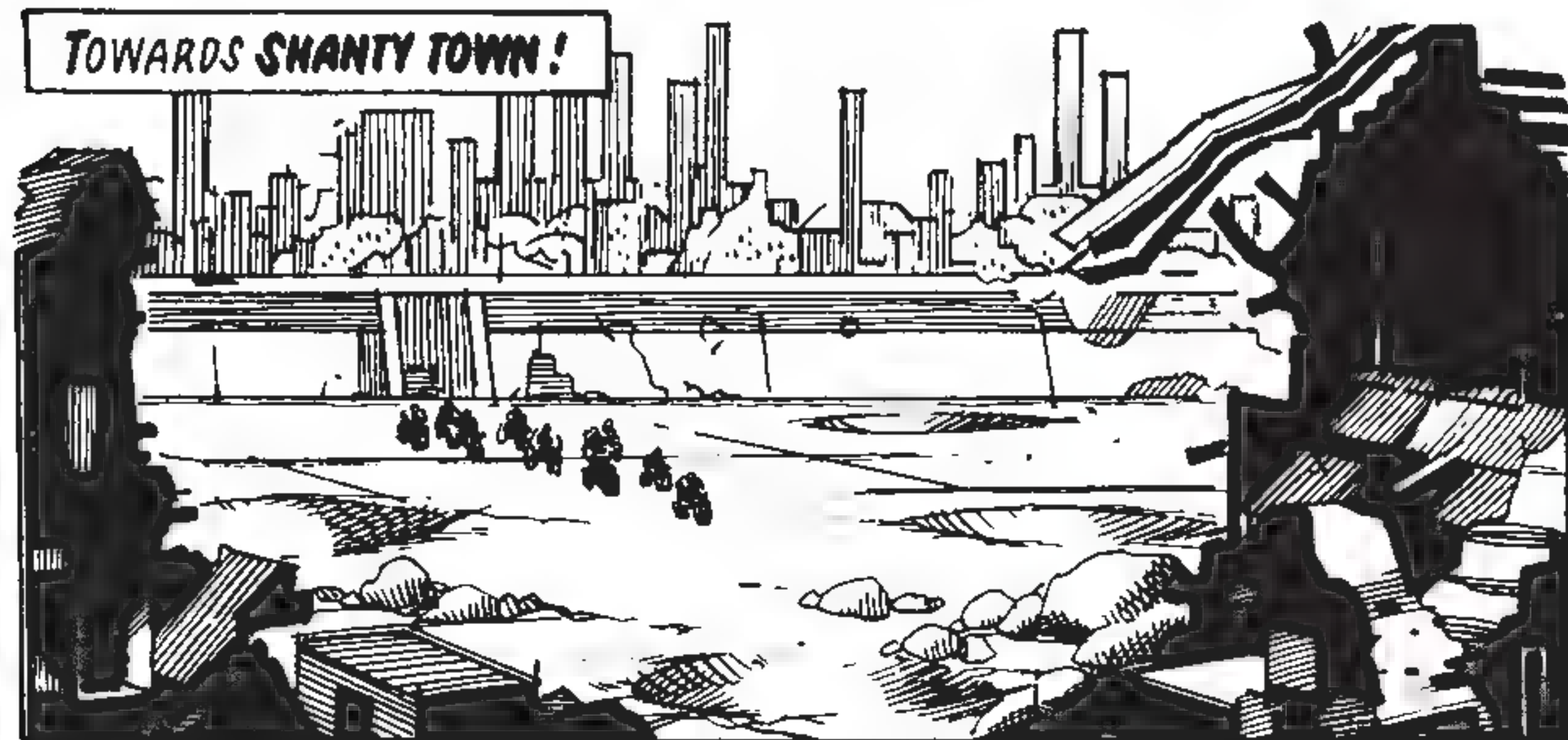
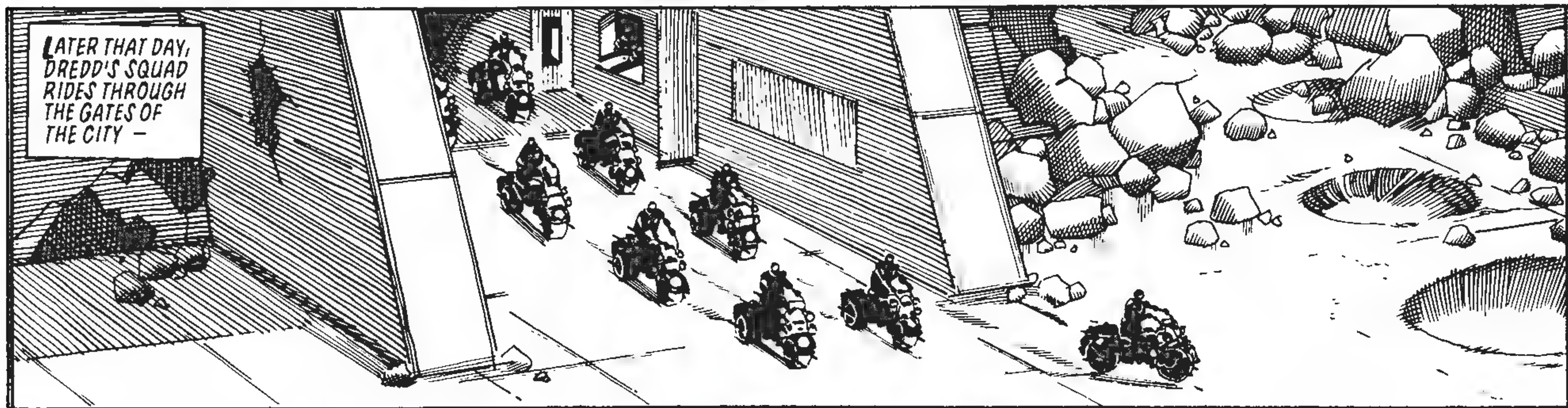
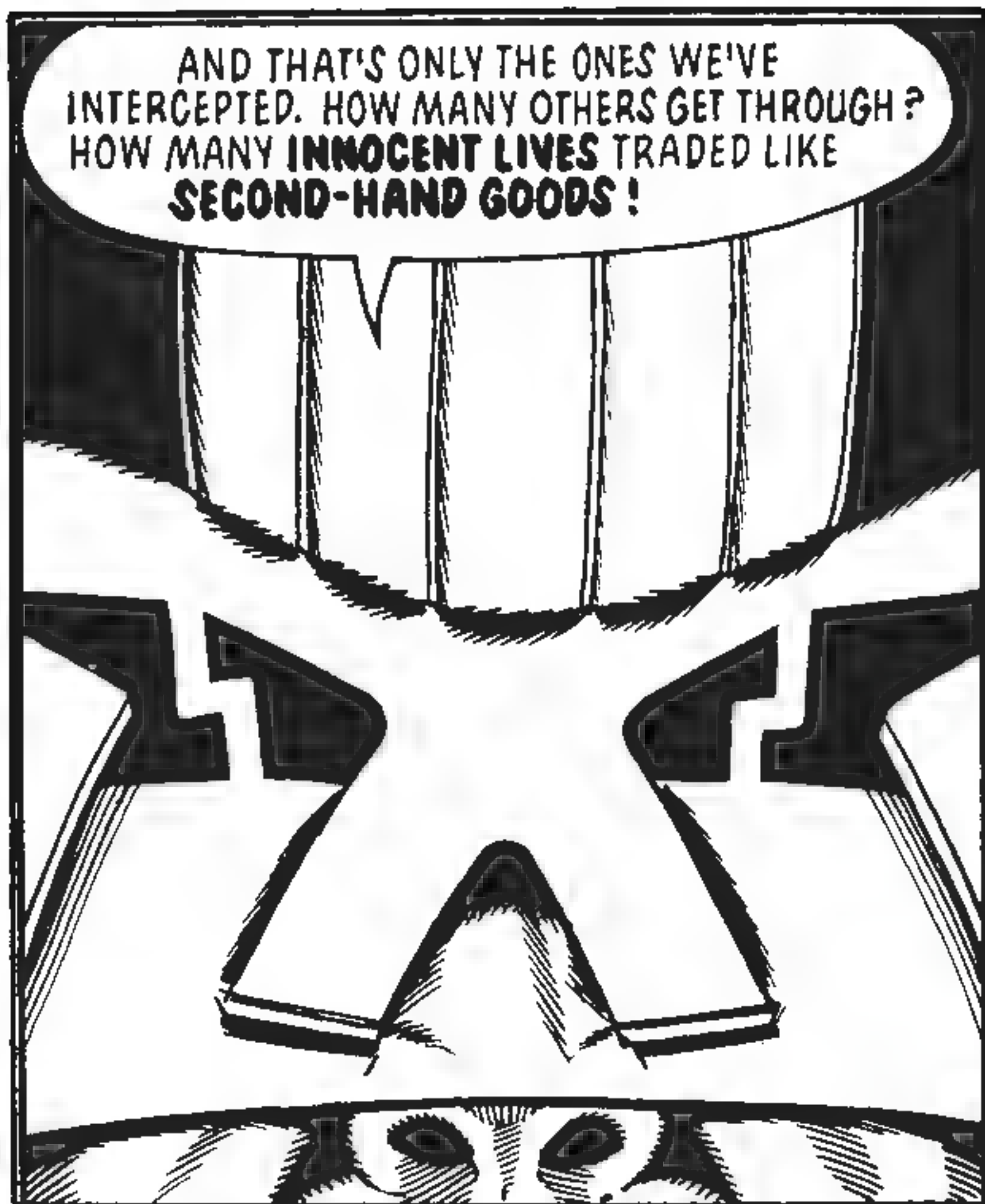


BE SENSIBLE, SAL! AT
LEAST IN THE CITY HE'D
HAVE THE CHANCE OF A
GOOD LIFE! FOOD IN
HIS BELLY - A DECENT
HOME - A **FUTURE**.
SAL! HERE'S HE'S
GOT **NOTHING!**



I...I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT'S... FOR HIS OWN GOOD...





JUDGE DREDD

SHANTY TOWN PART 2

THE LAW CANNOT TURN A BLIND EYE TO INJUSTICE, AND SO JUDGE DREDD AND HIS SQUAD HAVE COME TO CLEAN UP SHANTY TOWN, THE LAWLESS TOWNSHIP THAT HAS SPRUNG UP BEYOND THE WALLS OF MEGA-CITY ONE -



JUSTICE DEPT.
BE WARNED
THIS HABITATION
NOW COMES UNDER
THE JURISDICTION
OF THE LAW OF
MEGA-CITY ONE.

ALL LAWBREAKERS
WILL BE
PUNISHED
ACCORDINGLY.

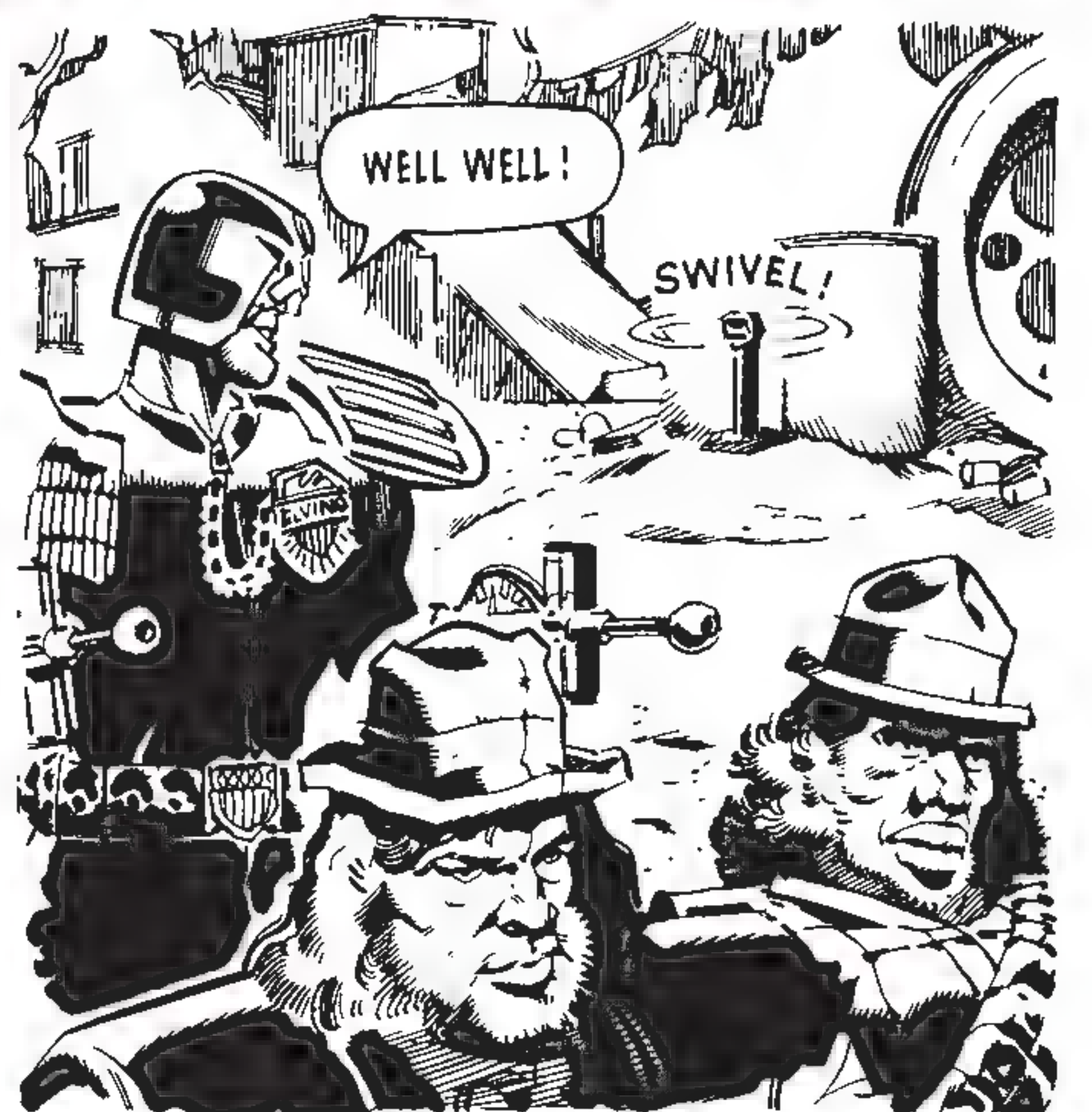
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Dredd

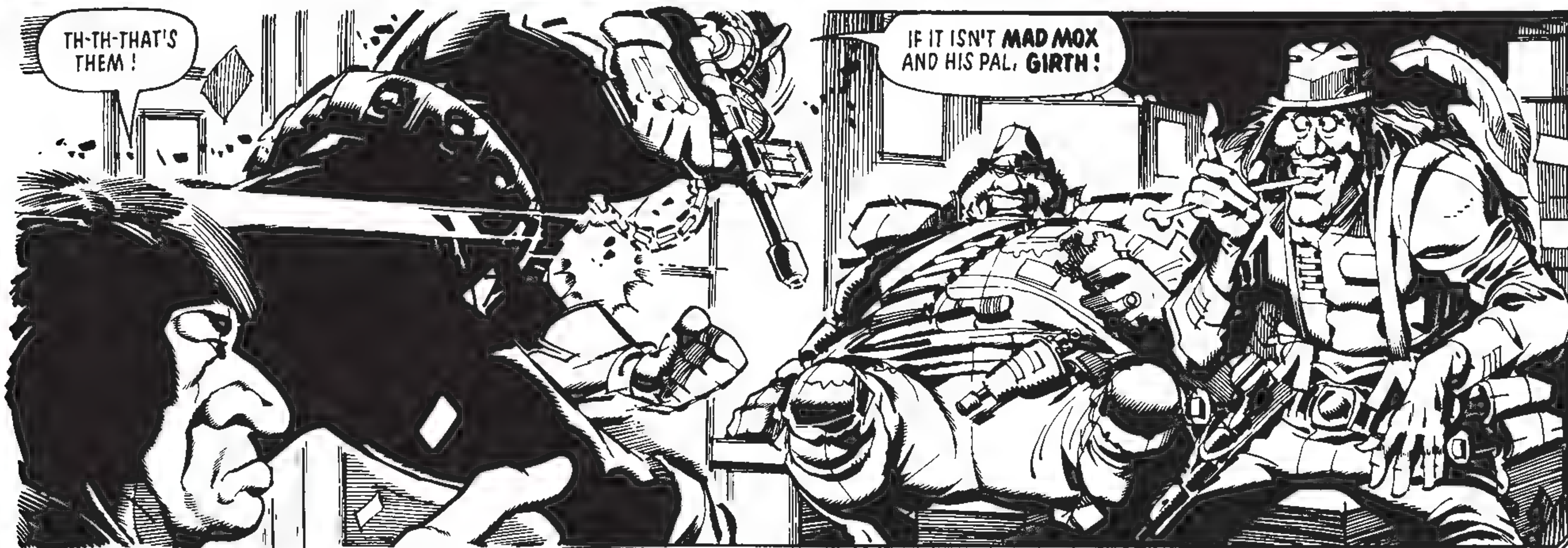
AND CLEAN THEY DO!

JUDGES -
BLAST 'EM -
AIEEEEE!







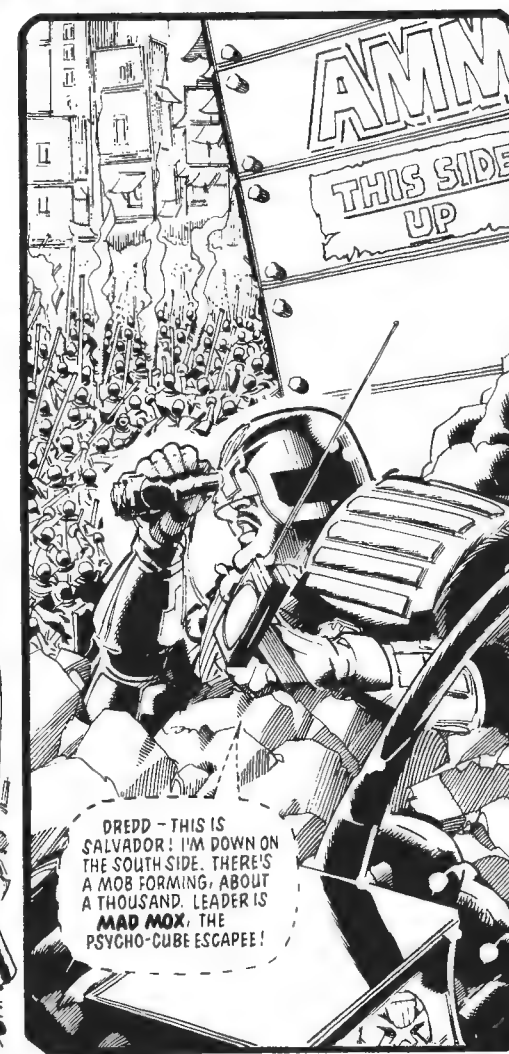


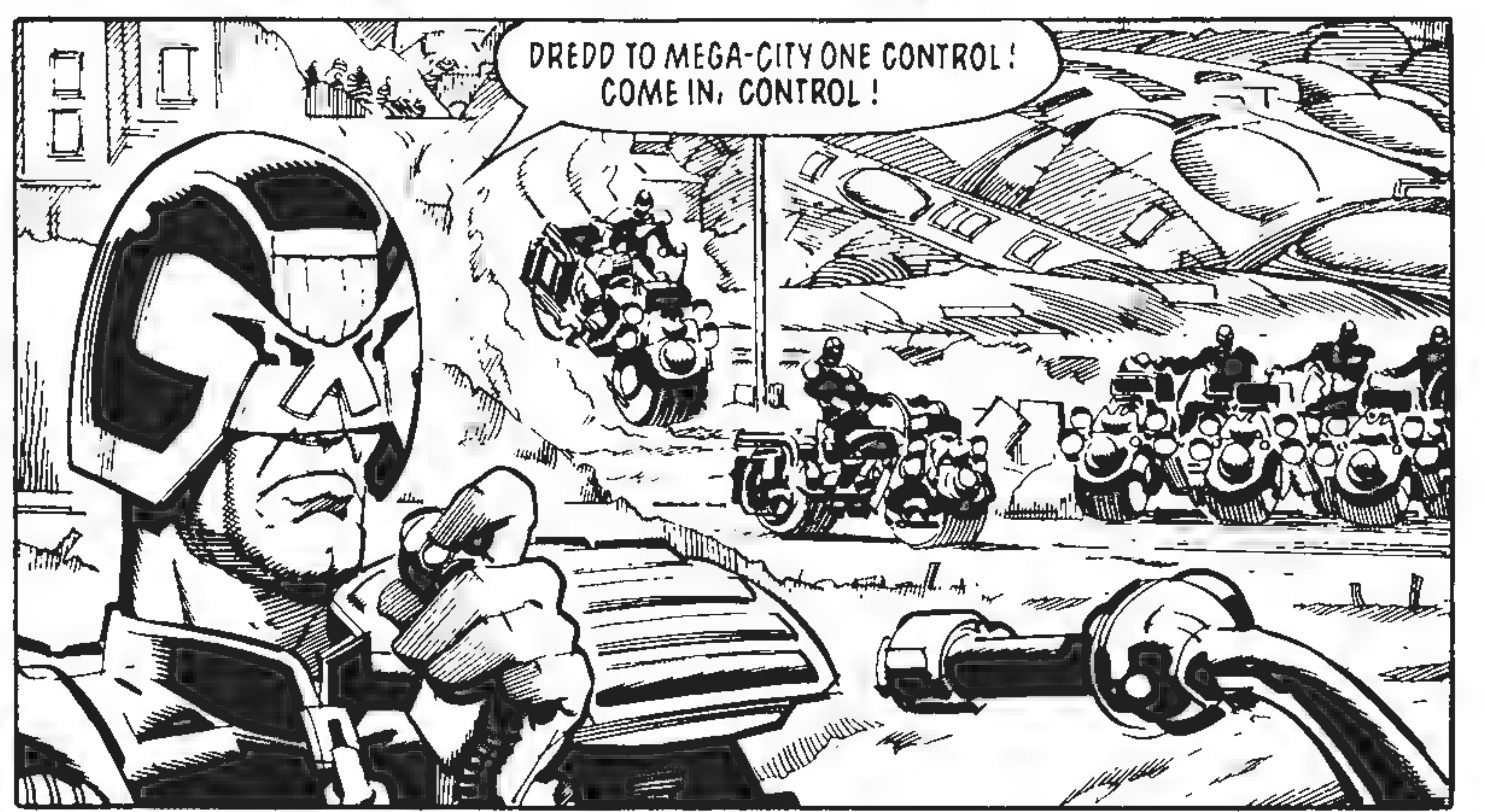
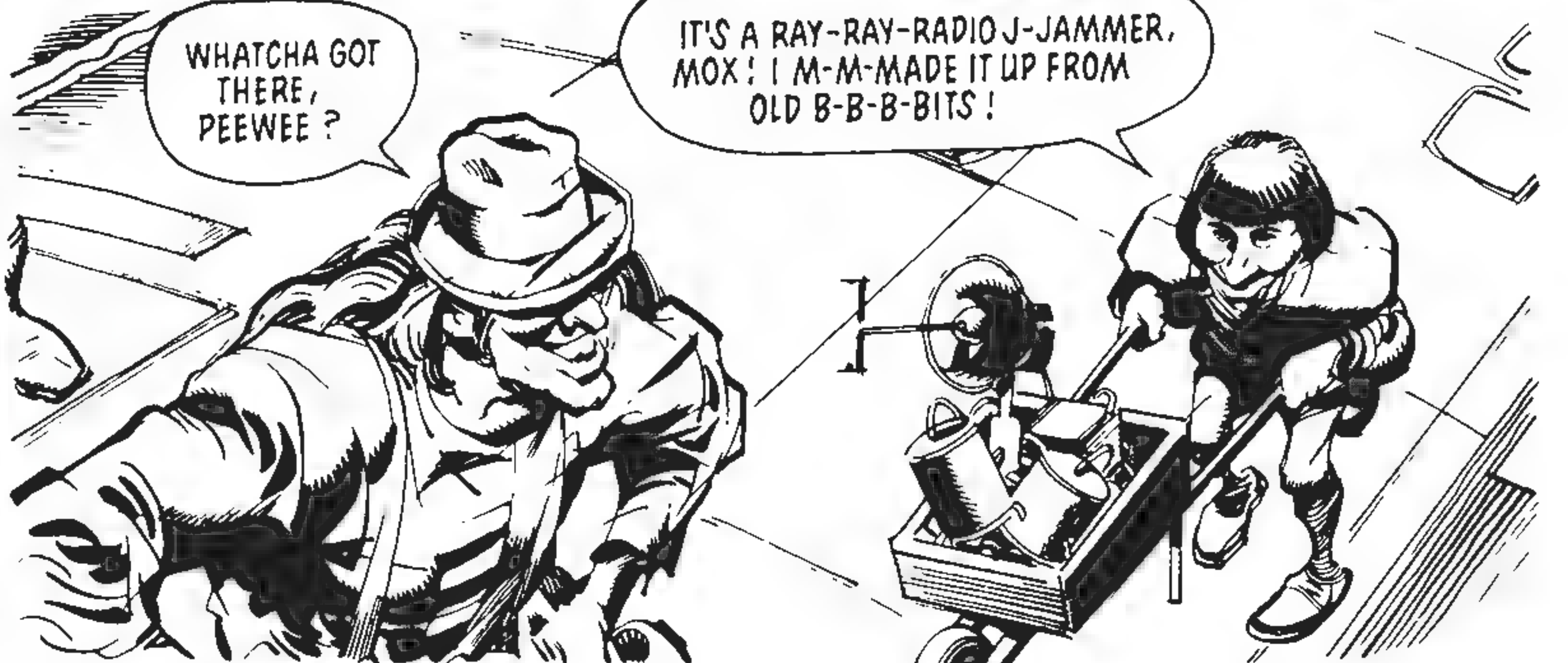
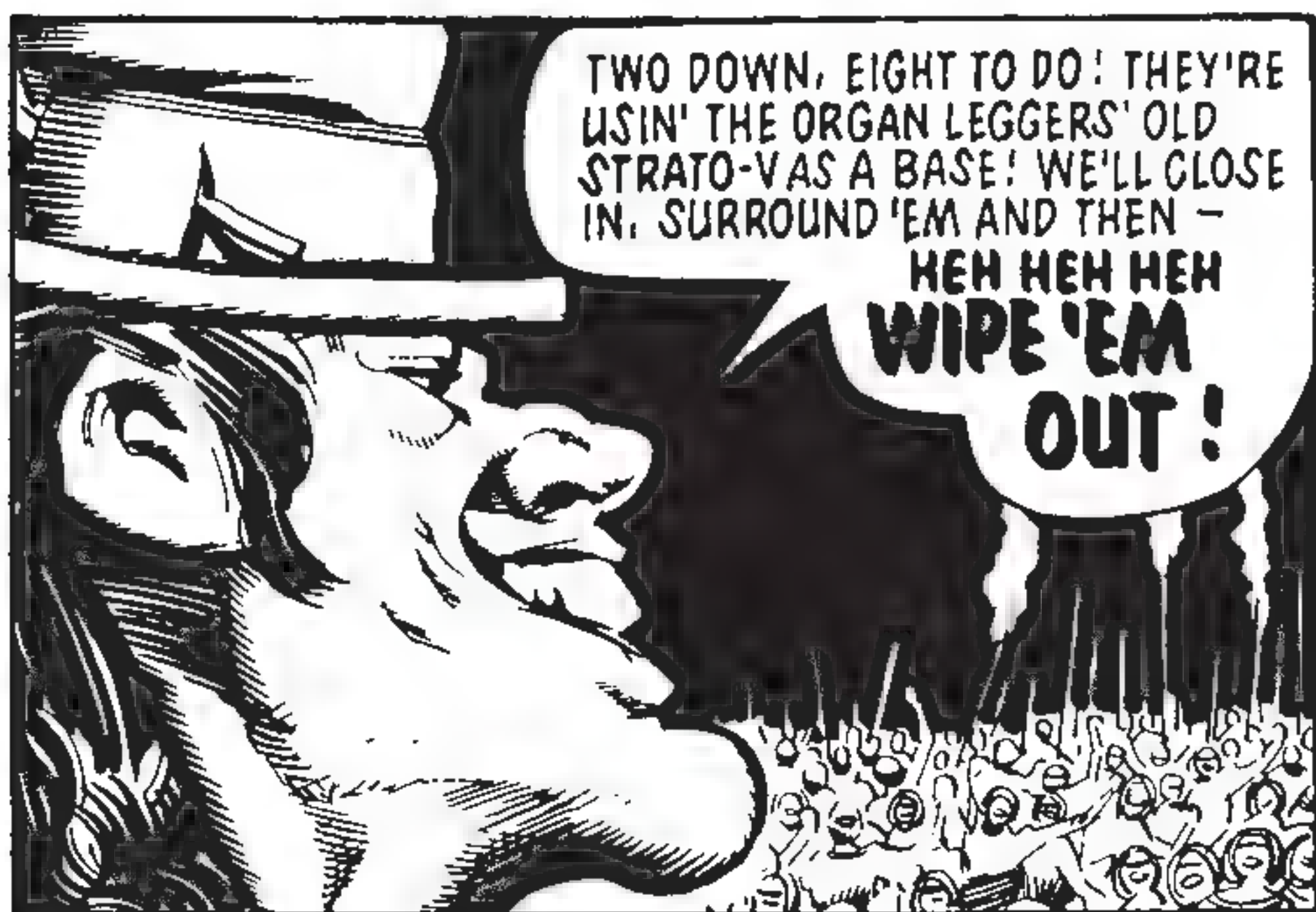
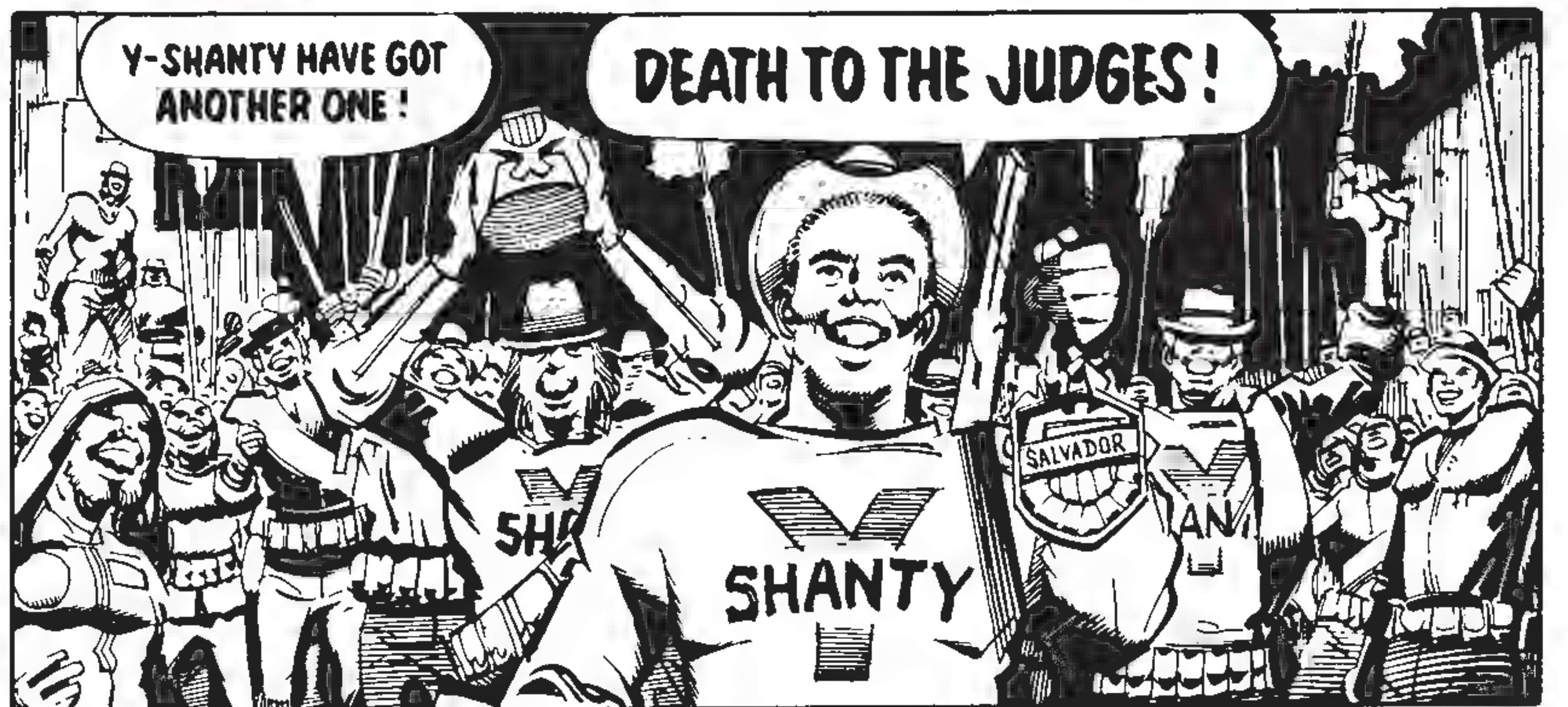
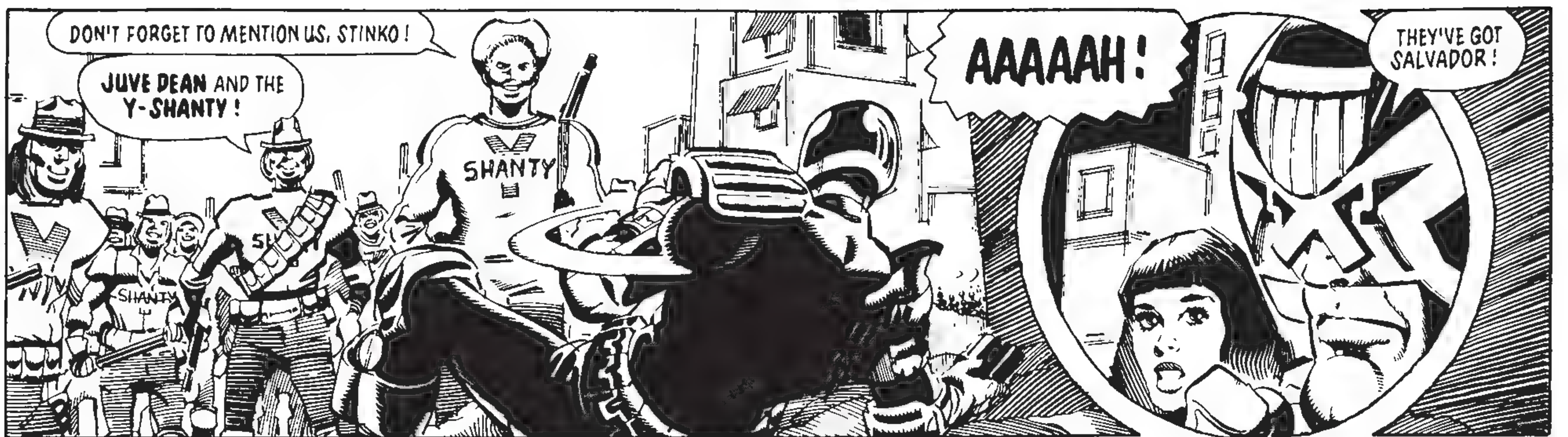


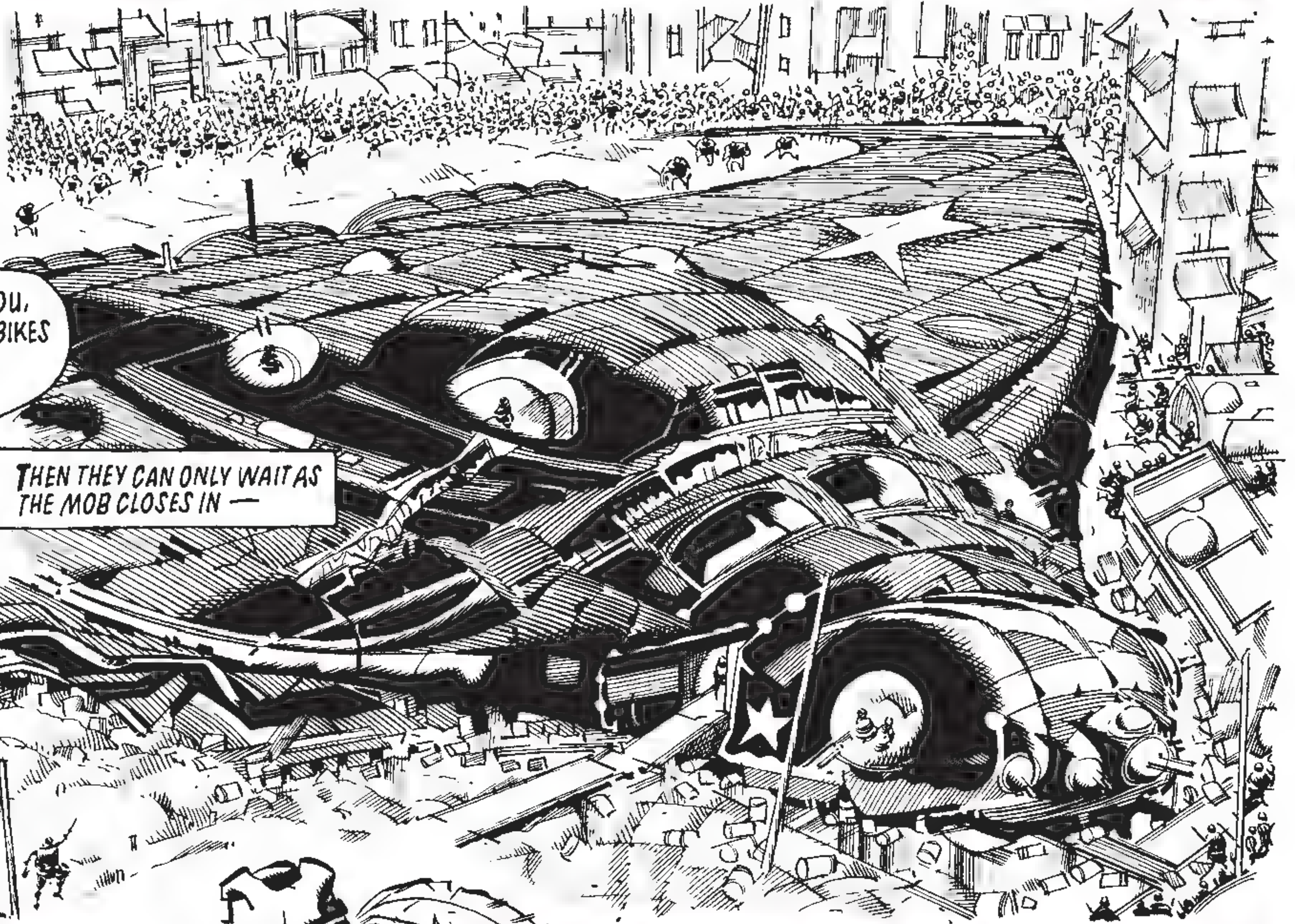
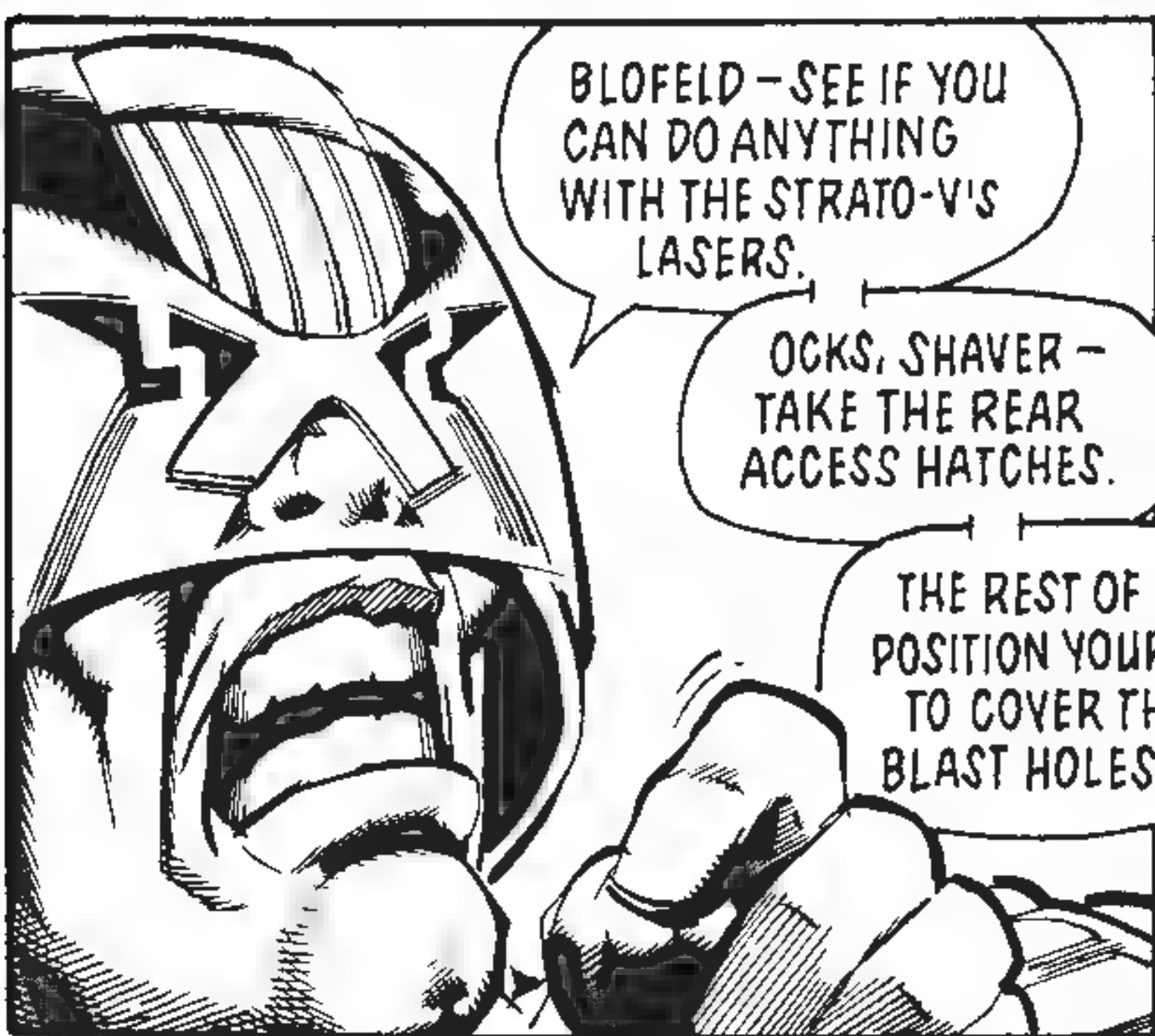
SHANTY TOWN PART 3

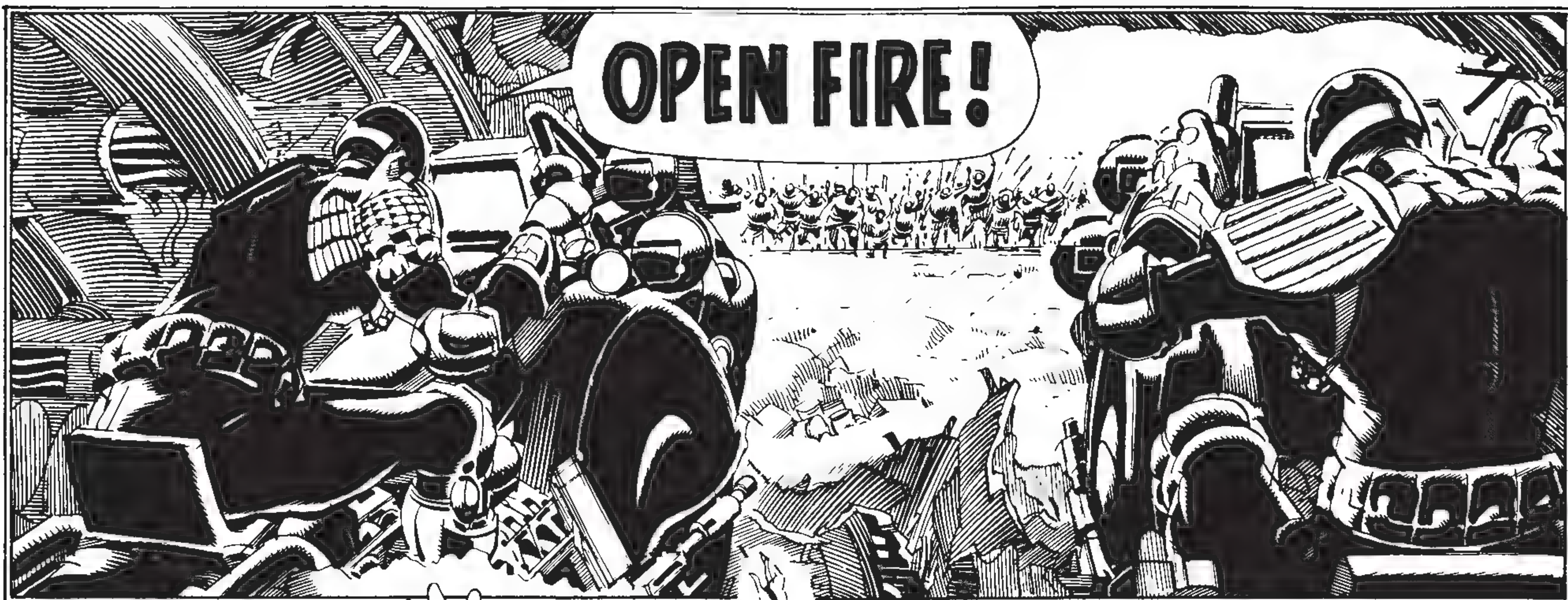


SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME











-BUT NOT QUITE!

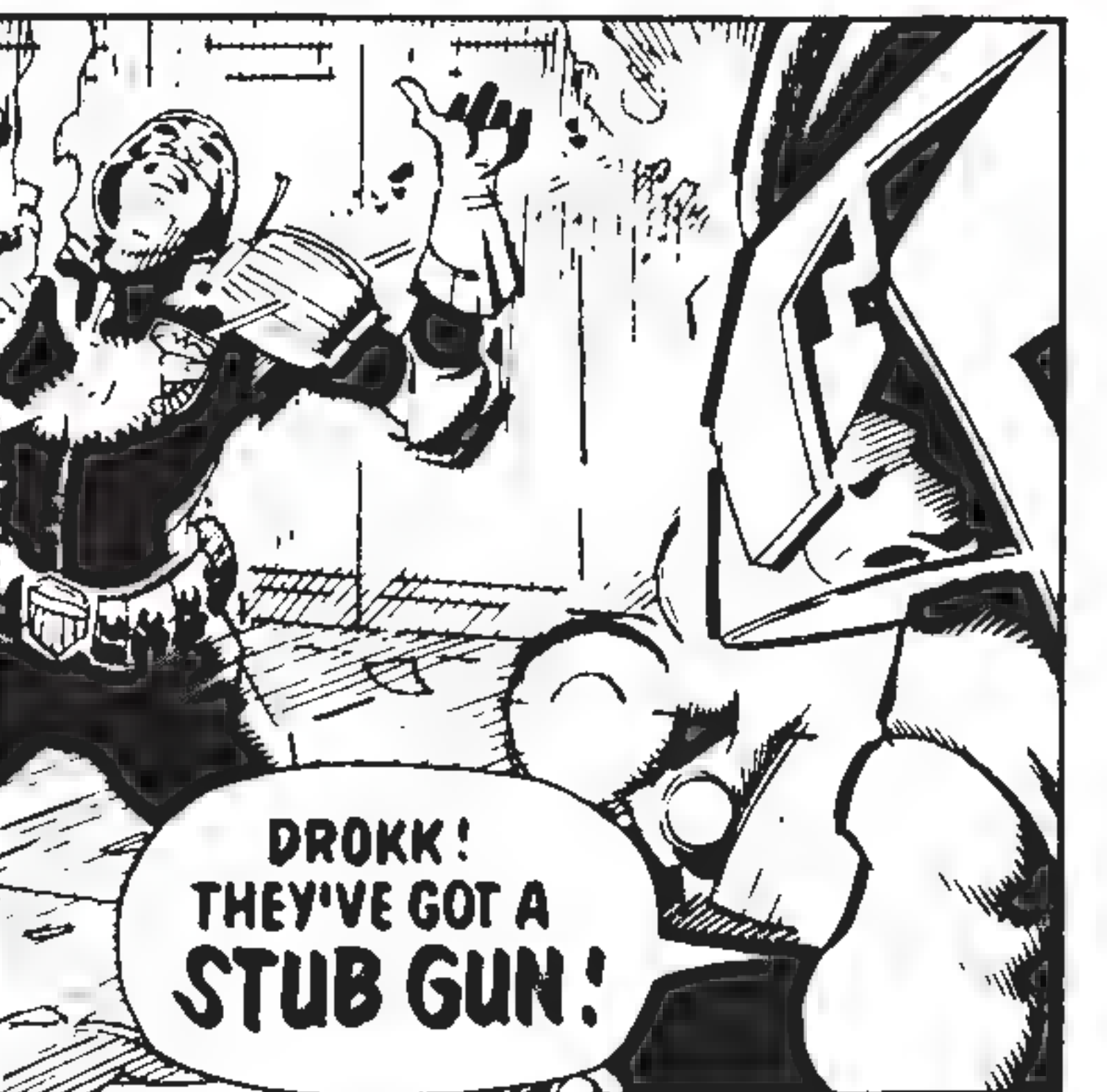
BACK, SCUM!



JUST ABOUT TO TEST THEM!



LET 'EM FIGHT THIS, PEEWEE!



NEXT PROG:

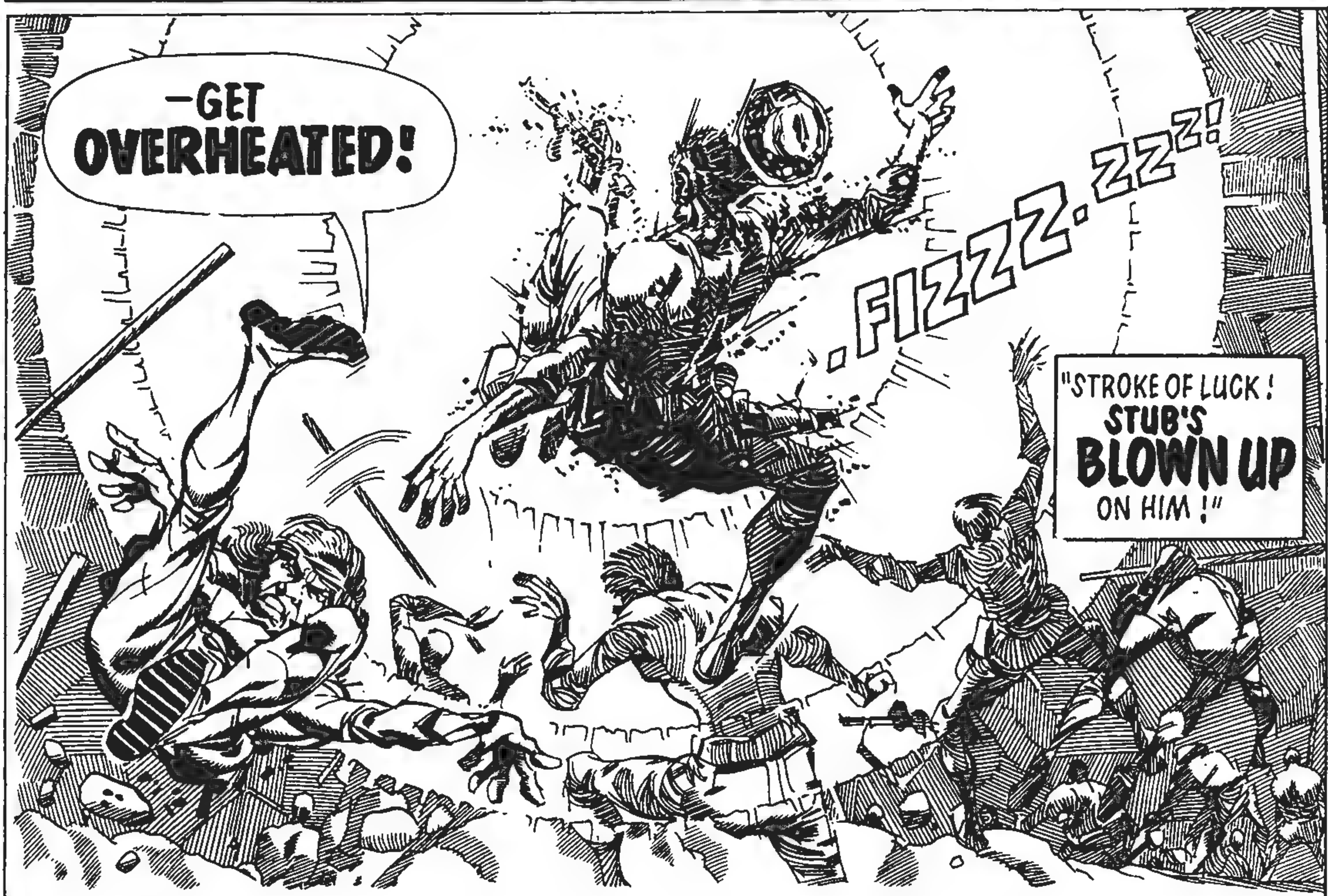
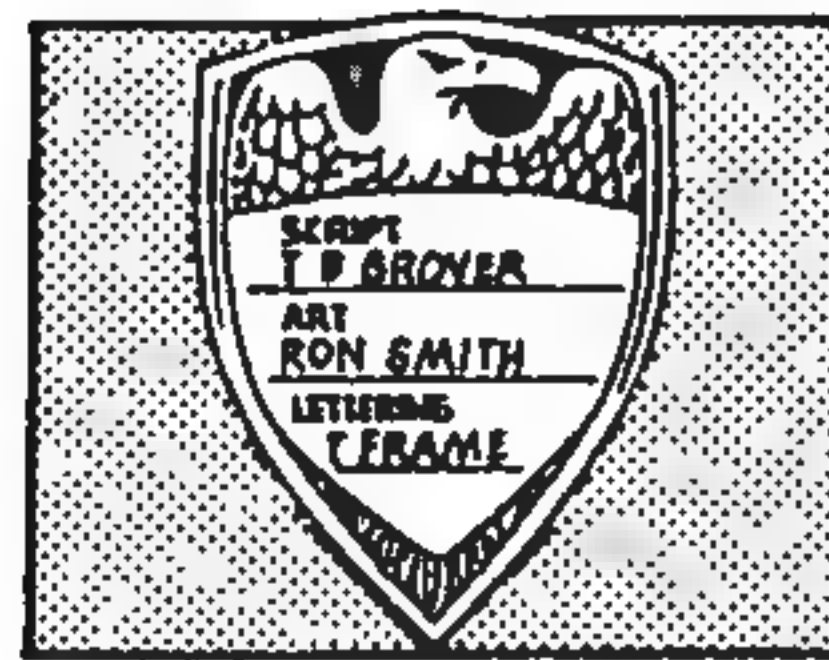
SHANTY TOWN

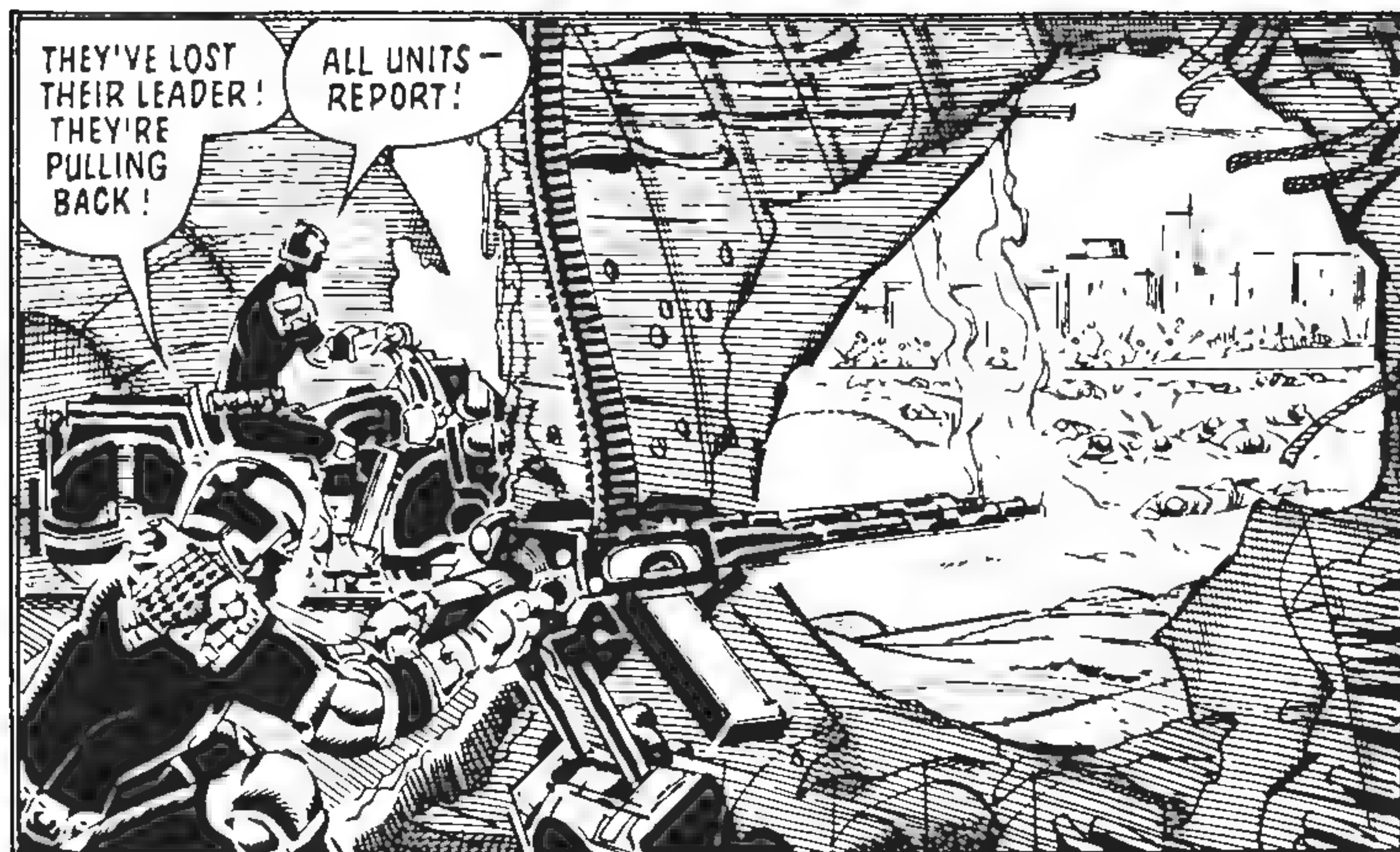
PART 4

SHANTY TOWN

PART 4

IN SHANTY TOWN, THE LAWLESS SETTLEMENT OUTSIDE MEGA-CITY ONE,
JUDGE DREDD'S SQUAD ARE UNDER SIEGE IN A WRECKED STRATO-V —







RECKON NOT!
LOOK OVER
THERE!

SO MUCH FOR
ASSISTANCE!

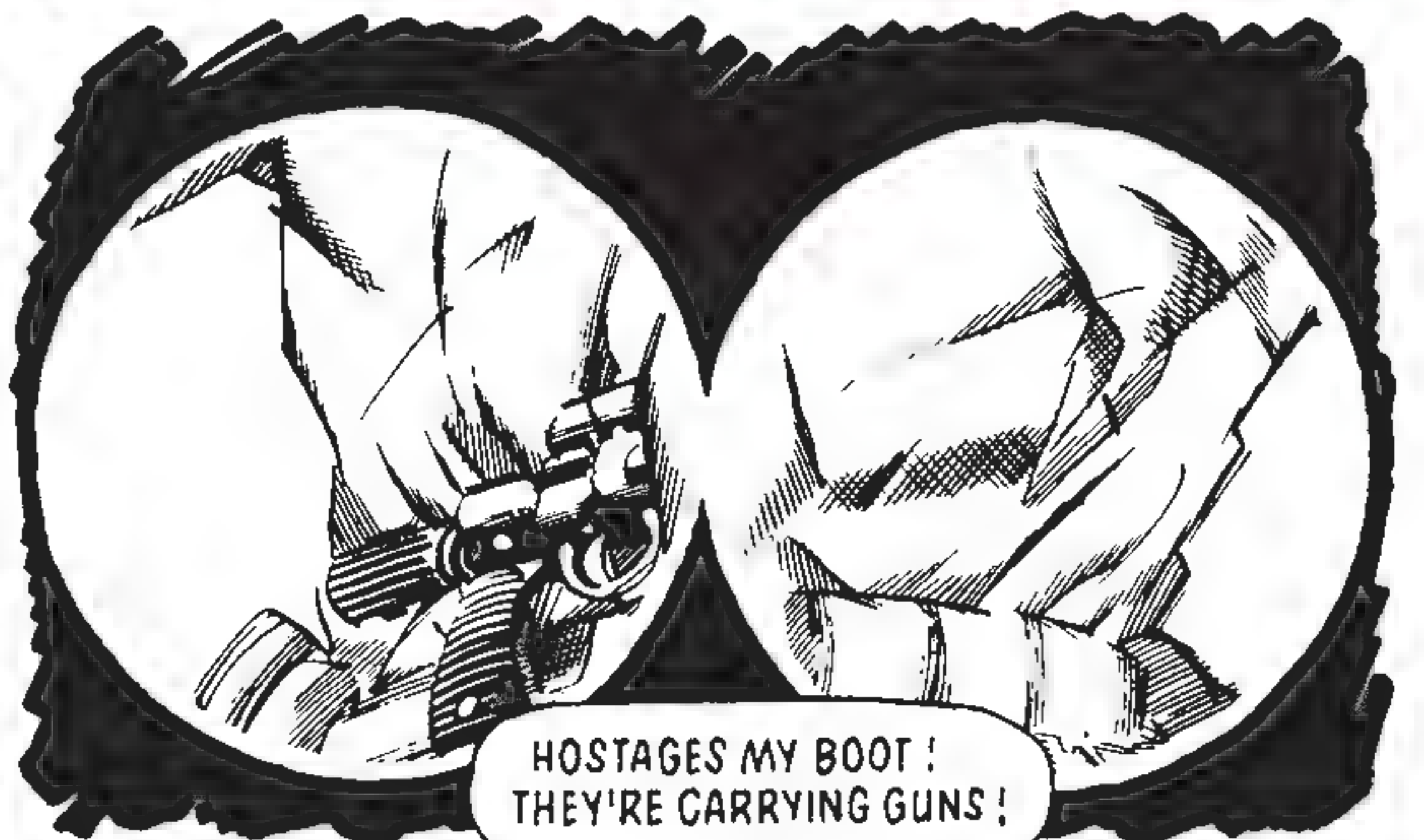


HEY, YOU STINKO JUDGES! GIVE
YOURSELVES UP OR Y-SHANTY
WILL BLOW THESE INNOCENT
NURDS AWAY!



THEY'RE USING
THOSE HOSTAGES
AS SHIELDS!

THOSE
BINOCULARS -
QUICK!



HOSTAGES MY BOOT!
THEY'RE CARRYING GUNS!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA



DUMB IDEA ANYWAY! CLEAR THE WAY!
OLD GIRTH'LL SHOW YA HOW IT'S DONE!



DROKK!
THAT'S A
PHOSPHOROUS
TANKER!

ON YOUR BIKES! IT'S
TIME TO RIDE!

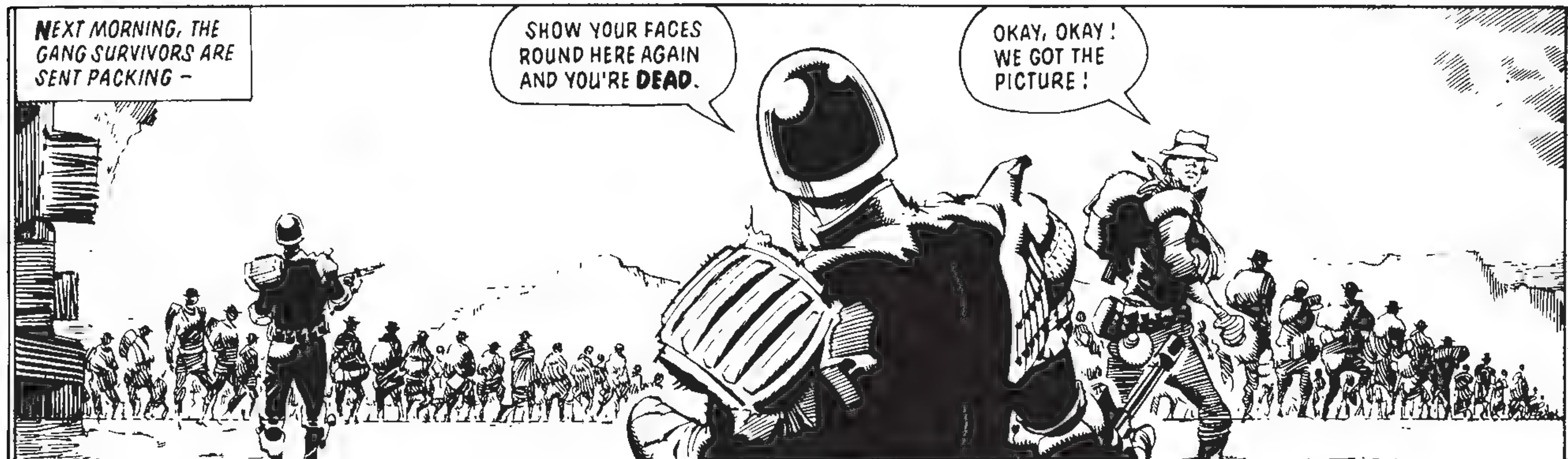


AND
STUMM
GAS!



WHEN THE SMOKE
OF BATTLE CLEARS—

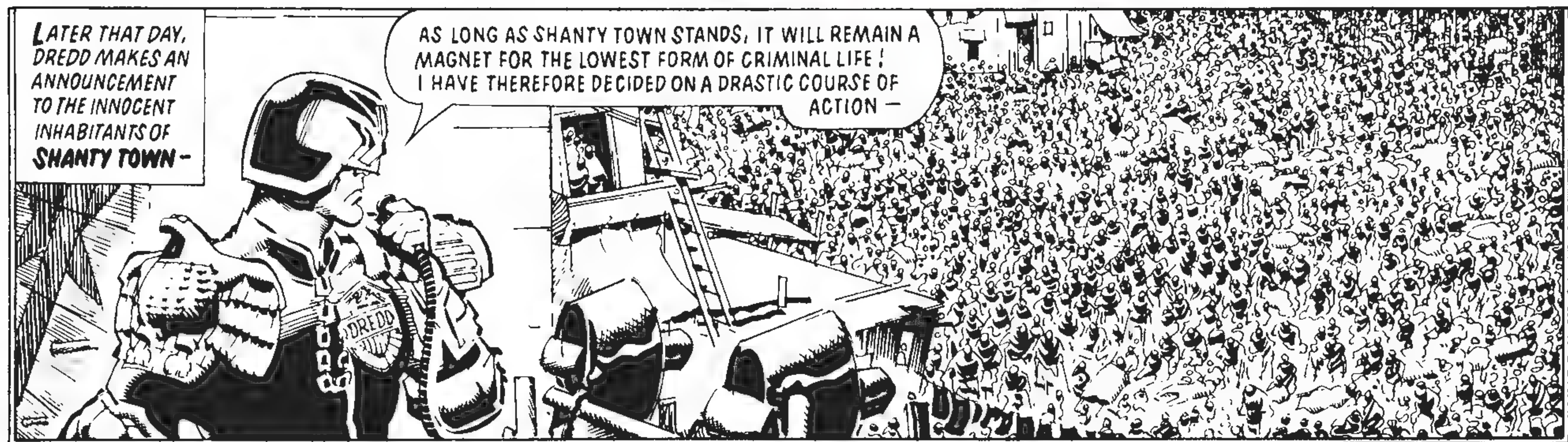
LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE WON.



NEXT MORNING, THE
GANG SURVIVORS ARE
SENT PACKING —

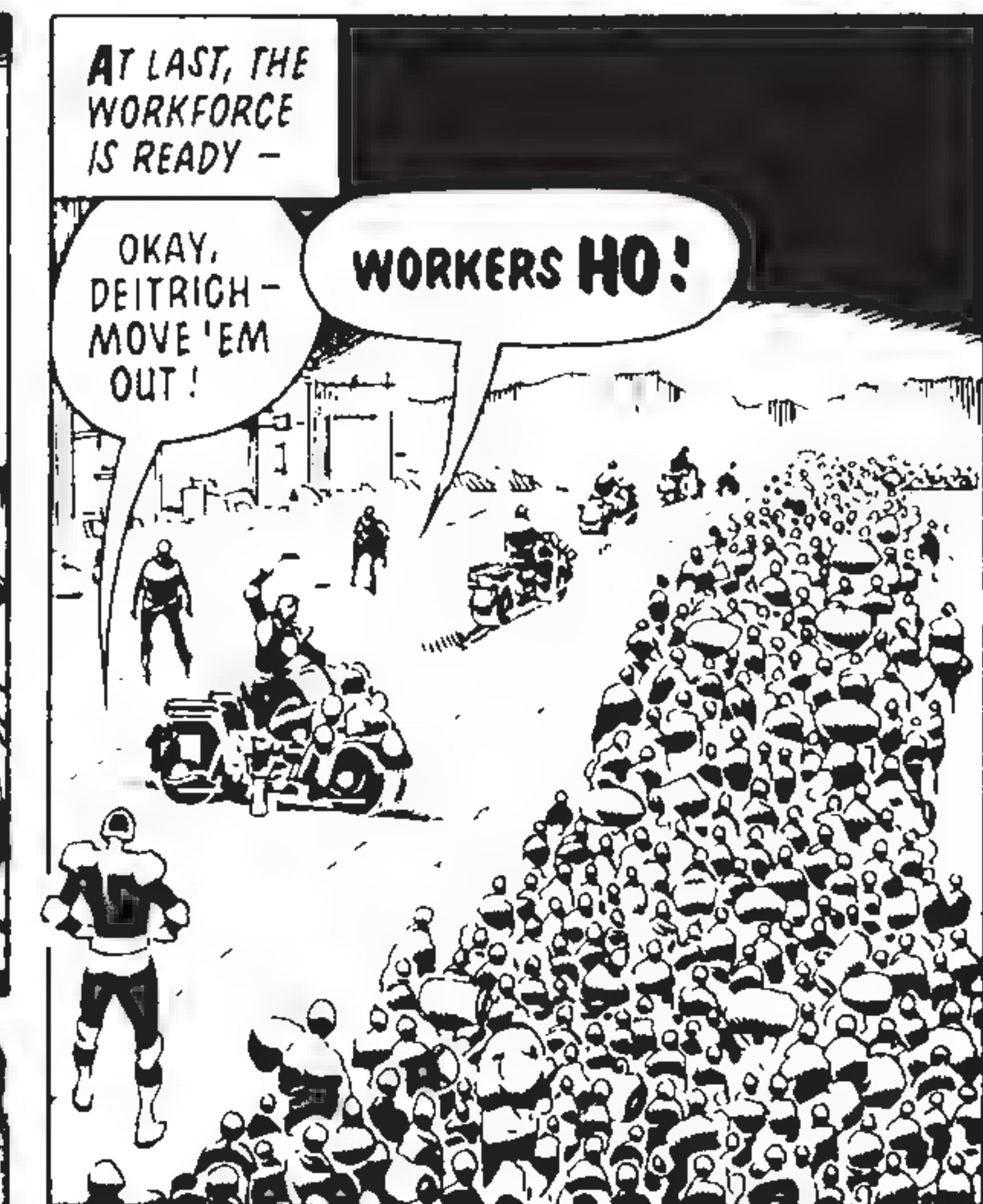
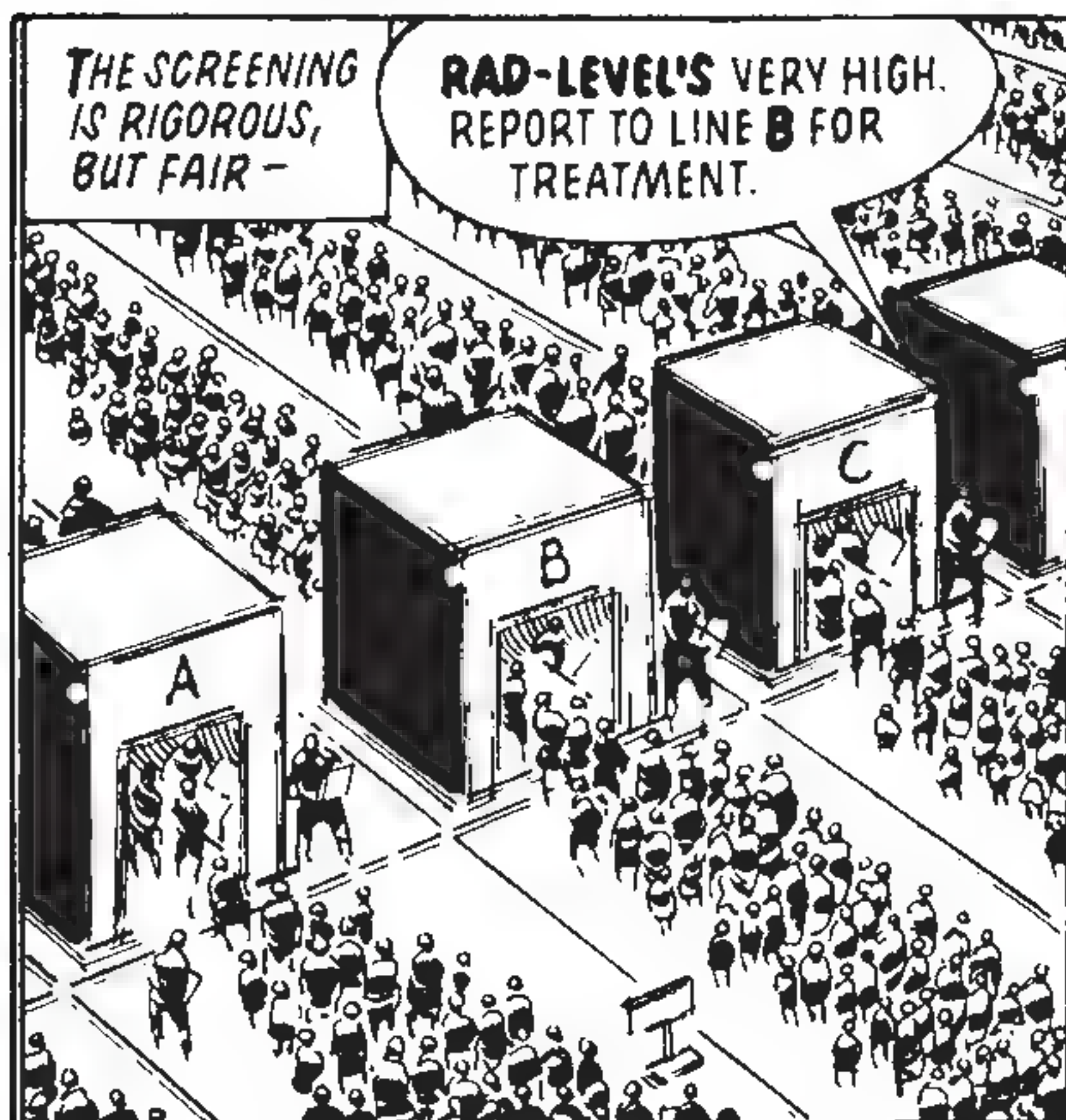
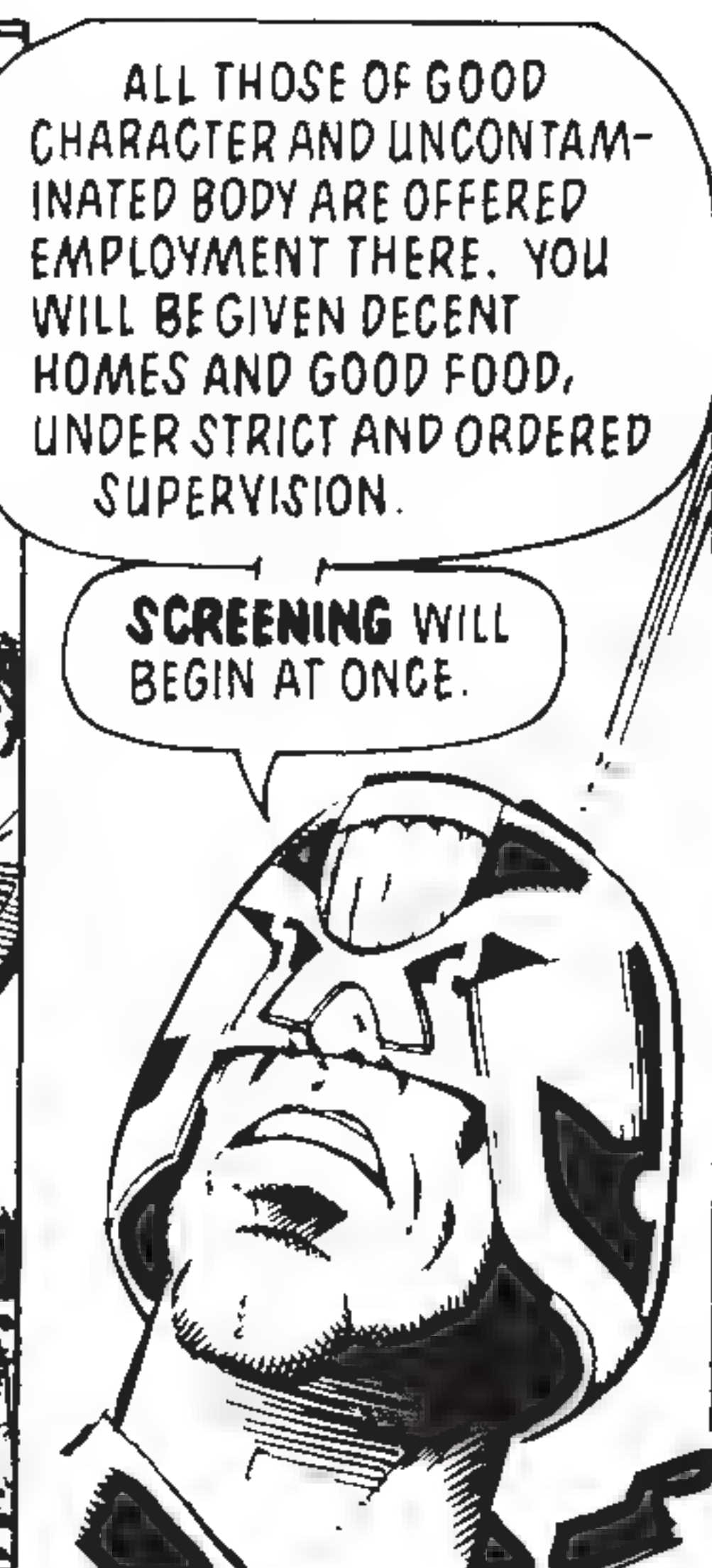
SHOW YOUR FACES
ROUND HERE AGAIN
AND YOU'RE DEAD.

OKAY, OKAY!
WE GOT THE
PICTURE!

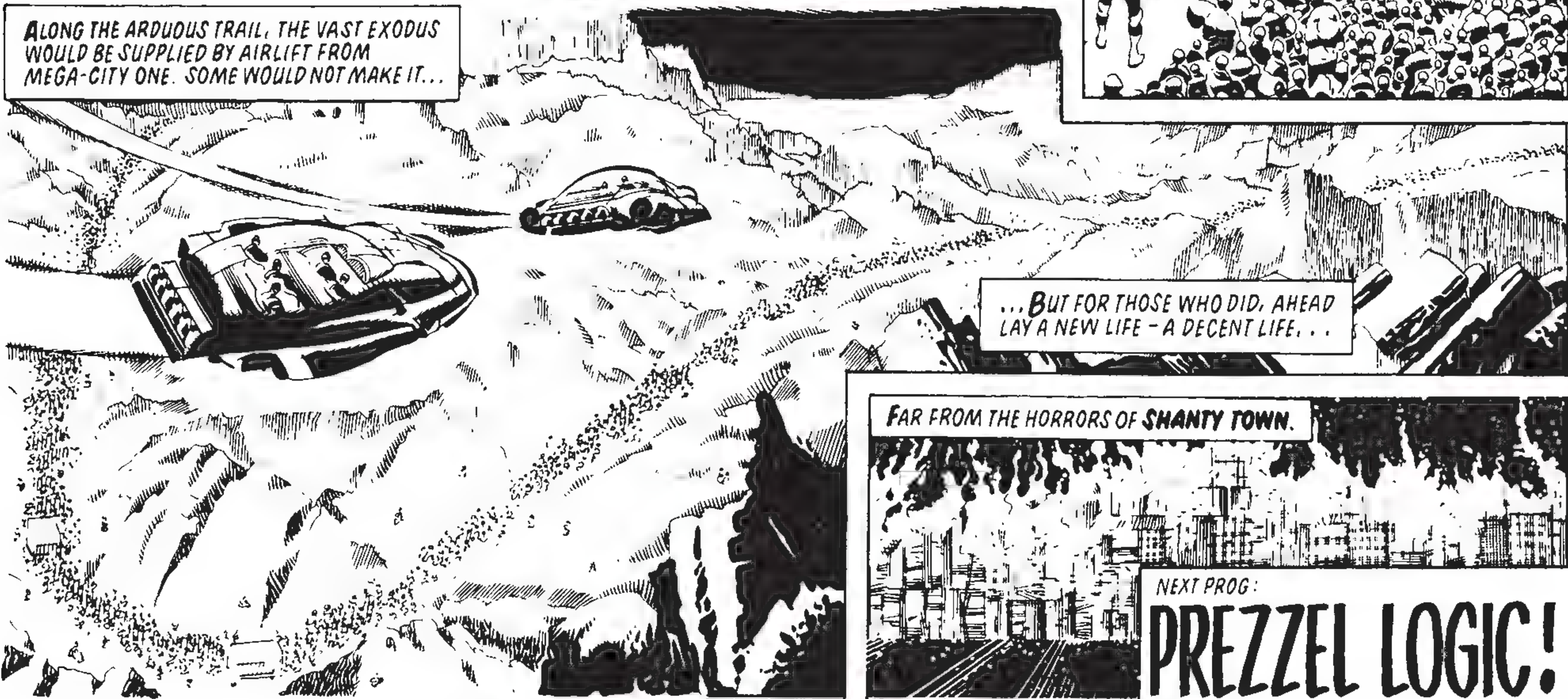


LATER THAT DAY,
DREDD MAKES AN
ANNOUNCEMENT
TO THE INNOCENT
INHABITANTS OF
SHANTY TOWN —

AS LONG AS SHANTY TOWN STANDS, IT WILL REMAIN A
MAGNET FOR THE LOWEST FORM OF CRIMINAL LIFE!
I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED ON A DRASTIC COURSE OF
ACTION —



ALONG THE ARDUDUS TRAIL, THE VAST EXODUS WOULD BE SUPPLIED BY AIRLIFT FROM MEGA-CITY ONE. SOME WOULD NOT MAKE IT...



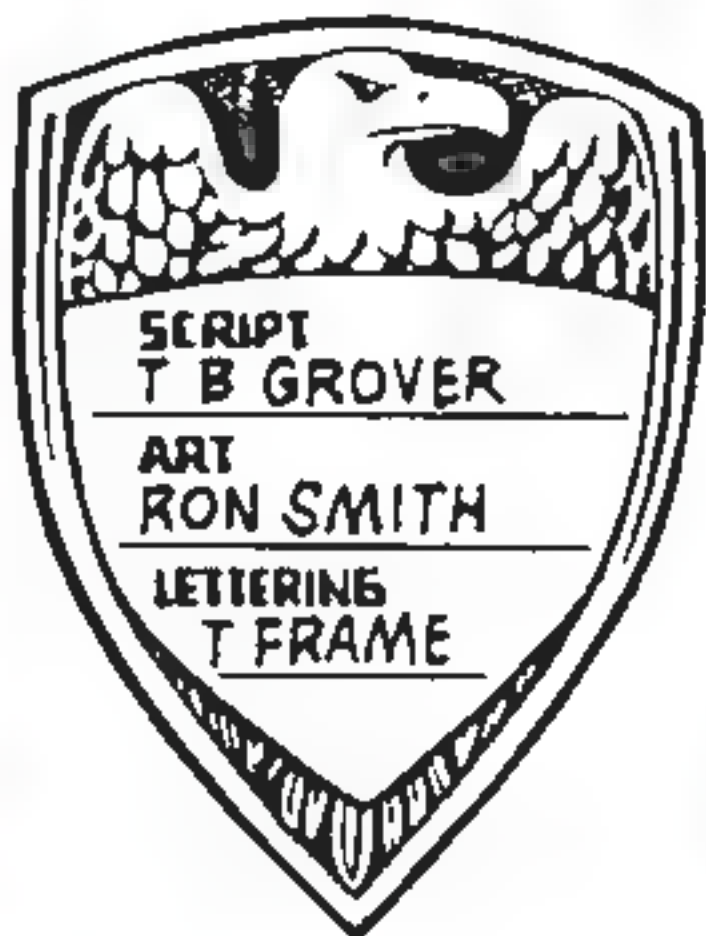
IN PREZZEL LOGIC

EVERY MONTH, A GROUP OF TOP MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS MEETS TO PLAN THE **PERFECT CRIME** -

DA CHAIR RECOGNISES **DANZO PREZZEL** !

LET'S FACE IT, GUYS - EVERY TIME WE TRY TO PULL THE PERFECT CRIME, ONE INTERFERIN' BUSYBODY GETS IN OUR WAY - **JUDGE DREDD** !

SO IT STANDS TO REASON, WE GOTTA GET RID OF DREDD !



IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE, DUMDUM - NO ONE'S KILLED HIM YET !

THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE ALL GONE WRONG ! WE DON'T **NEED** TO KILL HIM !



WAY I SEE IT, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET **DREDD** TO **COMMIT A CRIME** - ANY CRIME ! THE GUY'S SO STRAIGHT, HE'D SENTENCE **HIMSELF** TO TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN !



HEY ! SMART THINKIN' !

MY PLAN IS SIMPLE, BUT INGENIOUS. WE TRICK DREDD INTO RIDING THE **WRONG** WAY UP A **ONE WAY STREET** !









EACH MISSILE IS PROGRAMMED TO HOME ON DREDD'S NEURAL PATTERNS -

KEEP 'EM FIRING, BOYS! STILL GOT NINE HUNDRED TO GO!



AHEAD OF DREDD, THE FORTRESS SHAPE OF A JUSTICE DEPT. I-BLOCK LOOMS -

BOOM! BDAMM!

ATTENTION, I-BLOCK 22! I HAVE MULTIPLE HOMERS CONVERGING ON ME! COULD DO WITH A LITTLE ASSISTANCE!

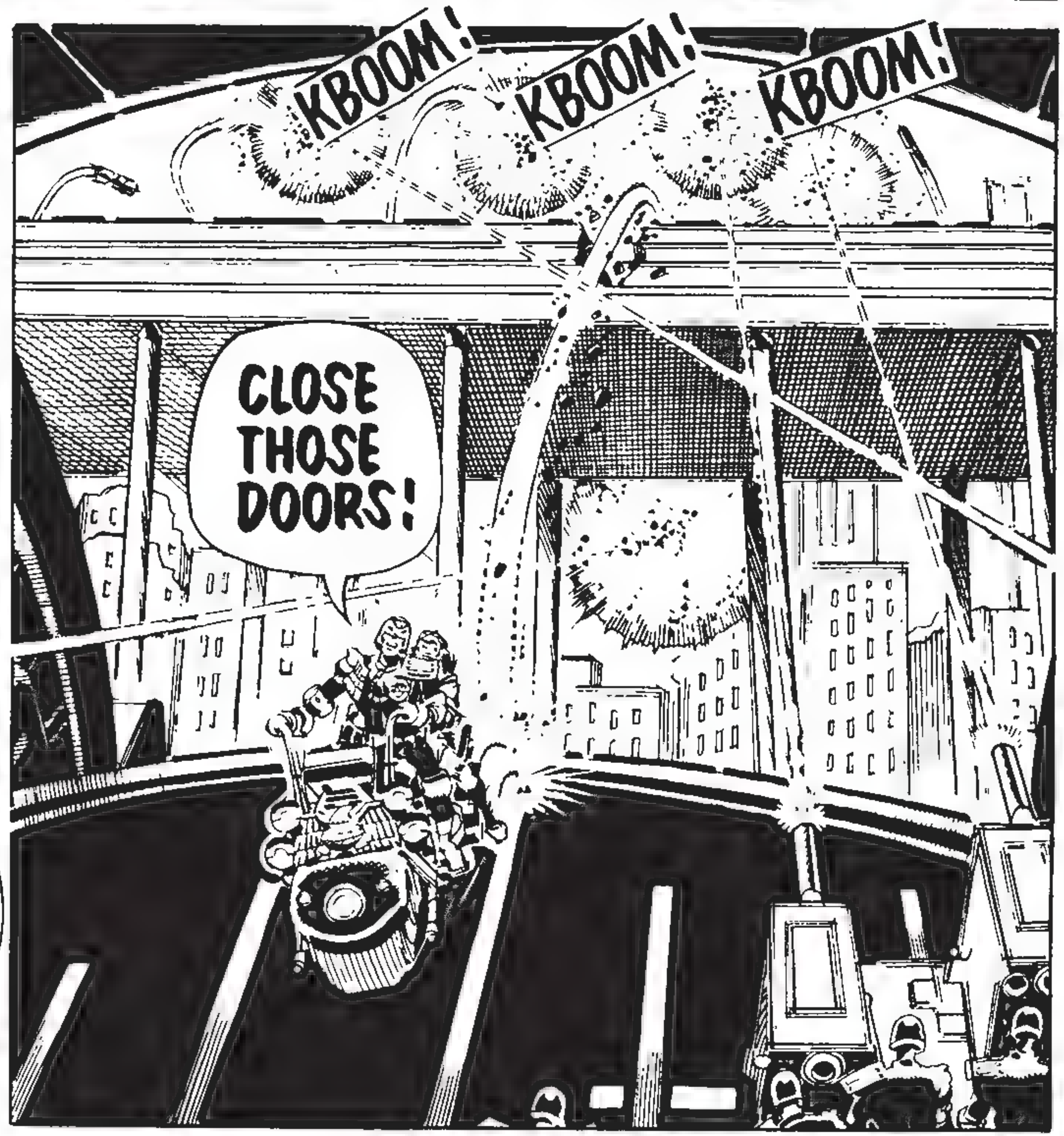


HIGH-PRECISION LASERS LANCE FROM THE I-BLOCK -

KBLAM!
BOOM!

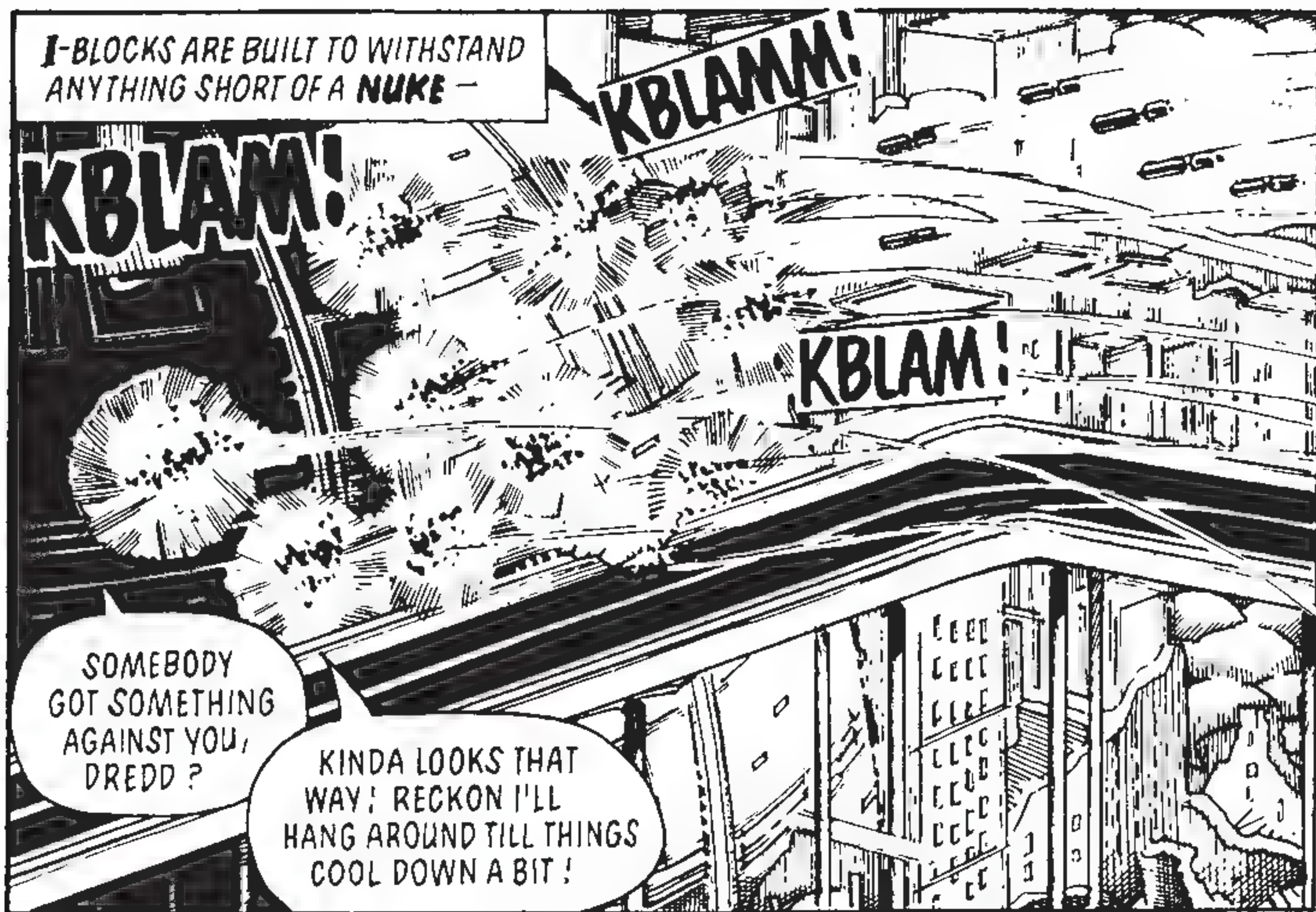
OPEN BAY SEVEN!

H-HECK! ALL THIS AN' I WAS ONLY JAYWALKING!



CLOSE THOSE DOORS!

KBOOM! KBOOM! KBOOM!





PLEASE, JUDGE DREDD!
LISTEN TO ME! I'VE DONE
LOTSA BAD THINGS!

WAIT
OUTSIDE!



YOU CREEPS THINK YOU'RE REAL SMART! THINK I
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HOLD THESE MONTHLY
MEETINGS! THINK I HAVEN'T FIGURED WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO -

SO WHAT! YOU
CAN'T **PROVE**
ANYTHING,
DREDD!



THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'VE GOT EVERY ANGLE
COVERED. ALWAYS GOT SOME POOR DUPE TO
GIVE THE ORDERS FOR YOU - NEVER ANY
EVIDENCE TO LINK YOU WITH YOUR
CRIMES!

IT'S TIME I TAUGHT
YOU A LESSON.
**TAKE A LOOK
OUTSIDE -**



HEY! DOWN
ON THE STREET -
THERE ARE ROBOTS
PAINTING **YELLOW
LINES** WHERE
OUR **CARS** ARE
PARKED!



I DID SOME CHECKING. SEEMS THIS AREA WAS
SCHEDULED AS A **NO PARKING ZONE** BEFORE
THE **WAR**. PLANS GOT SLIGHTLY
DELAYED.

I JUST GOT 'EM
**SPEEDED UP
AGAIN!**



PARKING ON
THE DOUBLE-Y.
SIX MONTHS
A PIECE.
MOVE!



IT AIN'T
FAIR!

RECKON THE SPONTS WILL DROP
AWAY SHARPLY AFTER THIS -
NOT TO MENTION A FEW
OTHER THINGS!



**NOW, THE GROUP OF
TOP MEGA-CITY
CRIMINALS LANGUISH
ALONE IN THEIR ISO-
CUBES, DREAMING
OF THE DAY WHEN
THEY CAN ONCE MORE
GET TOGETHER TO PLAN
THE PERFECT CRIME...**

MEANWHILE, THEY'RE
WORKING ON **THE
PERFECT ESCAPE!**

NEXT PROG:
**TRAPPER HAG
COMES TO TOWN!**



HE CAME IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY -

HE FOUND... JUDGE DREDD!

HE'S THROWN UP AN ENERGY SHIELD!

KEEP FIRING! WE'LL TAKE THIS CREEP ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

SCRIPT
T. B. GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T. FRAME

"TRAPPER HAG" PART ONE



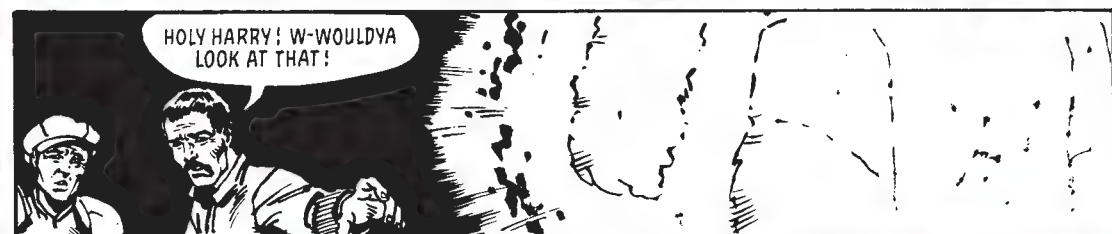
THREE RETIRED MEGA-CITY CRIMINALS MEET REGULARLY TO REMINISCE OVER PAST MISDEEDS -

'MEMBER THAT TIME WE SUCKERED THOSE GOONS ON PLANET SIGNUS II?

HAW! WHAT A HOOT! WE HAD EVERY SPACE COP IN THE SYSTEM AFTER US! GOOD OLD "RETRO" JONES HERE GOT US AWAY CLEAN, AS USUAL!



YOU KNOW, BOYS, WE HAD TO DESTROY HALF A CITY TO CRACK THAT ALIEN BANK. ALWAYS SURPRISED ME NOTHIN' MORE CAME OF IT!



HOLY HARRY! W-WOULDYA LOOK AT THAT!

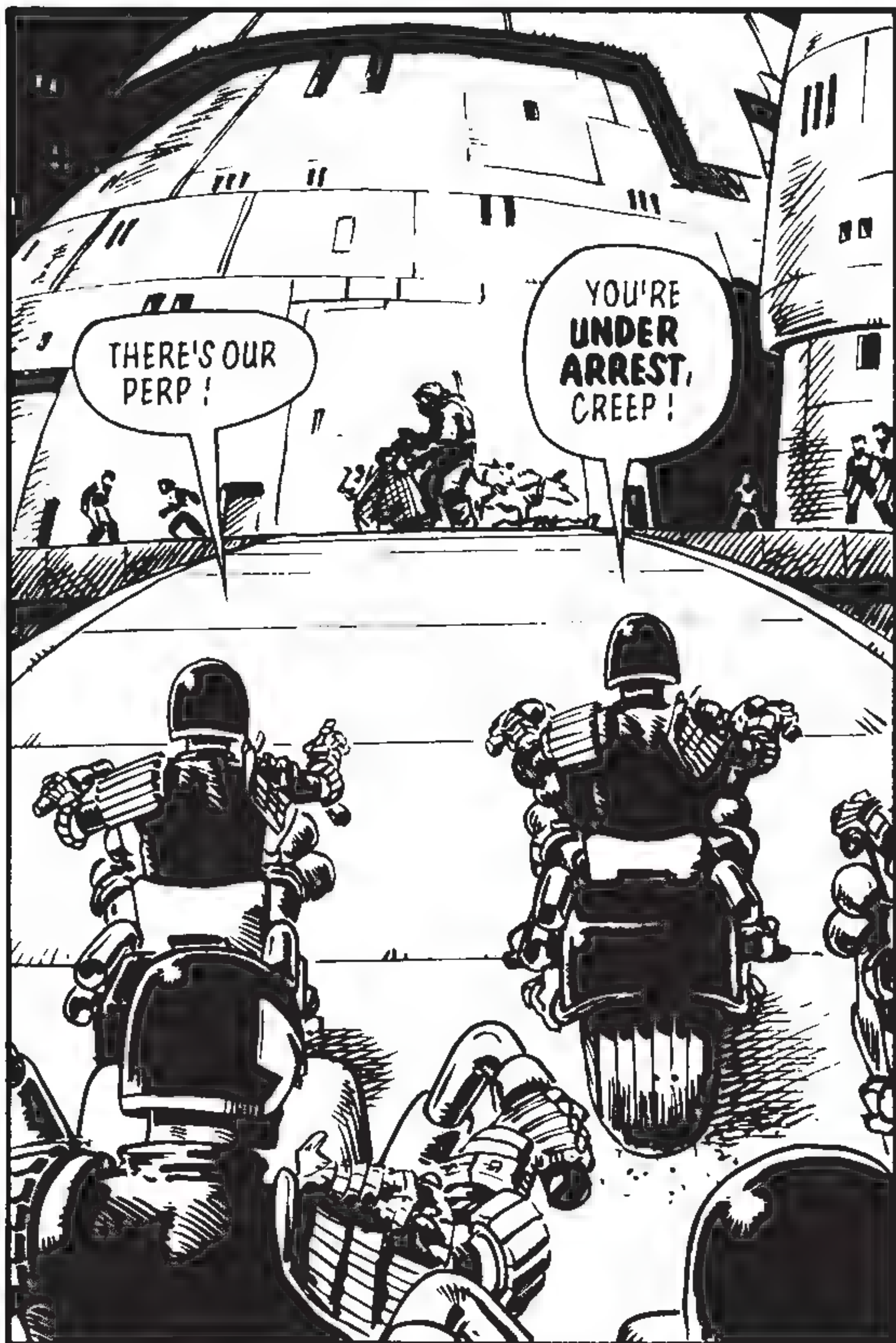


JEEZ... I'M SHEEING MONSTERS! HOW MANY DRINKS HAVE I HAD, JOE?

I AIN'T BEEN DRINKIN', AN' I SEE 'EM! RUN!









NEXT PROG:
...AND THREE LAY DEAD!

IN TRAPPER HAG PART TWO

THE ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER, TRAPPER HAG, HAS COME TO MEGA-CITY ONE. ALREADY HE HAS CAPTURED TWO CITIZENS AND EXECUTED A THIRD — AND THE JUDGES SEEM POWERLESS TO STOP HIM —

I HAVE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT — AND YOU ARE GETTING IN MY WAY!

BADOOOM!

SCRIPT
T. B. GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T. FRAME

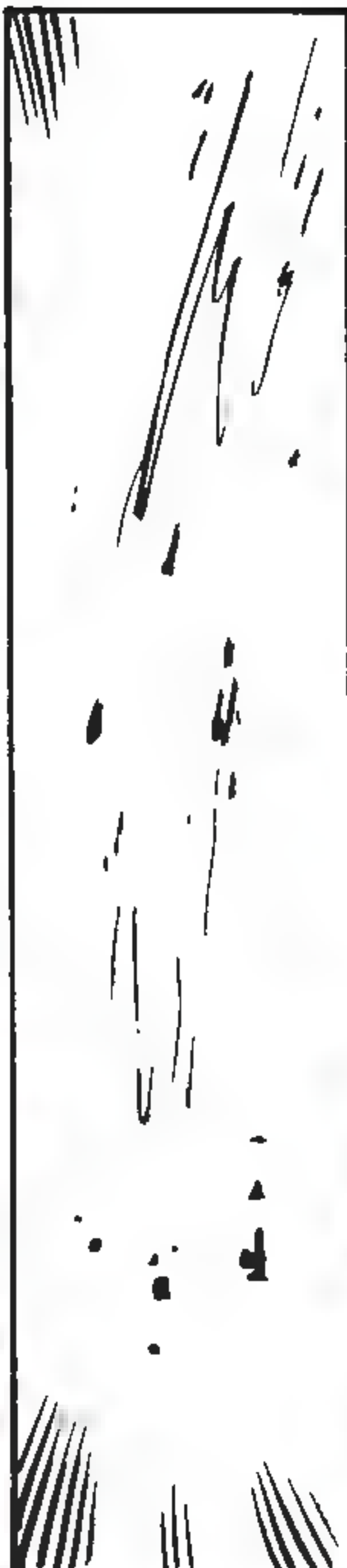
HAG KEPT HIS PRISONERS IN A LARGE NET —

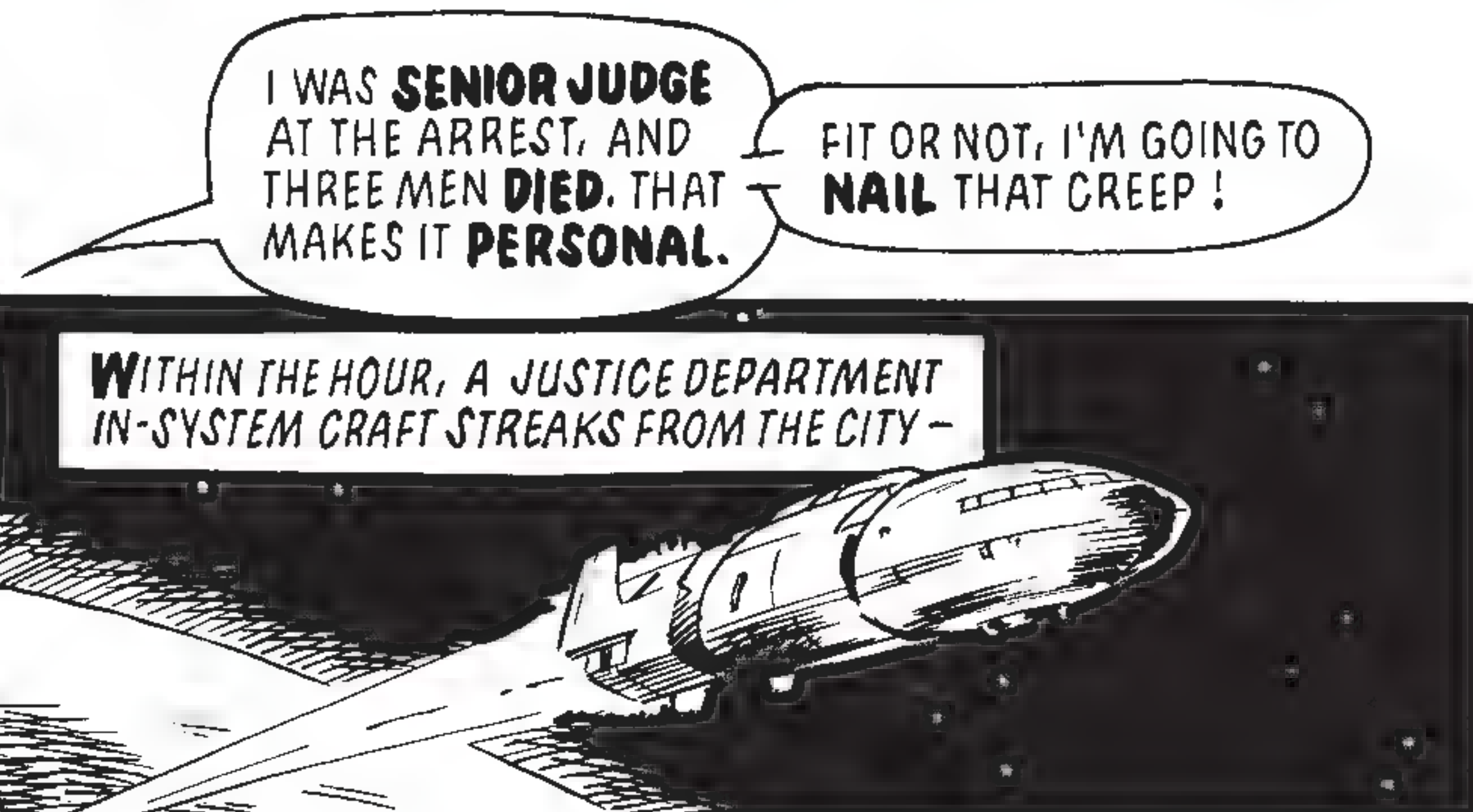
HOLY HARRY! IF HE CAN KNOCK OVER JUDGES EASY AS THAT, WE'VE GOT NO CHANCE!

SO YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, LITTLE MAN!

I HAVE WARRANTS ON OTHERS IN THIS PLACE. LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU —

DO NOT INTERFERE IN THE BUSINESS OF TRAPPER HAG!







IN APARTMENT 2100M, TEX TOOMIE BLOCK -





APPROACHING SUSPECT SHIP NOW, DREDD. PARDON ME ASKING, BUT WHY DON'T WE JUST **TOTAL** IT?

CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. COULD BE INNOCENTS ABOARD.



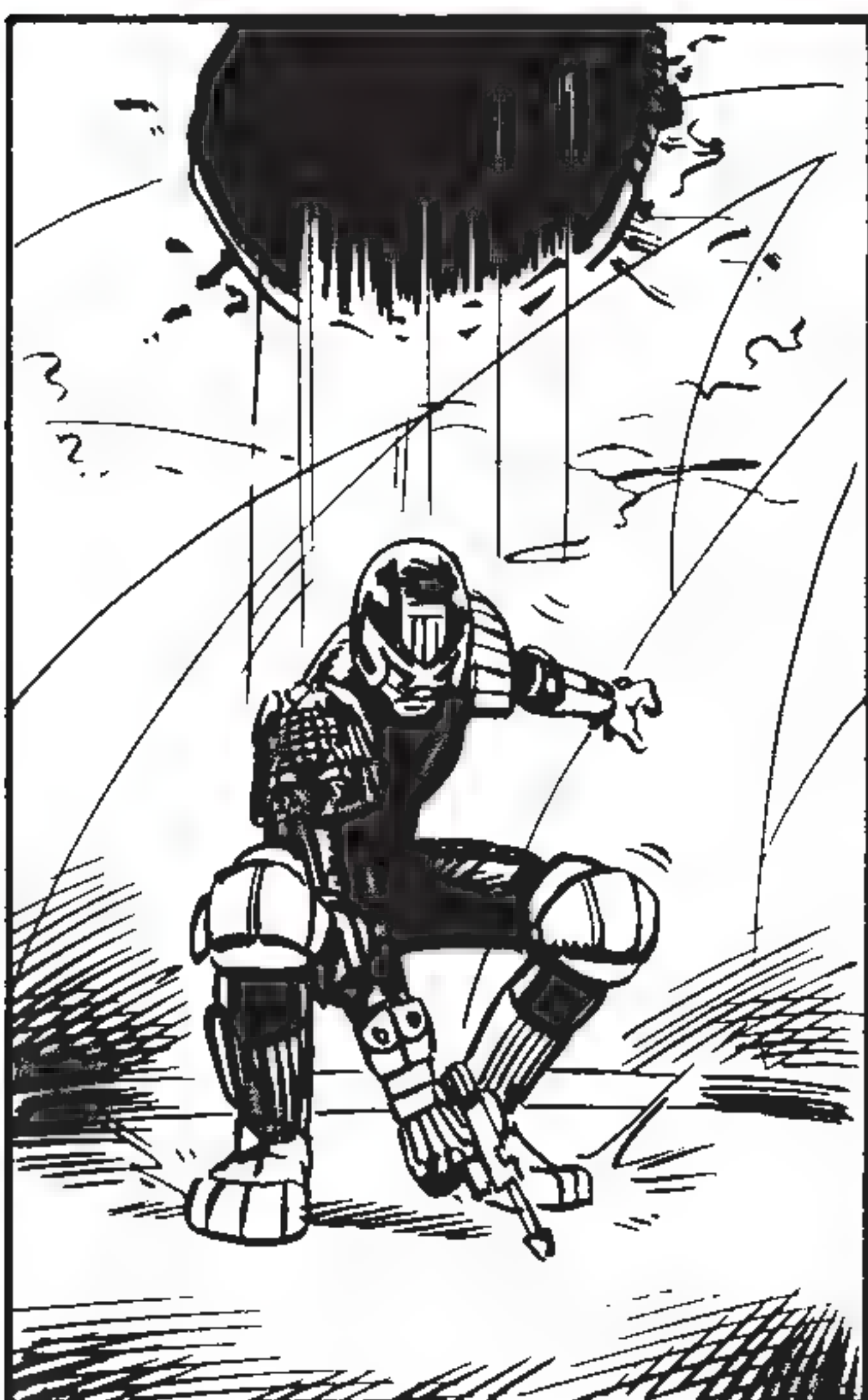
THE **LIMPET POD** IS READY. I'VE CHOSEN A SMALL SQUAD TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

FORGET IT. AGAINST TRAPPER HAG, ONE MAN'S GOT AS MUCH CHANCE AS **TWENTY**.



THE **LIMPET POD** LOCKS ON, FORMING AN AIRTIGHT SEAL AGAINST THE ALIEN HULL -

BURNING THROUGH NOW.



DROKK!

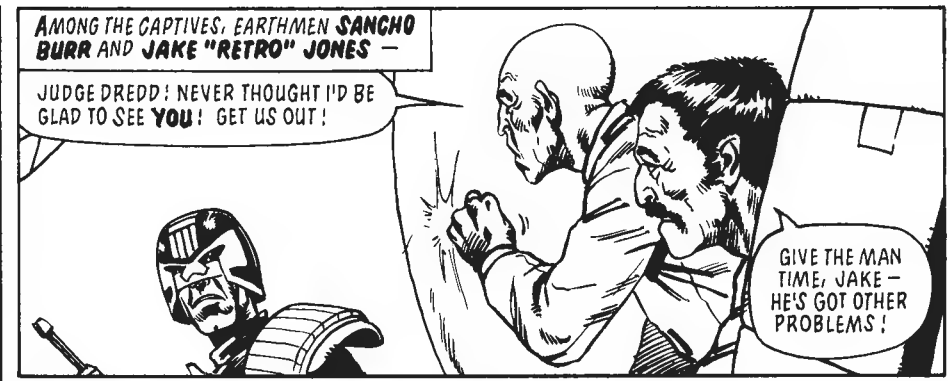
NEXT • **HAG'S BEASTS!**

ON THE FRINGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, JUDGE DREDD'S LIMPET CRAFT HAS DOCKED WITH THE SHIP OF THE ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER, TRAPPER HAG —



TRAPPER HAG PART THREE

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T.FRAME



MEANWHILE, IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S **TEX TOOMIE BLOCK**,
ANOTHER EARTHMAN IS IN DANGER —



H-HELP ME!
THEY'RE
AFTER
ME!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, CHARLIE?
WHO'S AFTER
YOU?



TH-TH-THEM!

RUN!



THE ALIEN BEASTS!
BLOW THEM
AWAY!



**TRAPPER
H-AAAGH!**

YOU WERE WARNED
TO STAY OUT OF
MY BUSINESS!



HE'S GOT HIS
**ENERGY
SHIELD
UP!**



THIS EARTHMAN IS WANTED ON PLANET EINSLAG
FOR THE CRIMES OF HIS GRANDFATHER. DO NOT
TRY TO HINDER THE PROCESS OF JUSTICE!



HE'S TELEPORTED OUT!

'JUSTICE' HE CALLS IT!
IT'S **INSANITY!**

MEANWHILE -

DOWN, BOY!

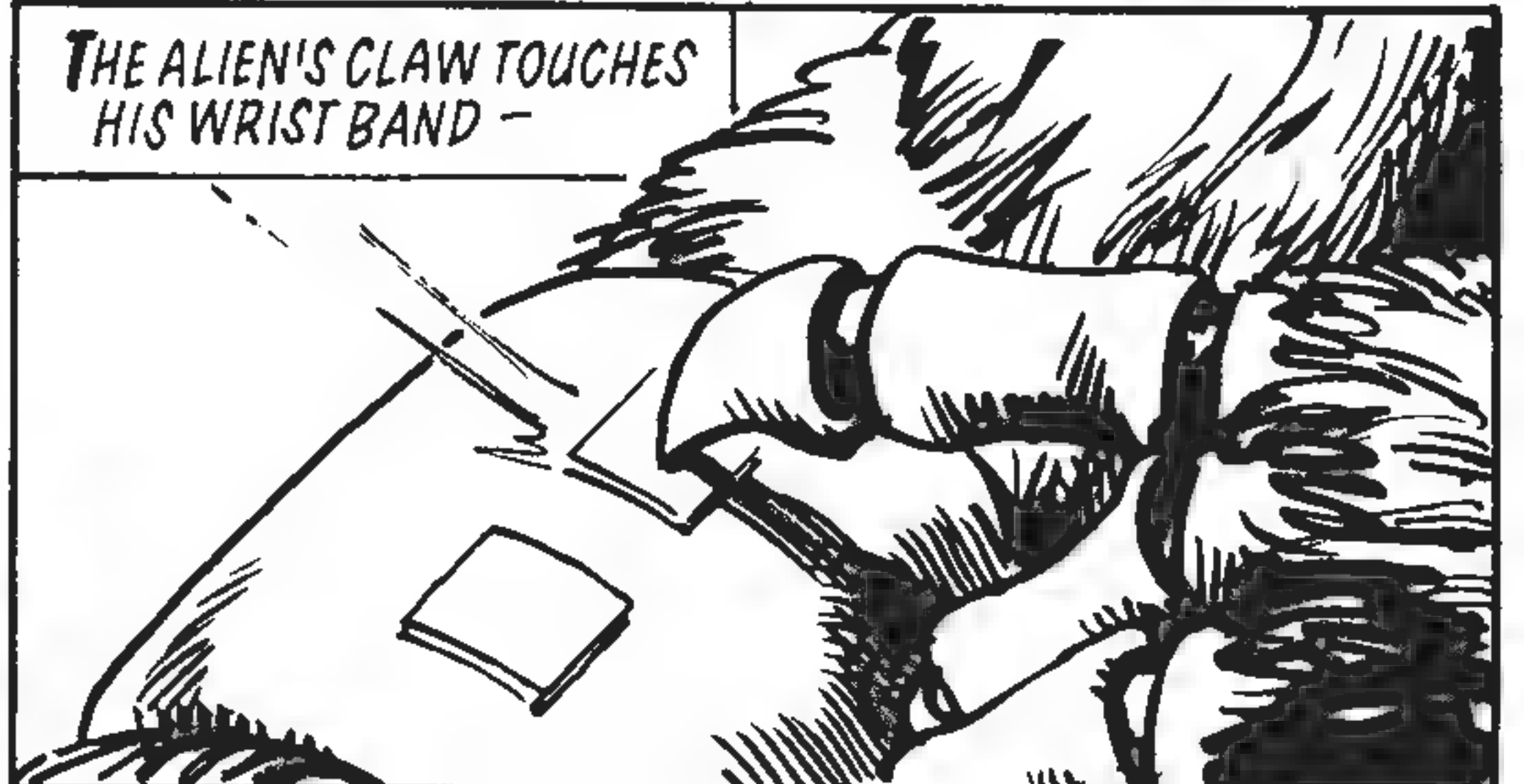
CHONK!

YOU PUT 'EM ALL TO SLEEP,
JUDGE DREDD! YOU SURE
GOT A WAY WITH ANIMALS!

THARG TRANSLATION SERVICE:
"NOT BAD, FOR A PUNY EARTHMAN!"

TELEPORTER BEAM! THE
BOUNTY HUNTER'S BACK!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!
GOTTA NAIL HIM
BEFORE HE GETS
HIS SHIELD UP.



-AND THE SHIELD EXPANDS
WITH **SUDDEN FORCE!**

FZZZTT!

UHH!

COME ON, DREDD!
GET UP! **FIGHT HIM!**
YOU'RE OUR **LAST**
CHANCE!

FIGHT HIM?
YOU'RE **CRAZY!**
HOW CAN I **FIGHT**
POWER LIKE HIS?

GO ON, HAG - **KILL ME!**

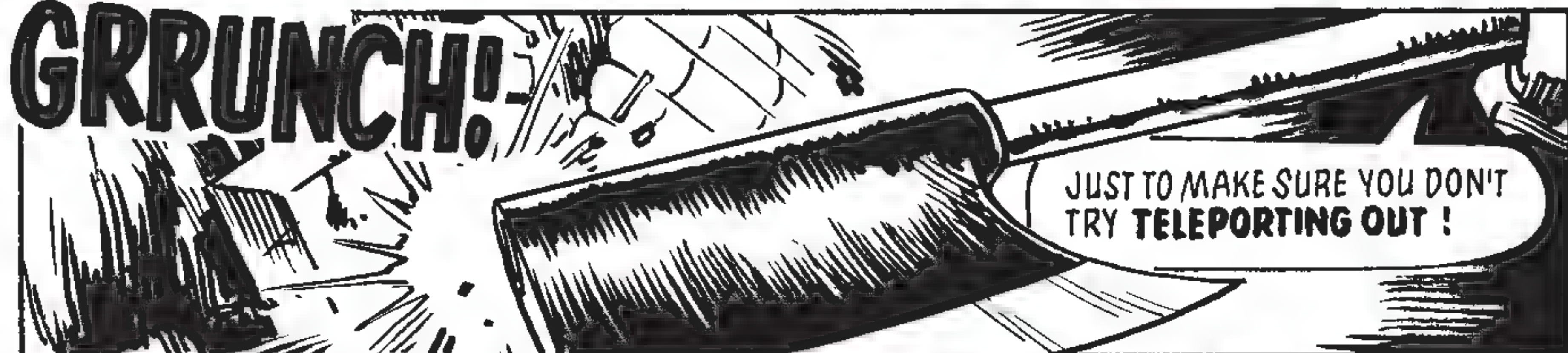
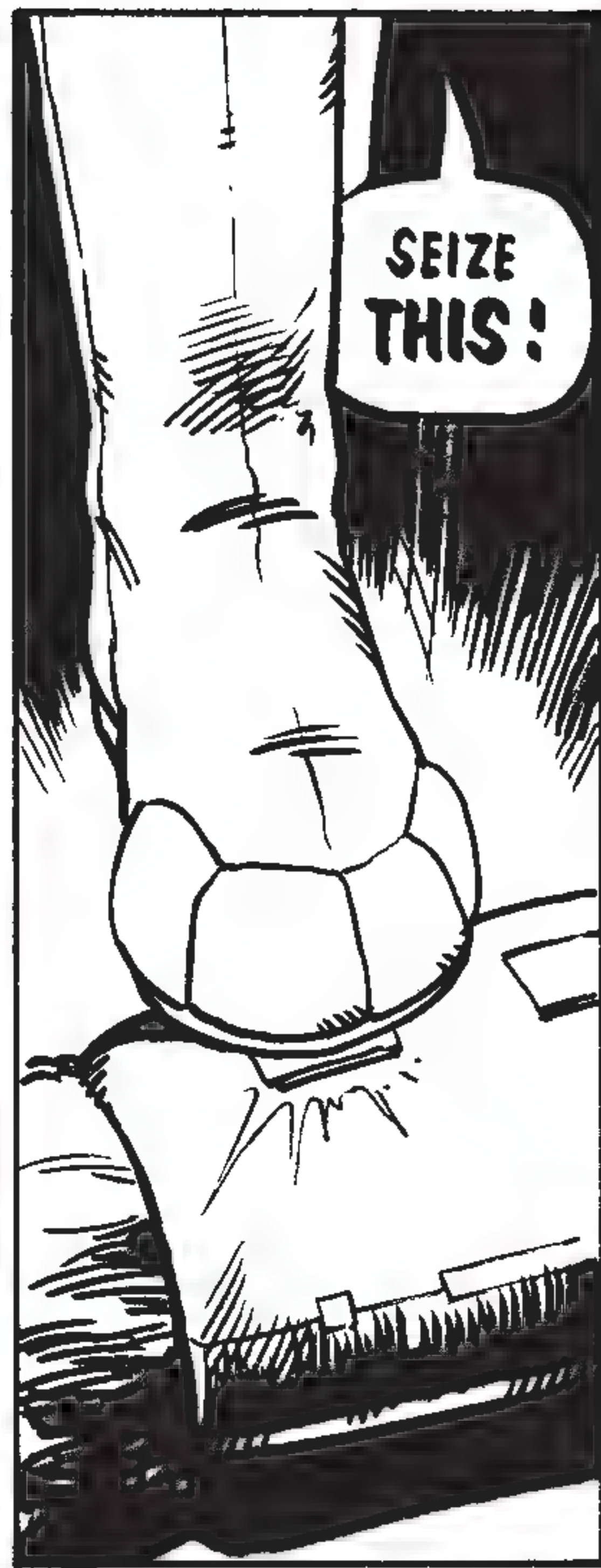
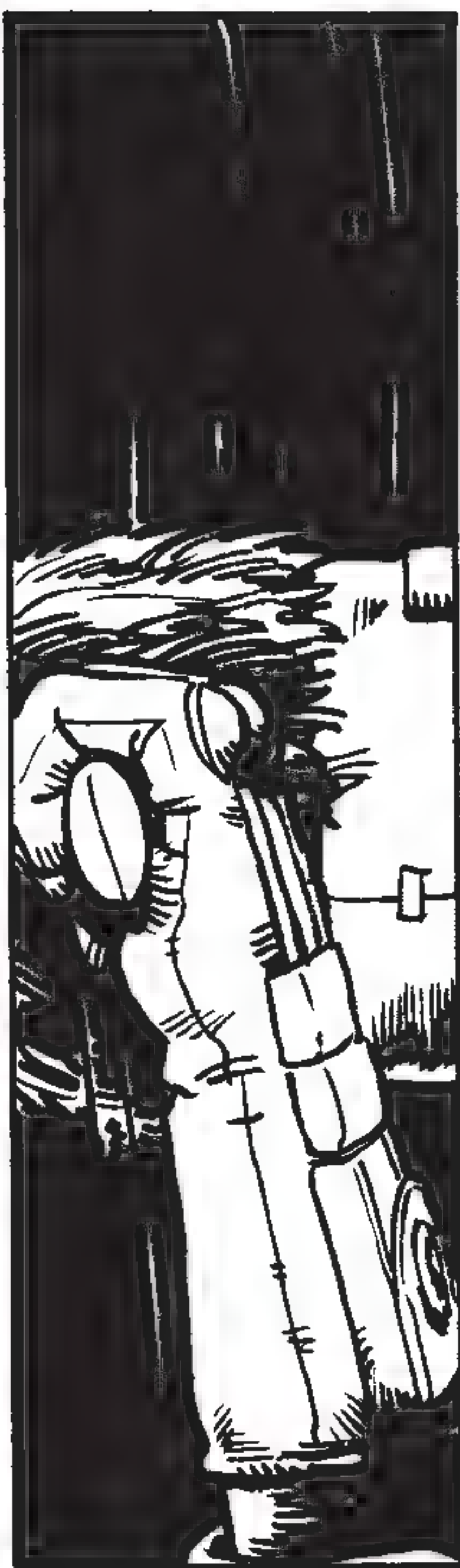
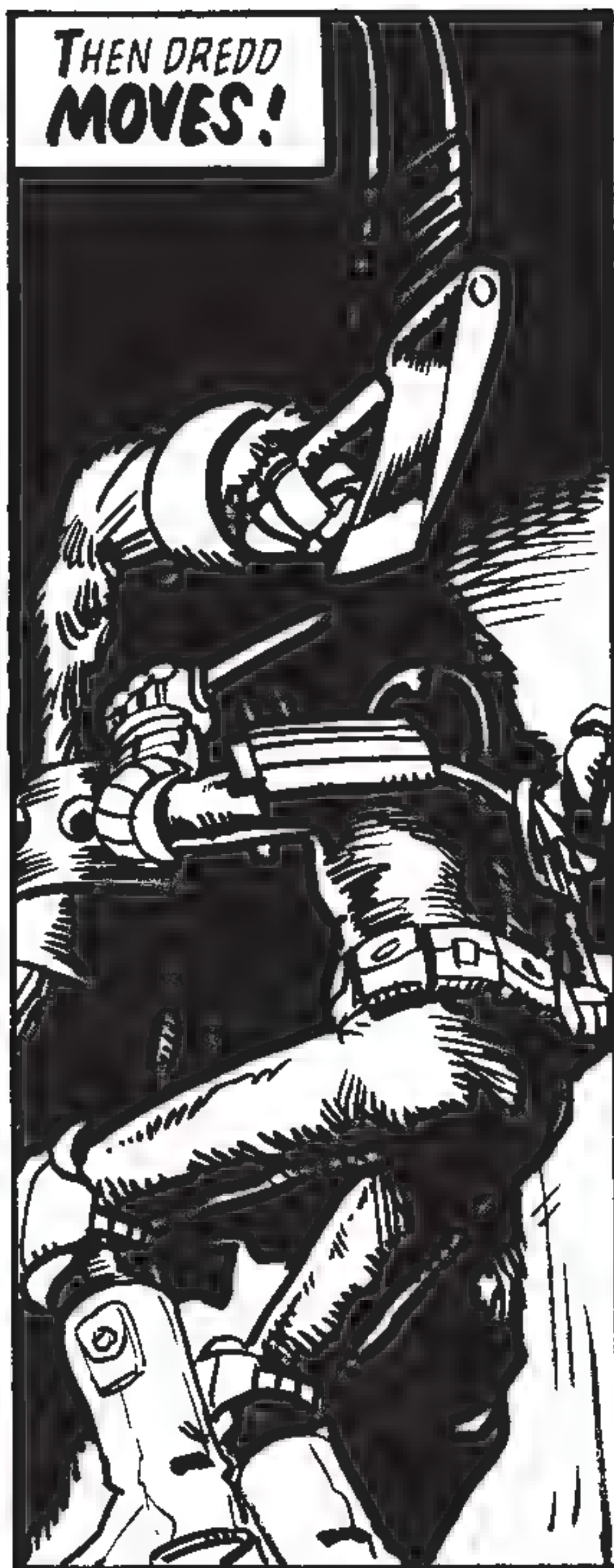
YOU'VE **BESTED** ME TWICE.
I CAN NEVER HOLD MY **HEAD**
UP IN MY CITY AGAIN.

TAKE YOUR AXE
AND CHOP IT OFF!

WITH PLEASURE!

AS THE
ALIEN'S AXE
POISES...

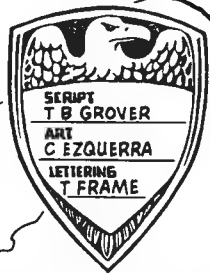
...DREDD'S HAND STEALS
TOWARDS HIS **BOOT KNIFE!**





NEXT PROG: **THE PRANKSTER**

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THE NEW
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE
IS BEING OFFICIALLY OPENED BY
CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER —



I HEREBY DECLARE THE
GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE
OPEN!

LET THIS BUILDING STAND
FOREVER AS A SYMBOL OF
EVERYTHING WE IN THIS CITY
HOLD DEAR — LAW, ORDER
AND THE UNFLINCHING
PURSUIT OF JUSTICE!

SNIP!

JUDGE DREDD

KABOOOMB!

DROKK! THAT WAS
SOME OPENING,
CHIEF JUDGE!

THE
PRANKSTER



LATER, IN THE **RUINS** OF THE NEW **GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE** -

DESTRUCTION ON A MASSIVE SCALE - NO-ONE INJURED - AND NO CLUES AS TO THE **PERP**. IT BEARS ALL THE HALLMARKS OF ONE MAN...

THE PRANKSTER!



A NUMBER OF FANTASTIC **PRACTICAL JOKES** HAD RECENTLY BEEN PLAYED IN MEGA-CITY ONE...

EVERY TRAFFIC CONTROL IN THE CITY HAS BEEN **ELECTRONICALLY JAMMED!** THE WHOLE CITY'S AT A STANDSTILL!

IT'S THE BIGGEST **SNARL-UP** IN HISTORY!

...JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BELIEVED THEM ALL TO BE THE WORK OF **ONE PERSON**...

THE ENTIRE SECTOR'S **SEWAGE SYSTEM** HAS BEEN CLOGGED! **ISSUE GASMASKS!** **EMERGENCY EVACUATION!**

...THE UNKNOWN **PERP** THEY'D CHRISTENED...



...THE **PRANKSTER!**



THE PRANKSTER'S MAKING A **MOCKERY** OF THE LAW! HE'S GOT TO BE **FOUND** - **BOOKED** - AND **LOCKED AWAY!**

IF WE KNEW WHERE HE'LL STRIKE NEXT, WE'D HAVE A CHANCE OF TRAPPING HIM.

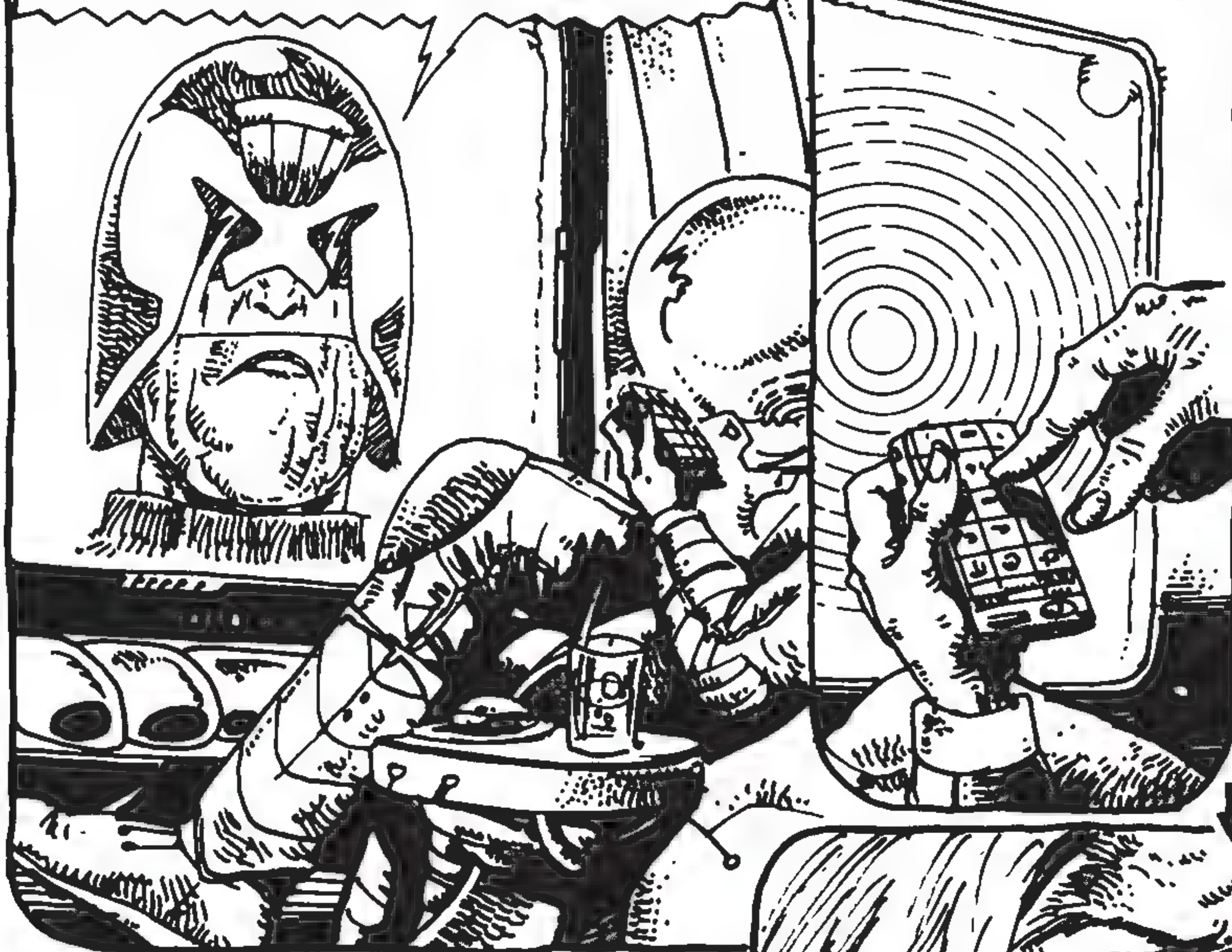
RECKON THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT IS SET HIM A TARGET HE WON'T BE ABLE TO **RESIST!**



THAT EVENING, JUDGE DREDD APPEARS ON CITY-WIDE VID -

EVERY AVAILABLE WORKER IS BEING DRAFTED IN. THE NEW NEW GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE WILL BE OPENED ON APRIL THE FIRST - WITHOUT FAIL!

AND IF THE PRANKSTER HAS ANY IDEAS ABOUT DESTROYING IT AGAIN, HE CAN FORGET THEM! SECURITY WILL BE SO TIGHT, EVEN A FLY WON'T GET IN THERE WITHOUT US KNOWING!



OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, JUDGE DREDD!

BY MARCH 31ST, CONSTRUCTION WORK IS COMPLETE -

JUDGE CORDON ALL ROUND THE BUILDING; SPY-IN-THE-SKY SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS; RADIO, AUDIO AND VIDEO MONITORS EVERYWHERE!



HE'S TAUNTING YOU, SIR. HE'S CHALLENGING YOU TO REPEAT YOUR LAST ESCAPE IN ORDER TO TRAP YOU.

OF COURSE HE IS, HIVES! AND IT'S A CHALLENGE I'VE NO INTENTION OF REFUSING!



I'LL FIND A WAY IN THERE - AND I'LL MAKE DREDD LOOK SO SICK, HE'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!

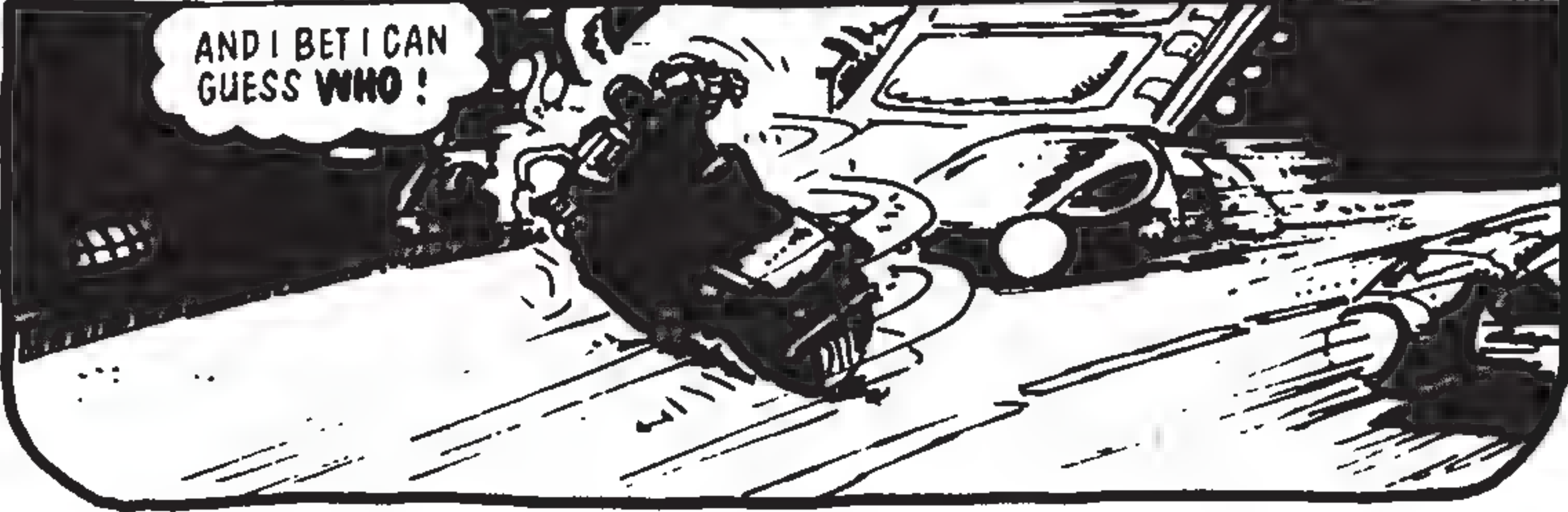
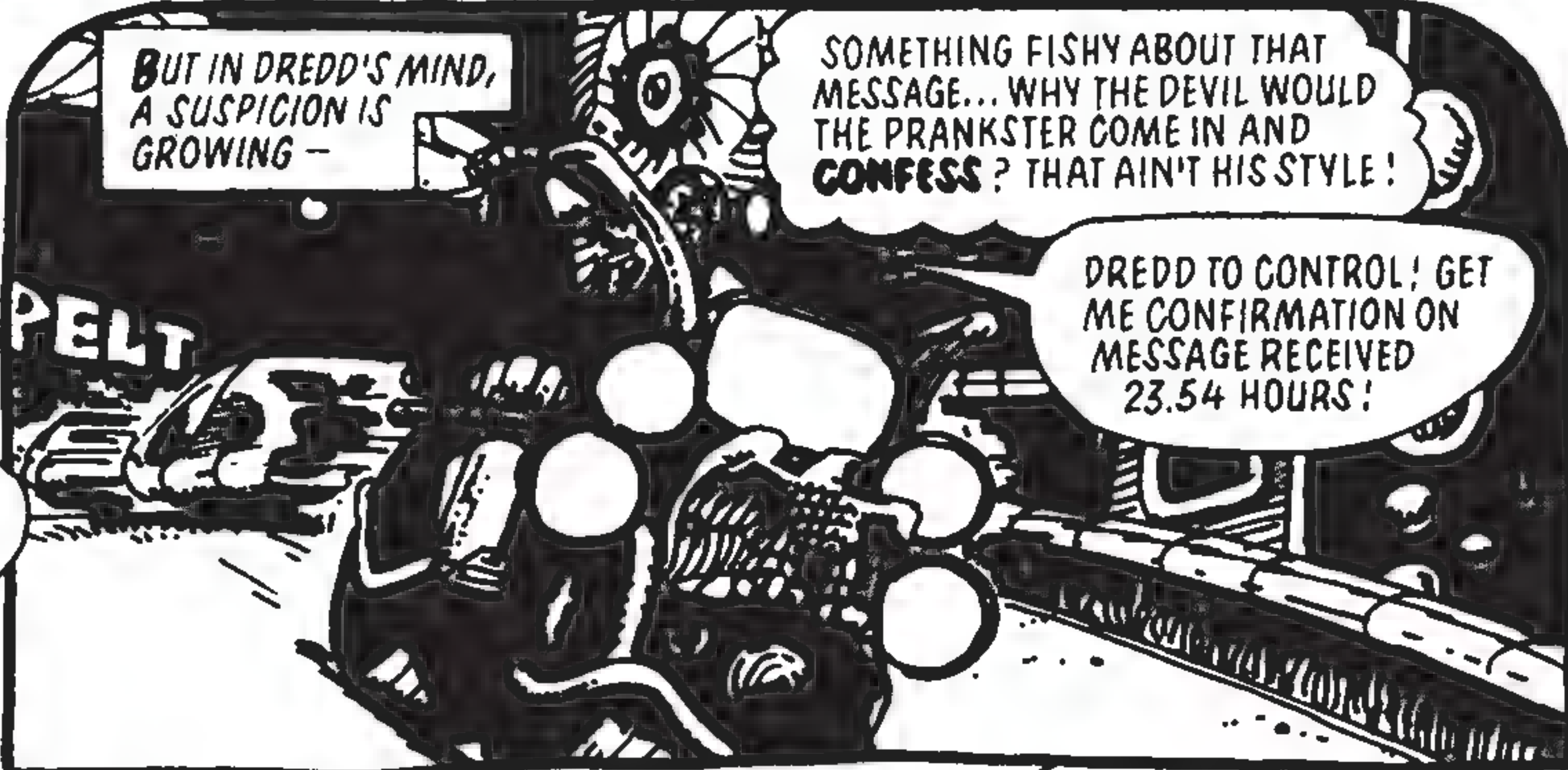
IF IT CAN BE DONE, I WILL DO IT. AFTER ALL, I AM THE PRANKSTER!

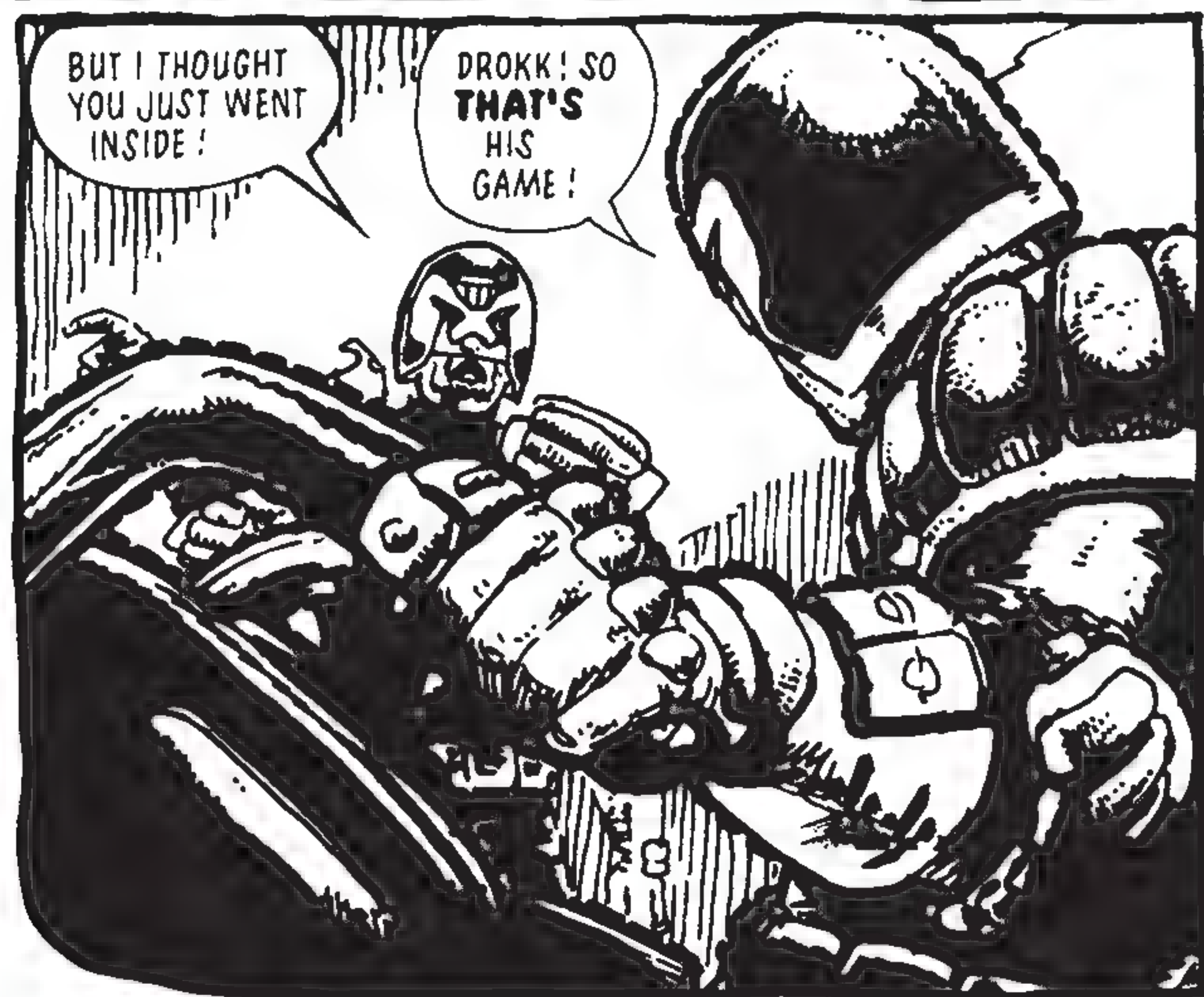


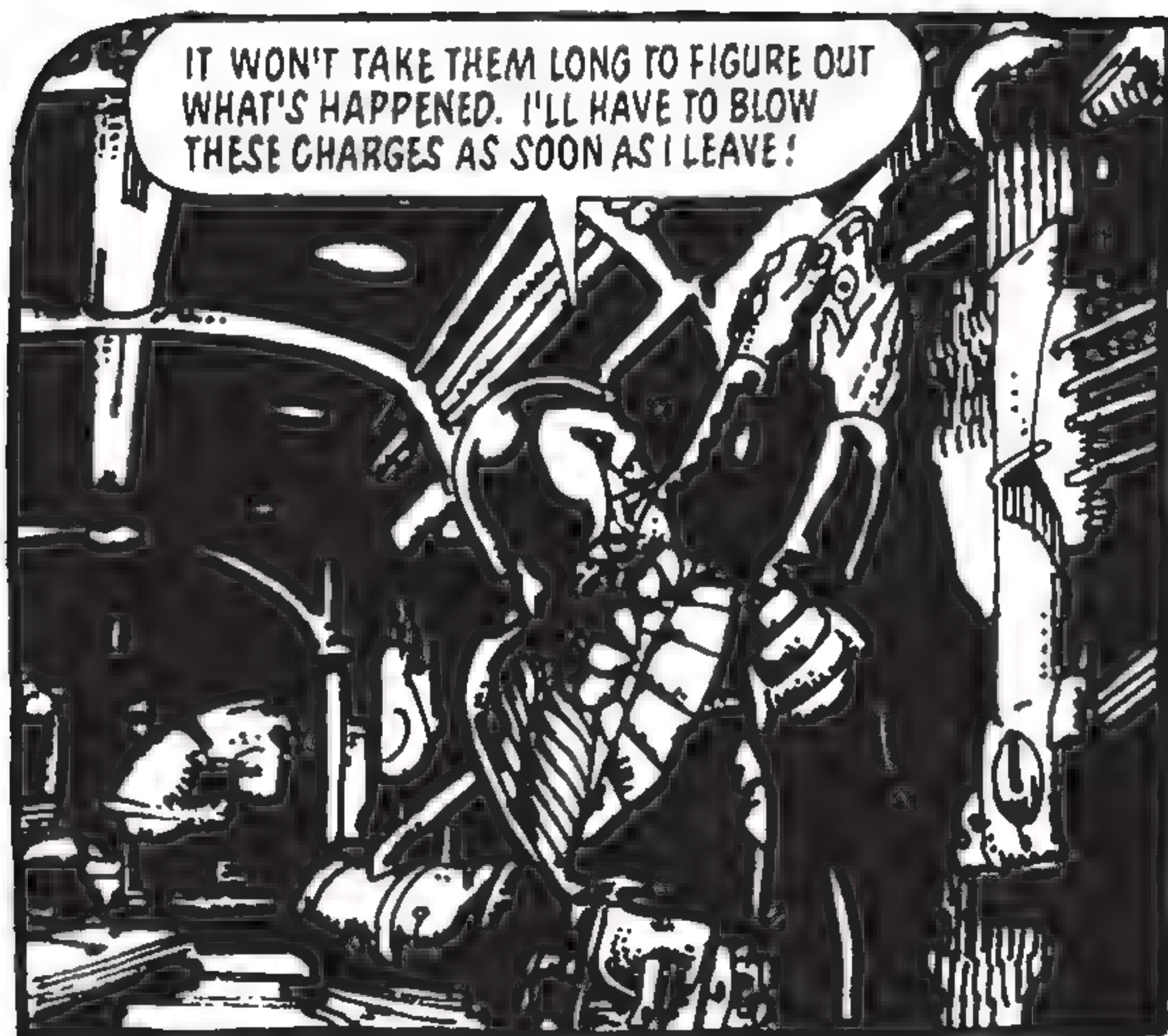
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST TO ABANDON THIS ATTEMPT, SIR. JUDGE DREDD MEANT WHAT HE SAID - EVEN A FLY COULDN'T GET IN THERE

MAYBE A FLY COULDN'T, HIVES - BUT I KNOW ONE MAN WHO CAN!

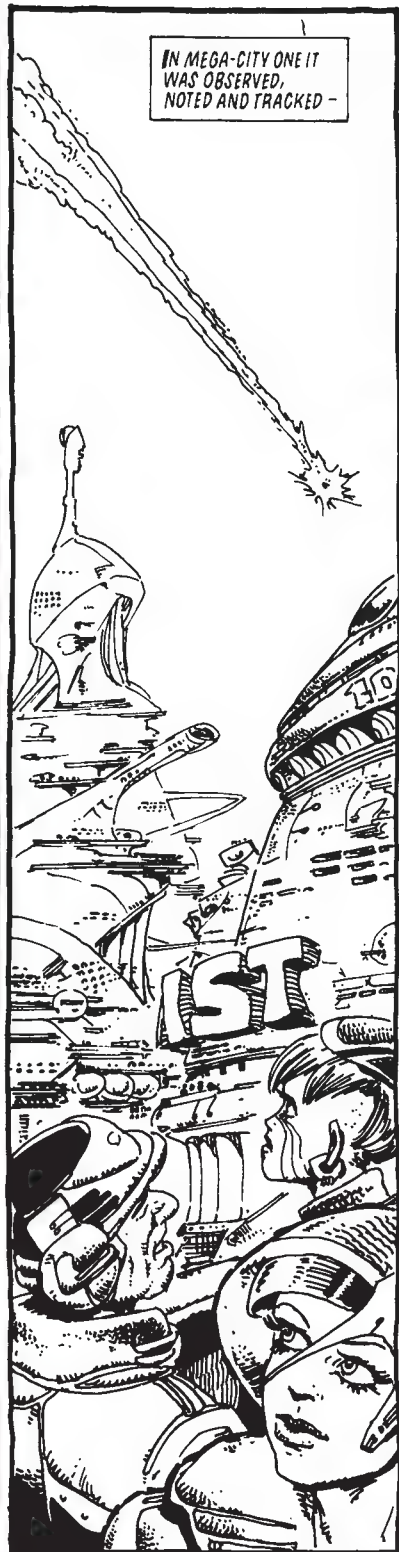








JUDGE DREDD



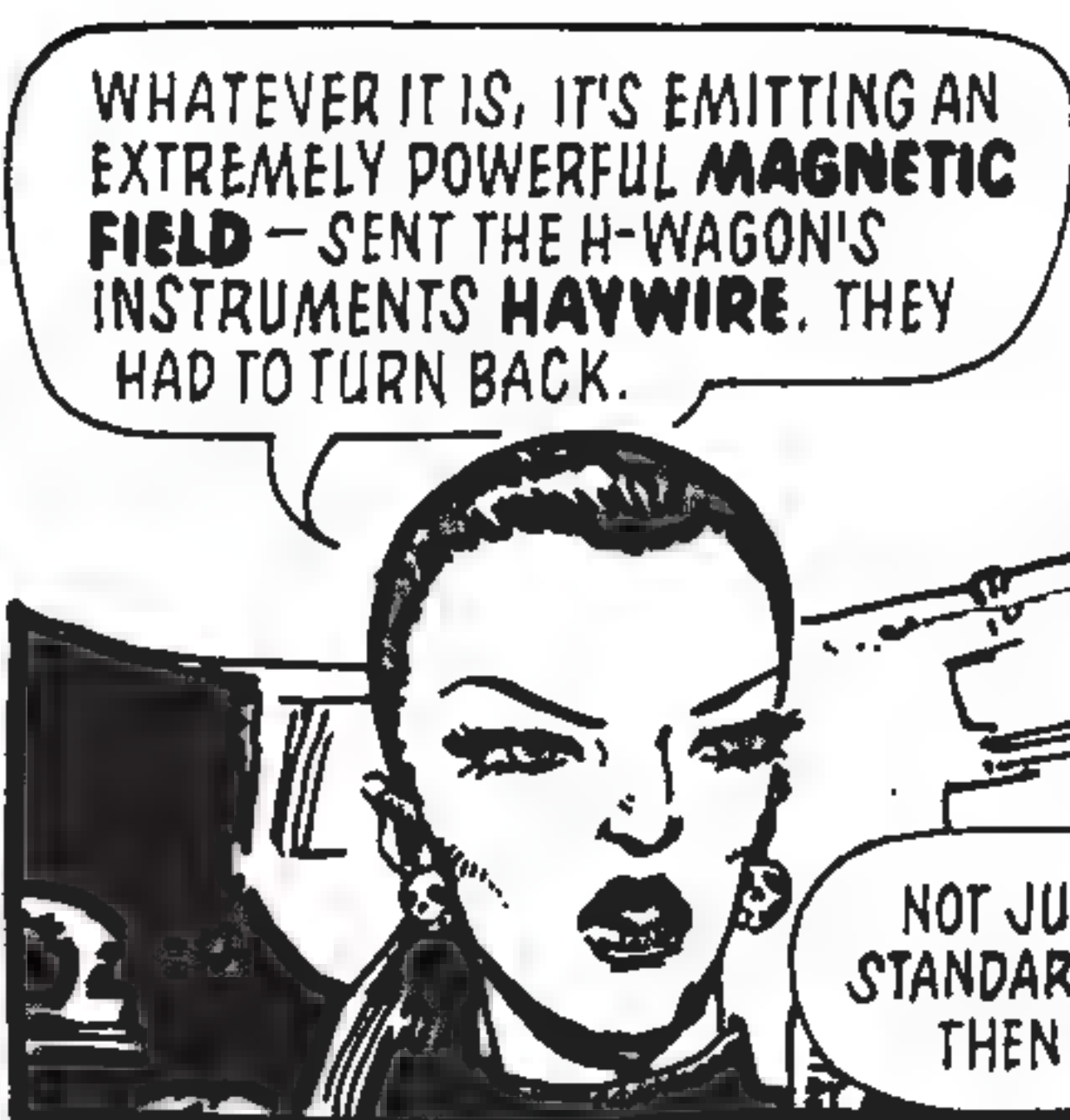


A DAY LATER, **JUDGE DREDD** IS CALLED TO SEE **CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER** —

THAT **UFO** THAT CAME DOWN IN THE GRIFF MOUNTAINS — WE SENT AN H-WAGON TO INVESTIGATE.

WHAT DID THEY FIND?

NOTHING — THEY COULDN'T GET **CLOSE** ENOUGH.



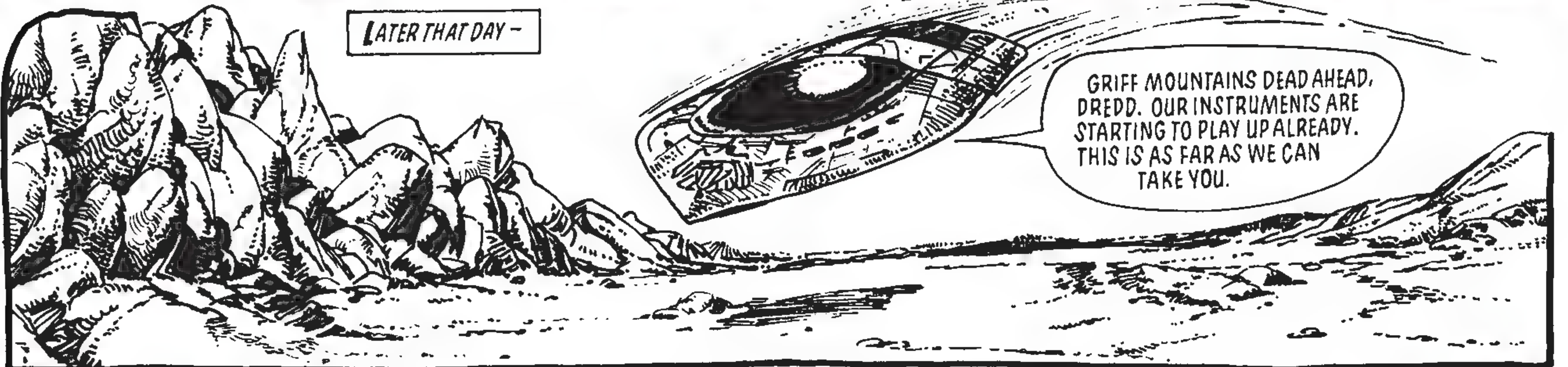
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S EMITTING AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL **MAGNETIC FIELD** — SENT THE H-WAGON'S INSTRUMENTS **HAYWIRE**. THEY HAD TO TURN BACK.

NOT JUST YOUR STANDARD METEOR, THEN?



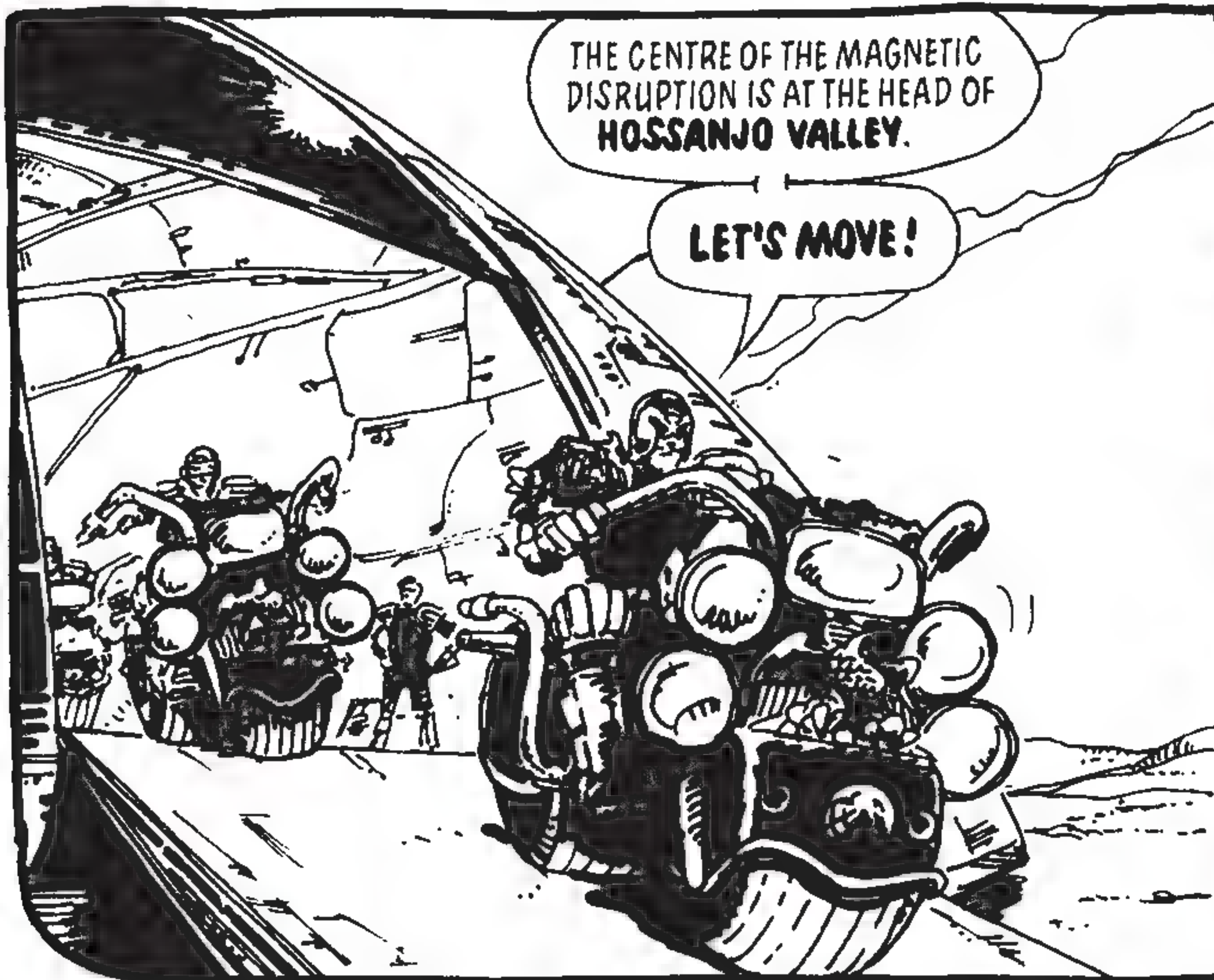
FAR FROM IT. I'M SENDING IN A TEK-PARTY BY LAND. I WANT YOU TO LEAD IT. HOW SOON CAN YOU BE READY TO LEAVE?

I'M READY NOW.



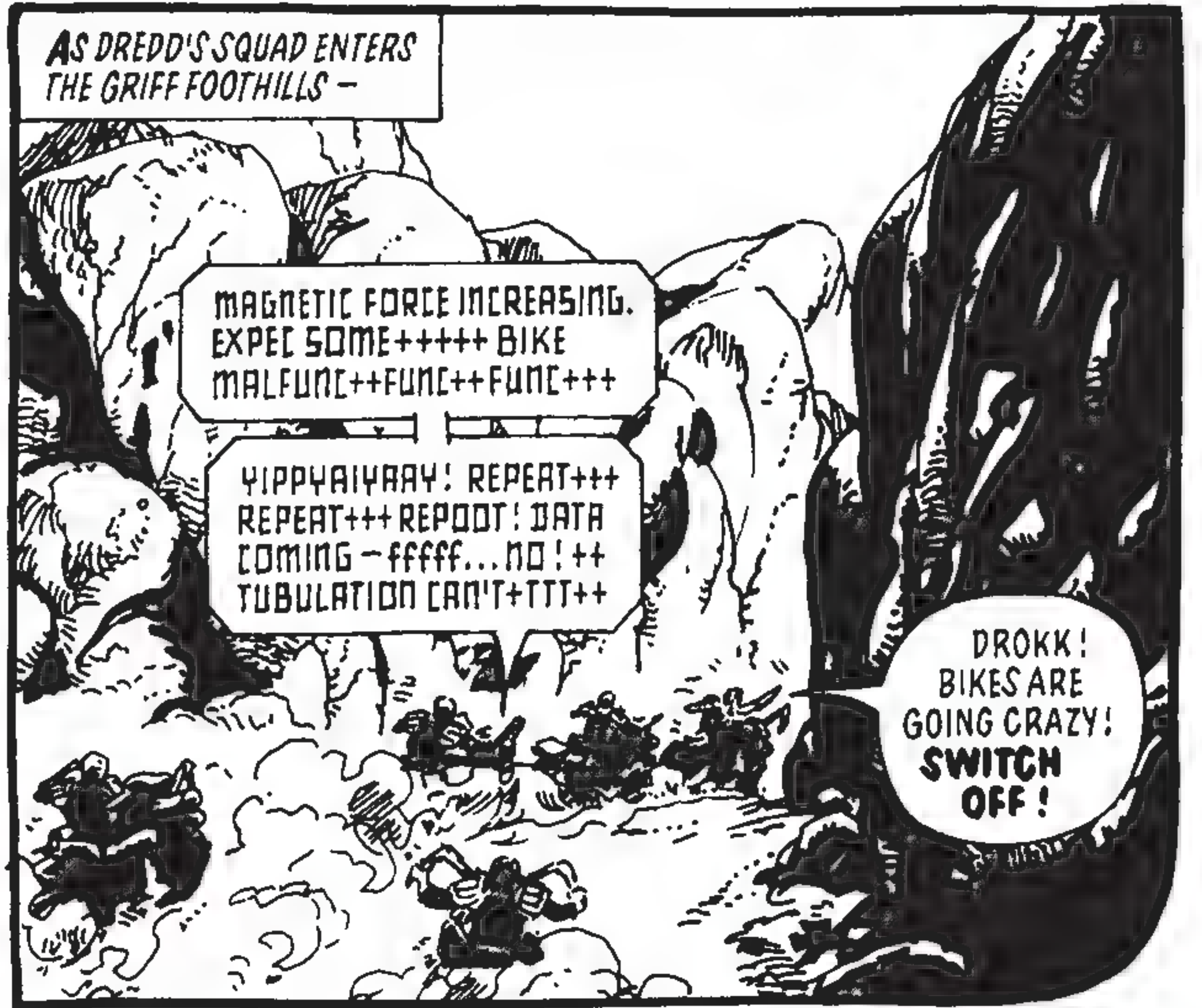
LATER THAT DAY —

GRIFF MOUNTAINS DEAD AHEAD, DREDD. OUR INSTRUMENTS ARE STARTING TO PLAY UP ALREADY. THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN TAKE YOU.



THE CENTRE OF THE MAGNETIC DISRUPTION IS AT THE HEAD OF **HOSSANJO VALLEY**.

LET'S MOVE!

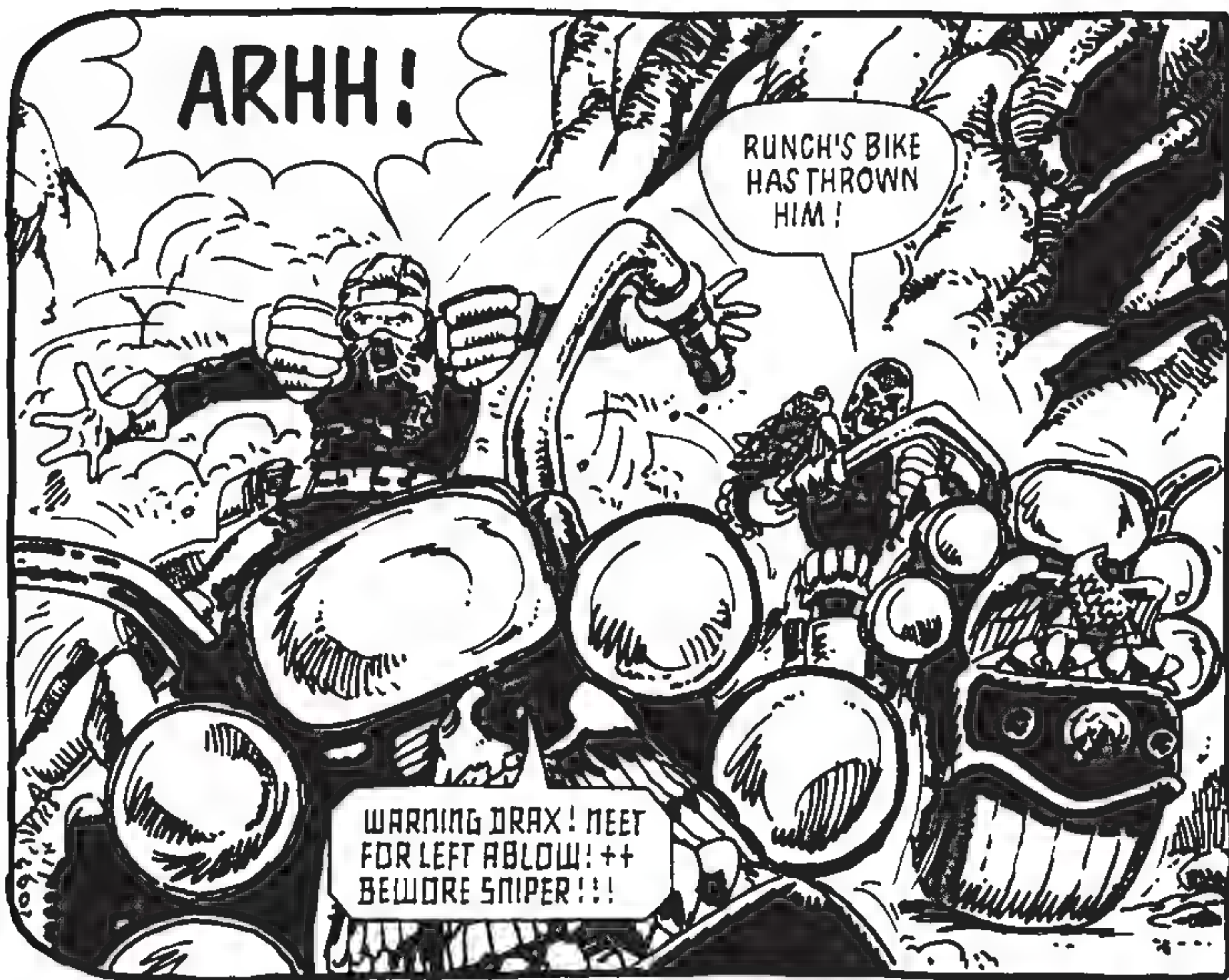


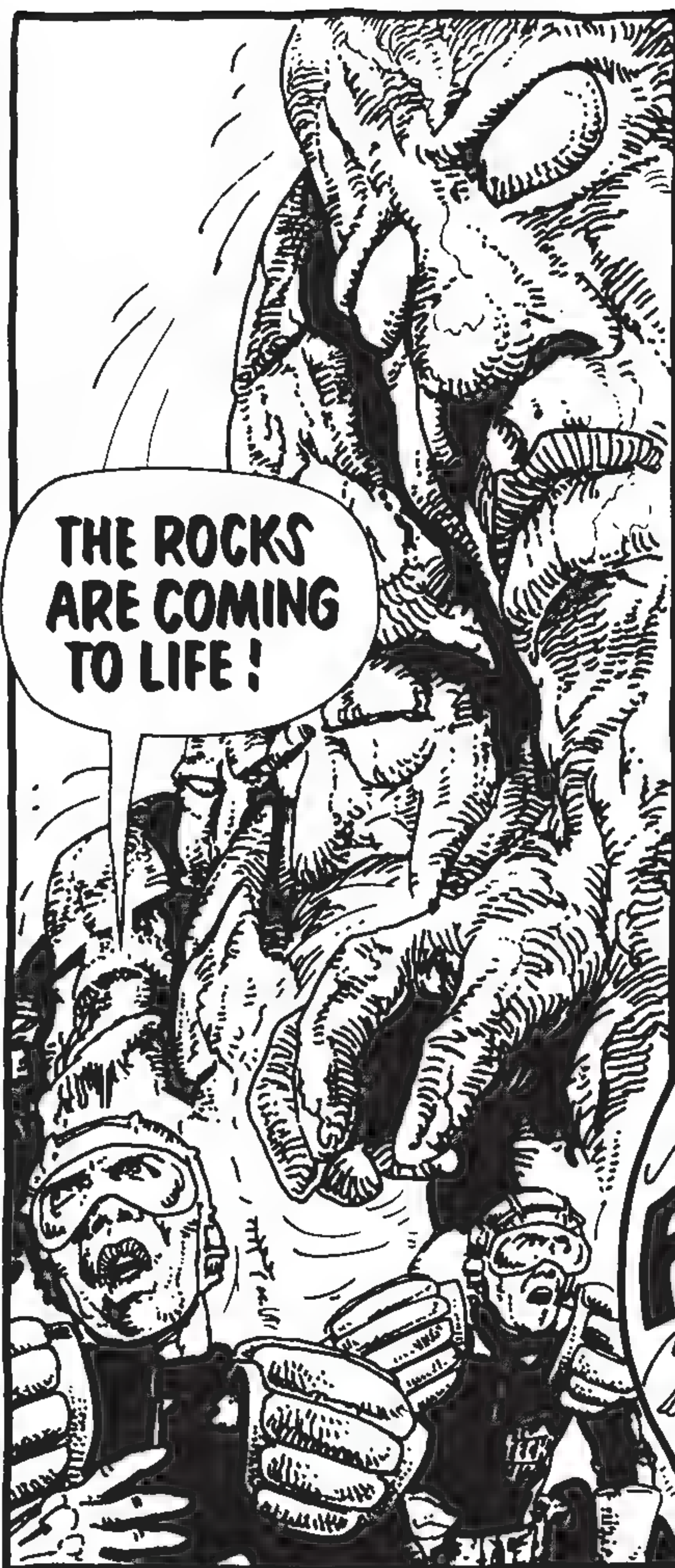
AS DREDD'S SQUAD ENTERS THE GRIFF FOOTHILLS —

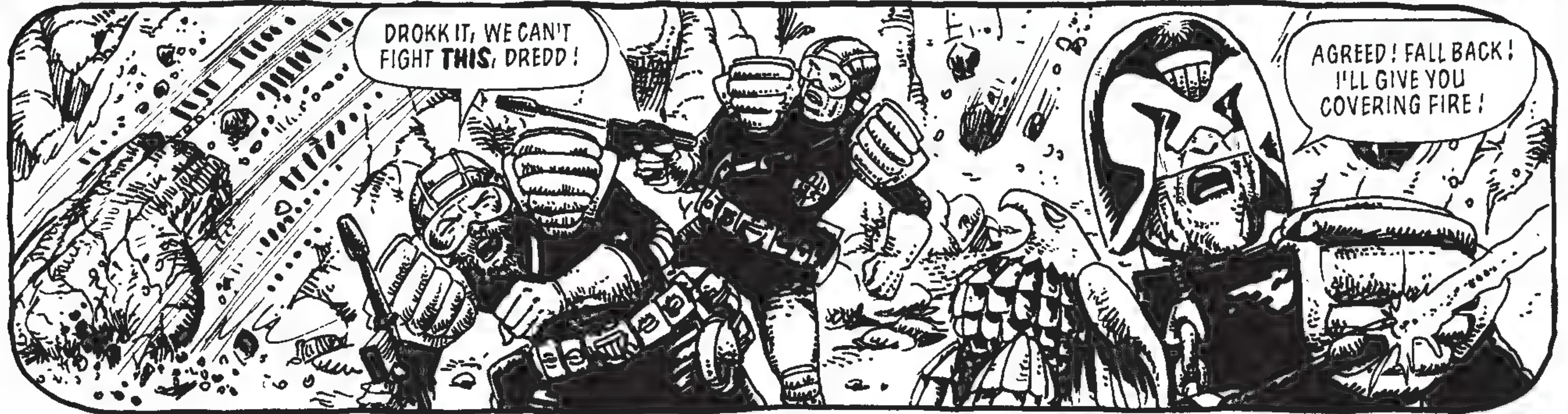
MAGNETIC FORCE INCREASING. EXPECT SOME++++ BIKE MALFUNCTION+++

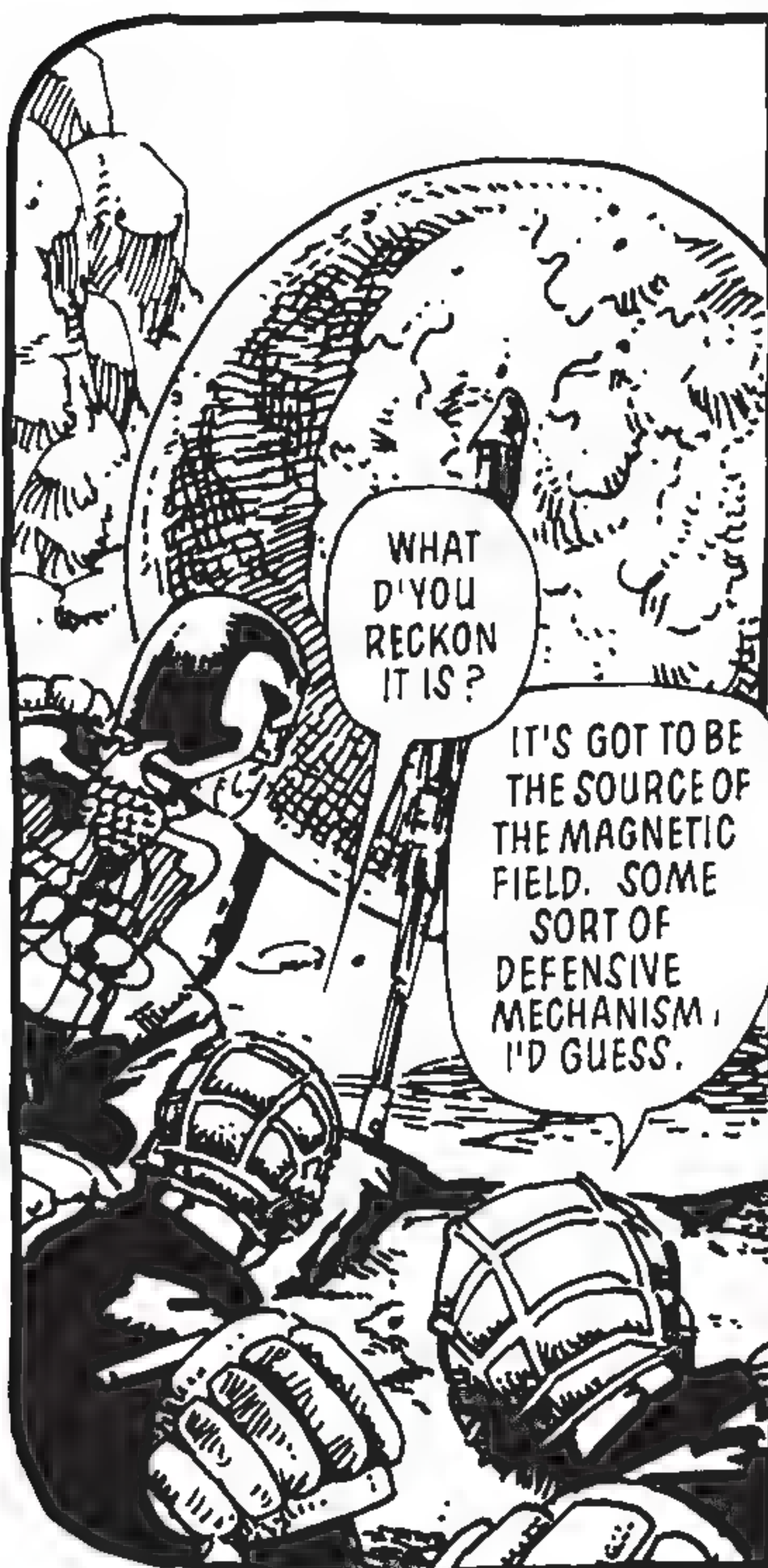
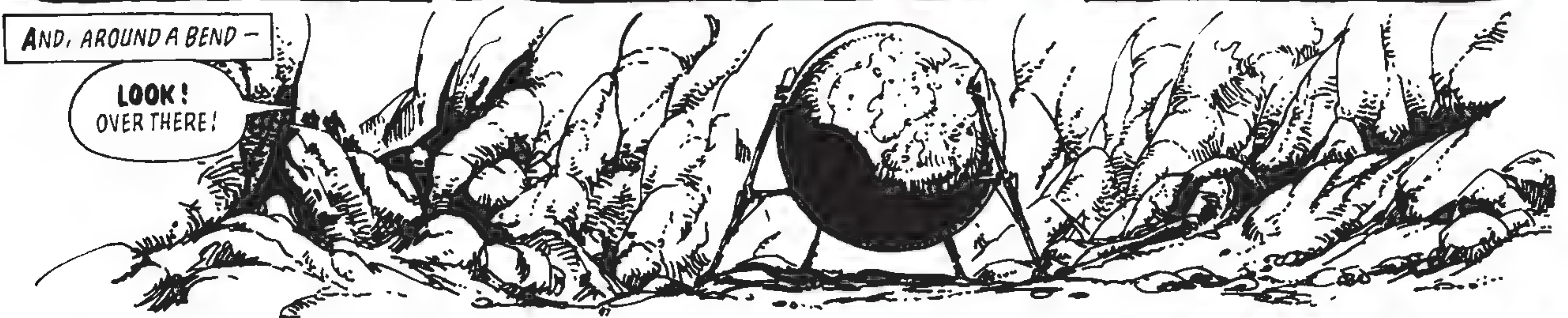
YIPPEEYAY! REPEAT+++ REPEAT+++ REPEAT! DATA COMING — fffff... NO! ++ TUBULATION CAN'T+TTT++

DROKK! BIKES ARE GOING CRAZY! **SWITCH OFF!**













In the *Starborn* thing Part 2

AN ALIEN PROJECTILE HAS LANDED IN THE CURSED EARTH. JUDGE DREDD AND A TEK-PARTY ARE SENT TO INVESTIGATE. NOW, IN THE HOSSANJO VALLEY —

DROKK! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN ALIEN!

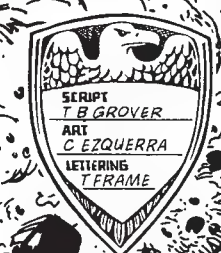
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S... IN PAIN!

RUNCH!

AARGH!

IN BLIND AGONY, THE CREATURE LASHES OUT —

KRROOM!



SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING T. FRAME

THEN IT STUMBLES... CLAWS HELPLESSLY
AT THE UNCARING ROCK -



FOR A MOMENT IT TWITCHES CONVULSIVELY... AND THEN...

LOOKS LIKE IT'S... DEAD!



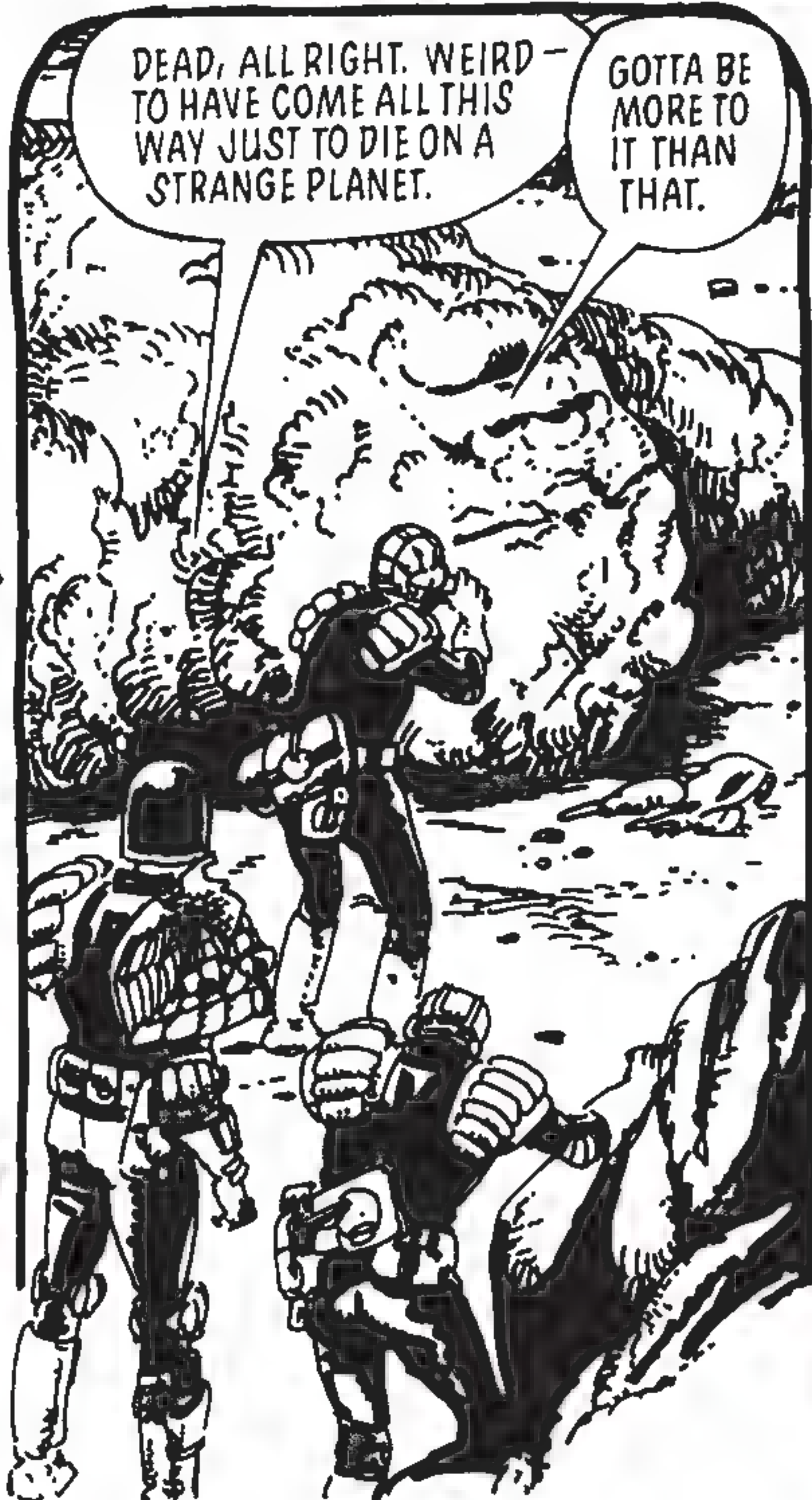
YOU OKAY, RUNCH?

FEELS LIKE
I'VE BEEN
RUN OVER
BY A
MOPAD!



DEAD, ALL RIGHT. WEIRD -
TO HAVE COME ALL THIS
WAY JUST TO DIE ON A
STRANGE PLANET.

GOTTA BE
MORE TO
IT THAN
THAT.



HERE - TAKE A LOOK AT
ITS BRAIN THROUGH THE
X-RAY SCANNER.

PRETTY SMALL.

YEAH. I'D RATE ITS
INTELLIGENCE
ABOUT ON A PAR
WITH A KILO OF
MUNCE!





INSTINCTIVELY, RUNCH
PULLS AWAY - AND
A GHASTLY FORM
IS RIPPED FROM
THE SWELLING!

GRUD! WHAT HELL-SPAWNED
DEMON IS THIS?

GET IT OFF ME!
GET IT OFF!

HELP HIM, DEEX!



THEN DREDD HIMSELF IS SEIZED BY THE
PARASITE'S GRASPING TENTACLES!

ONE WRITHING LIMB
RISES. NEEDLE-SHARP
SPINES SPIT OUT -

AND BITE HOME!

UNNGH!

THE
THING'S DONE
SOMETHING
TO HIM!





USE YOUR KNIFE, RUNCH!
CUT HIM LOOSE!



AS THEY STRUGGLE,
DREDD'S HAND
MOVES TO HIS
LAWGIVER -



BLAMM!



RUNCH!
YOU'VE
KILLED
RUNCH!

I... DIDN'T DO IT! SOMETHING'S...
CONTROLLING MY...
MOVEMENTS...



THE PARASITE!
IT'S GOTTA BE!
IT... IT'S TURNING
ON YOU, NOW...

SHOOT ME, DEEX! IT'S
YOUR ONLY CHANCE!



**BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!**

AAAAH!

NEXT
PROG: **A JUDGE POSSESSED!**



IN THE CURSED EARTH, JUDGE DREDD HAS BECOME HOST FOR A TERRIFYING ALIEN PARASITE —

THE PARASITE'S CONTROLLING MY MOVEMENTS!

SHOOT ME, DEEX — BEFORE IT MAKES ME KILL YOU!



AAAHH!

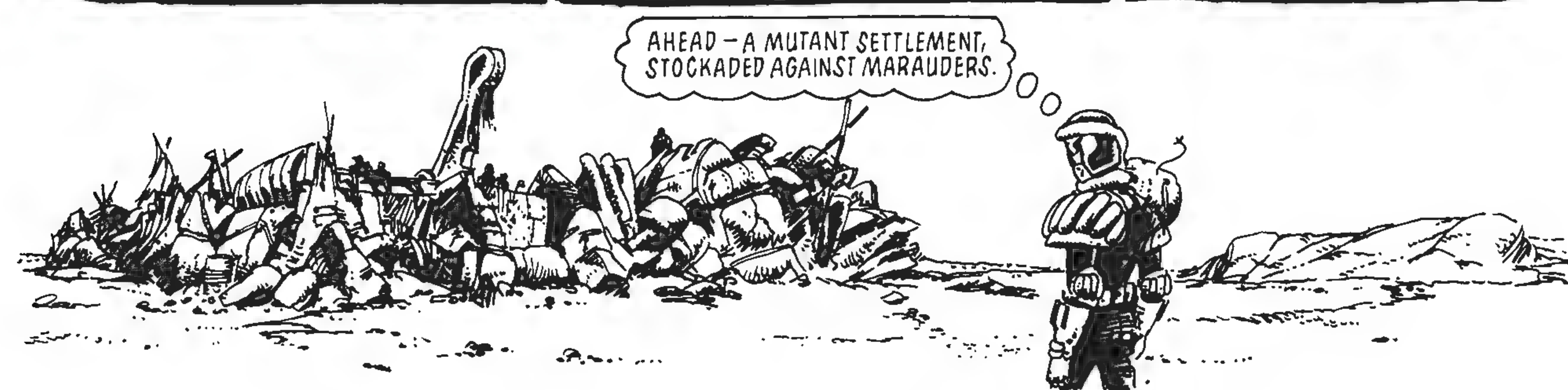
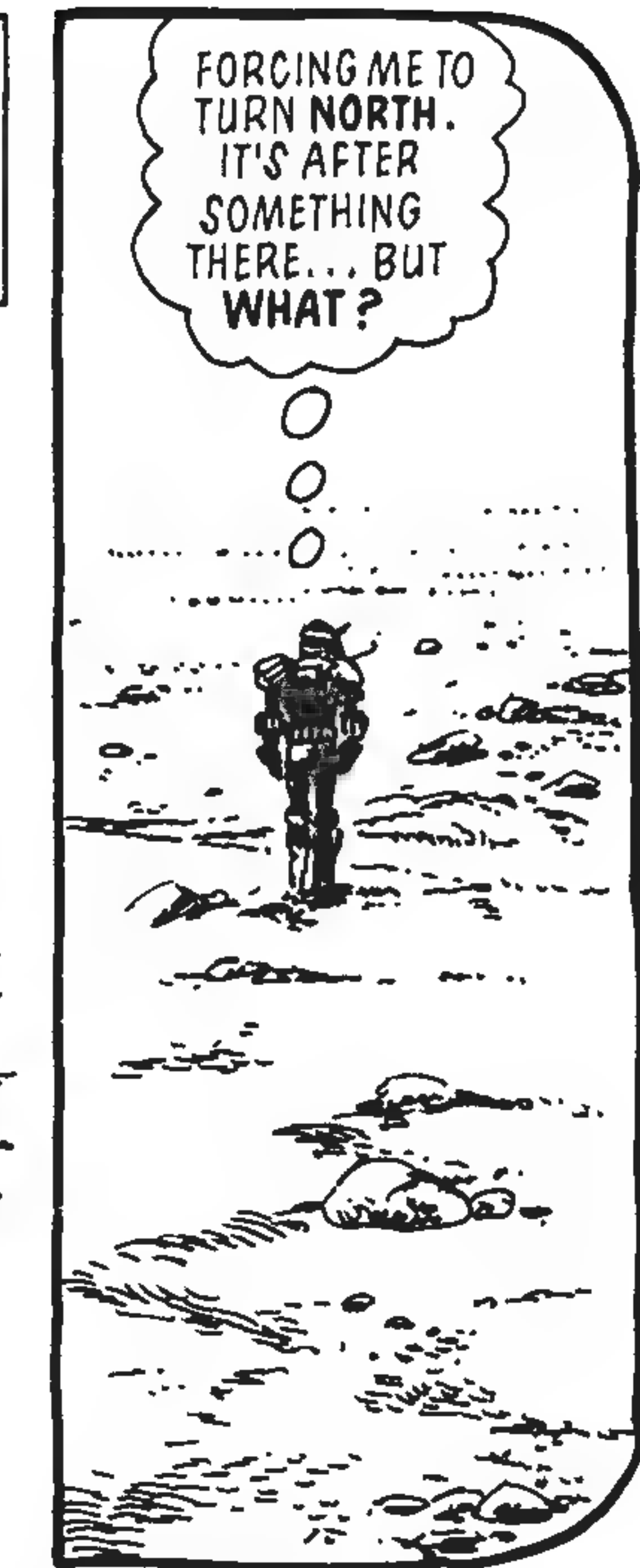
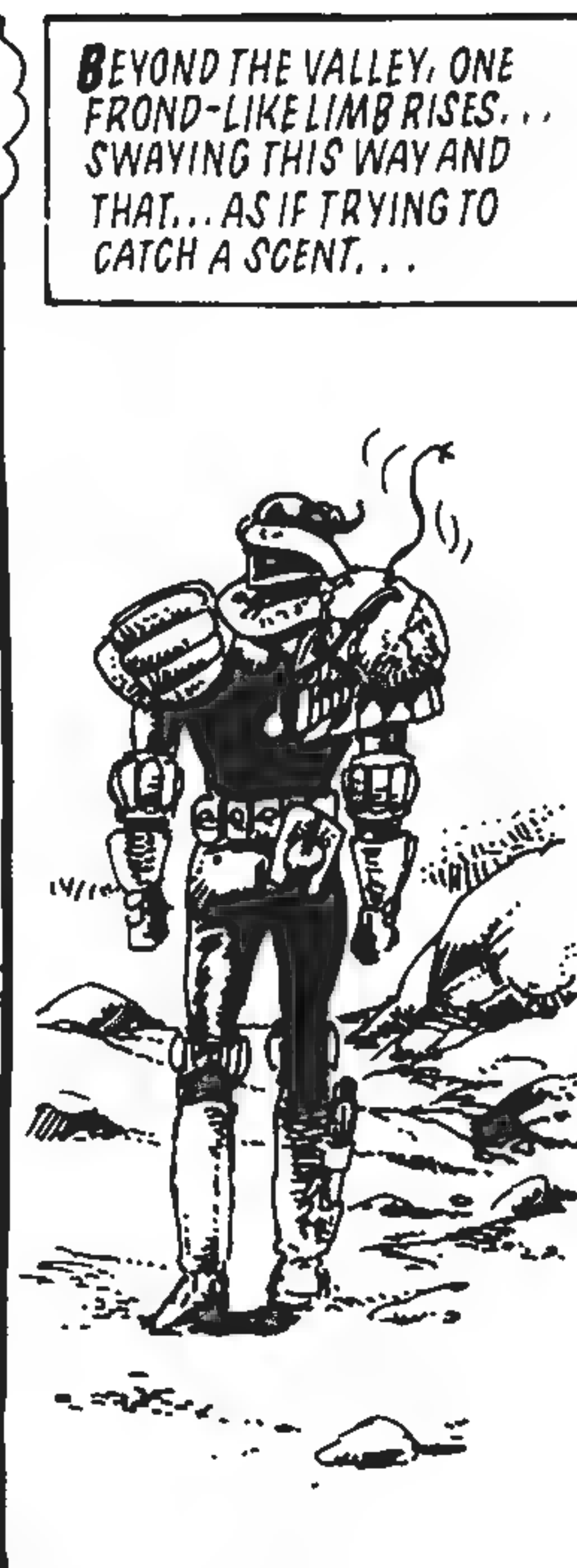


I'VE KILLED THEM BOTH! WHAT'VE I DONE?

WHAT HAS THIS THING MADE ME DO?

THE THING FORCES DREDD TO TURN. STEERS HIS HELPLESS BODY AWAY FROM ITS VICTIMS —

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME





SOMEONE COMING! LOOKS LIKE A JUDGE!

WHAT IN HELL IS THAT ON HIS HEAD?

SURE AIN'T A HAT!

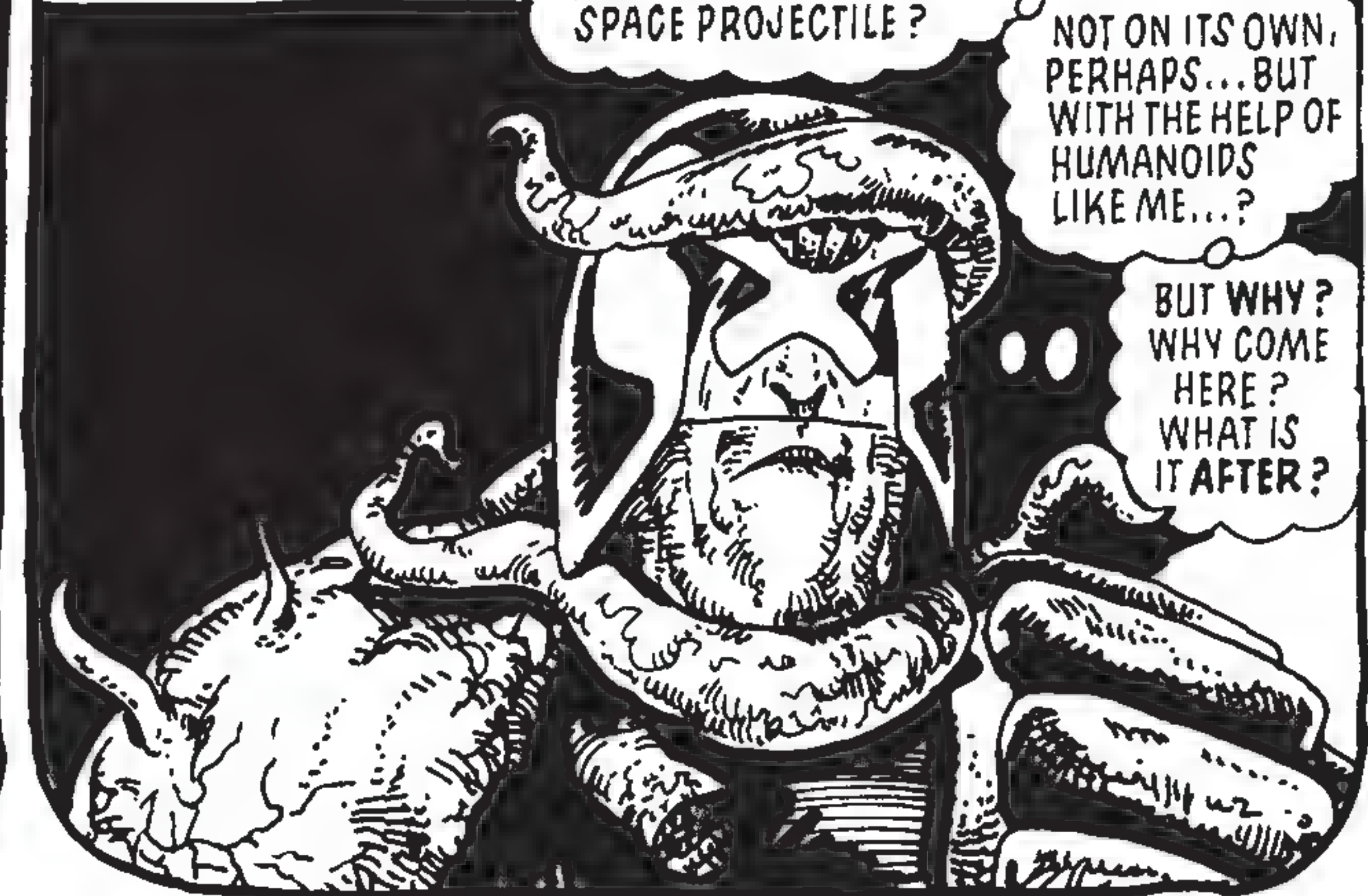
HE'S DRAWING HIS GUN! WHAT'S HE UP TO?

IN ANSWER TO THE MUTANTS' QUESTION, A HIGH EXPLOSIVE BULLET FROM DREDD'S LAWGIVER BLOWS THE STOCKADE'S MAKESHIFT GATE OFF ITS HINGES -

BADOOM!!

YOU PEOPLE! FOR SOME REASON, THIS THING SEEMS TO WANT ENTRY TO YOUR SETTLEMENT! ON NO ACCOUNT PERMIT IT TO GAIN ENTRY!

TOO DARN RIGHT WE WON'T! GRAB ANYTHING! PELT HIM!





IN THE CURSED EARTH,
MUTANT GUARDS KEEP
WATCH FROM THEIR
RAMSHACKLE
STOCKADE —

YOU HEAR
A KINDA...
SQUELCHIN'
SOUND,
FANG?

FANG?



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T.B. GROVER
ART
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T. FRAME

In the **Starborn**
thing Part
4

TH-TH-THE
THING!



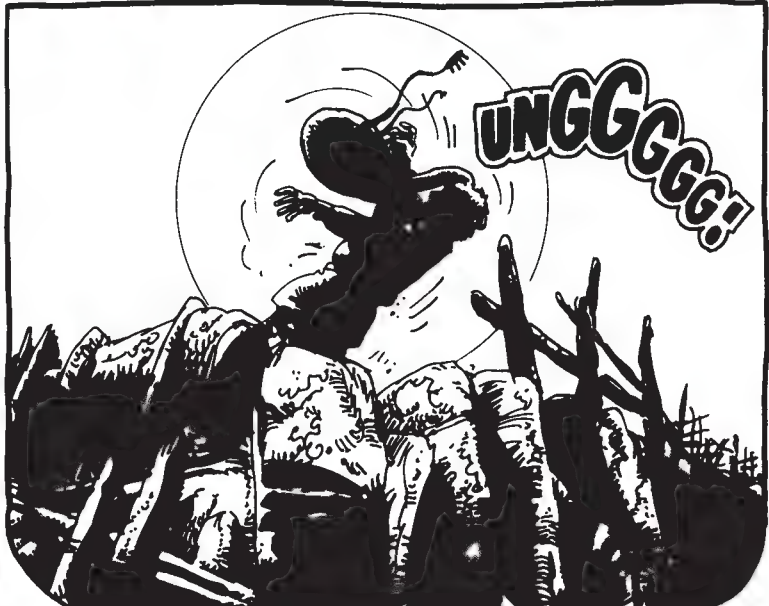
GET OFF HIM, YA
MONSTROSITY!



ULK! ST-STRANGLIN' ME...
CAN'T... CAN'T...



UNGGGGG!



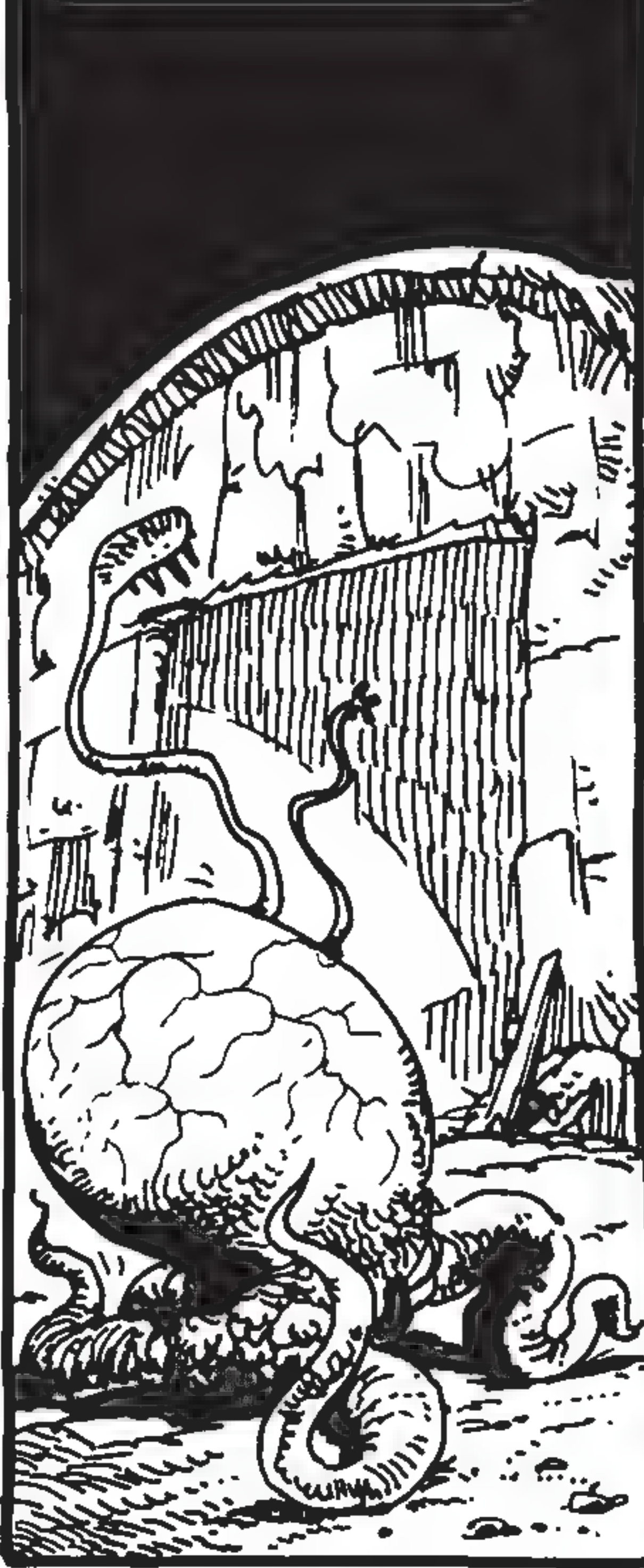
ITS VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS, THE **THING**
RAISES ITS STING TO COMPLETE ITS
ODIOUS TASK -



AND SLITHERS INSIDE
THE STOCKADE,
SLURPING...SLOPPING...



TOWARDS ITS VICTIMS...
SLEEPING SOUNDLY...



...**BLISSFULLY** UNAWARE
OF THE **HORROR** THAT
MOVES AMONGST THEM -



UNAWARE OF THE **SLIMY**
TENDRILS SNAKING OVER
THEIR SLUMBERING FLESH!

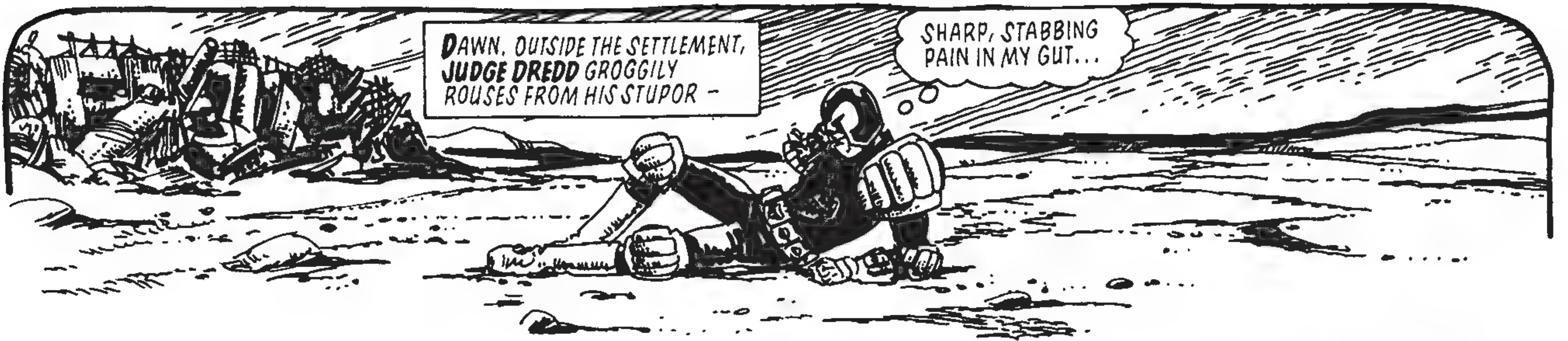


CAREFULLY - OH, SO CAREFULLY -
CREEPS THE STARBORN THING...



... AND EVEN THE SUDDEN SHARP
STAB OF ITS STING CAUSES BUT
A MOMENTARY GROAN. . .









JUDGE DREDD

A TERRIFYING ALIEN PARASITE HAD TAKEN CONTROL OF JUDGE DREDD AND FORCED HIM TO BRING IT TO A CURSED EARTH MUTANT SETTLEMENT. THERE, IT ABANDONED DREDD AND ATTACKED THE SETTLERS. BUT NOW -

IS IT - DEAD?

SURE LOOKS LIKE IT TO ME!

JUDGE DREDD!
WHAT'S WRONG?

PAIN IN MY GUT...
GETTIN' WORSE!

OUTA MY WAY!

GOTTA...
GET OUT OF
HERE...

GOTTA GET BACK TO
HOSSANJO VALLEY...

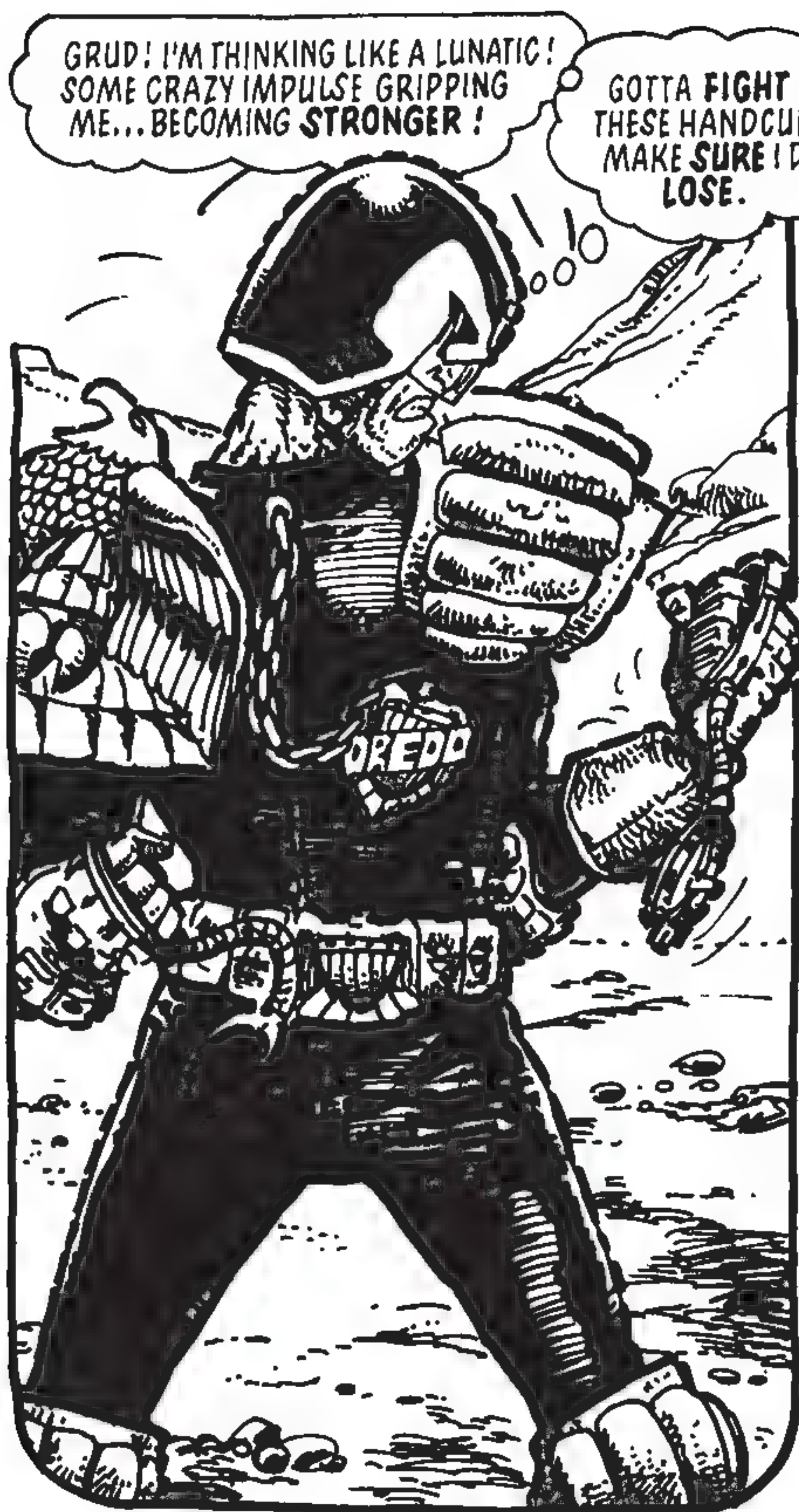
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ART
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T. FRAME

In the *Starborn*
thing Part
5



HOURS LATER, A PAIN-RACKED FIGURE STUMBLES THROUGH THE BADLANDS OF THE GRIFF FOOTHILLS -





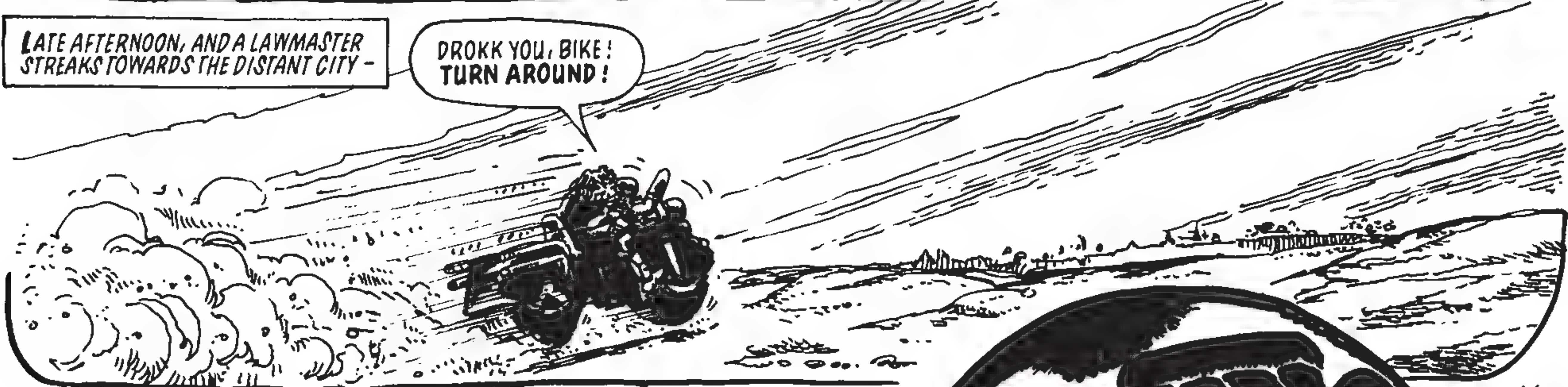


WH-WHICH WAY?

TO THE GRIFF MOUNTAINS!
TO THE NEST!

LATE AFTERNOON, AND A LAWMASTER
STREAKS TOWARDS THE DISTANT CITY -

DROKK YOU, BIKE!
TURN AROUND!



PLEASE, BIKE... I'M IN PAIN HERE!
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK... TO THE
NEST...

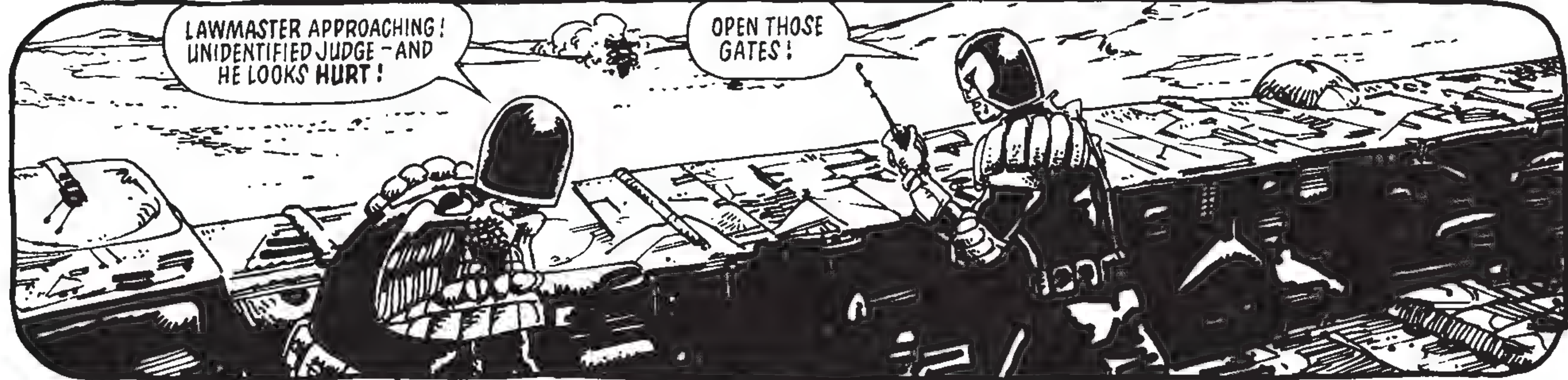
NEGATIVE,
JUDGE DREDD.



AAAAAGGH!

LAWMASTER APPROACHING!
UNIDENTIFIED JUDGE - AND
HE LOOKS HURT!

OPEN THOSE
GATES!





NEXT PROG. **THE INCUBI!**

IN THE CURSED EARTH'S MOSSANJO VALLEY, A SWARM OF CRAZED MUTANTS STUMBLES TOWARDS A GLOWING ALIEN SPHERE. CRAZED... FOR WITHIN THEM DWELL THE CHILDREN OF THE STARBORN THING!

the Starborn Thing Part 6

THE NEST CALLS US!

WE WILL BE SAFE...IN THE NEST!

AN HOUR EARLIER, IN A MEGA-CITY MED-BAY -

CONGRATULATIONS, DREDD! YOU'VE BECOME THE MOTHER OF A FINE, BOUNCING BABY ALIEN!

CUT THE WISECRACKS, STRANG! WHAT IS IT?

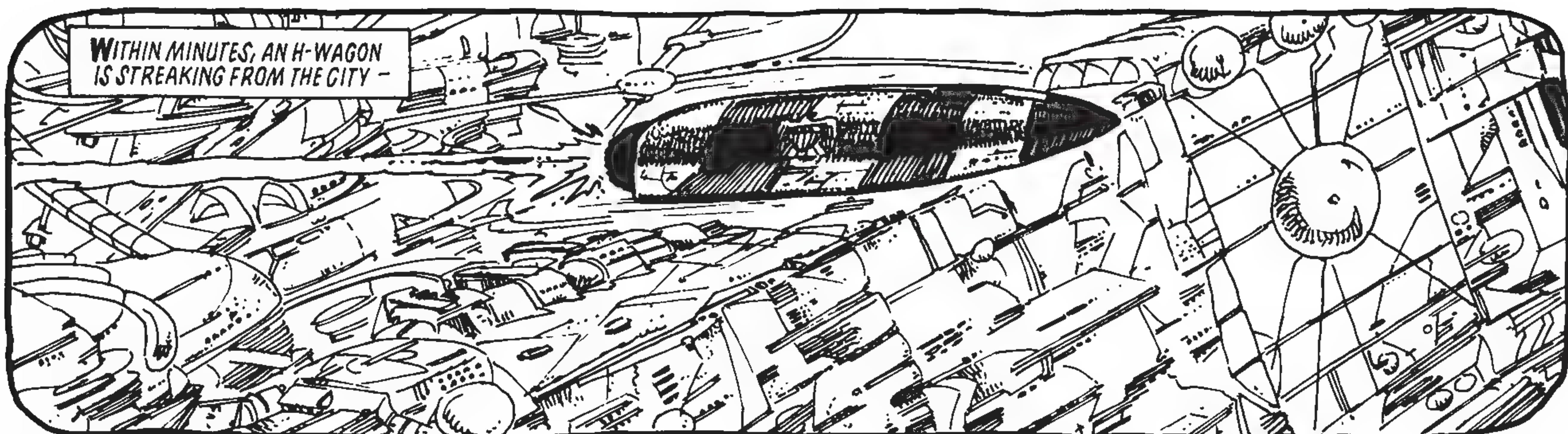
AN EGG! THE ALIEN PARASITE MUST HAVE LAID IT IN YOU. YOU WERE A LIVING INCUBATOR!

THANK GRUD WE GOT TO IT IN TIME!

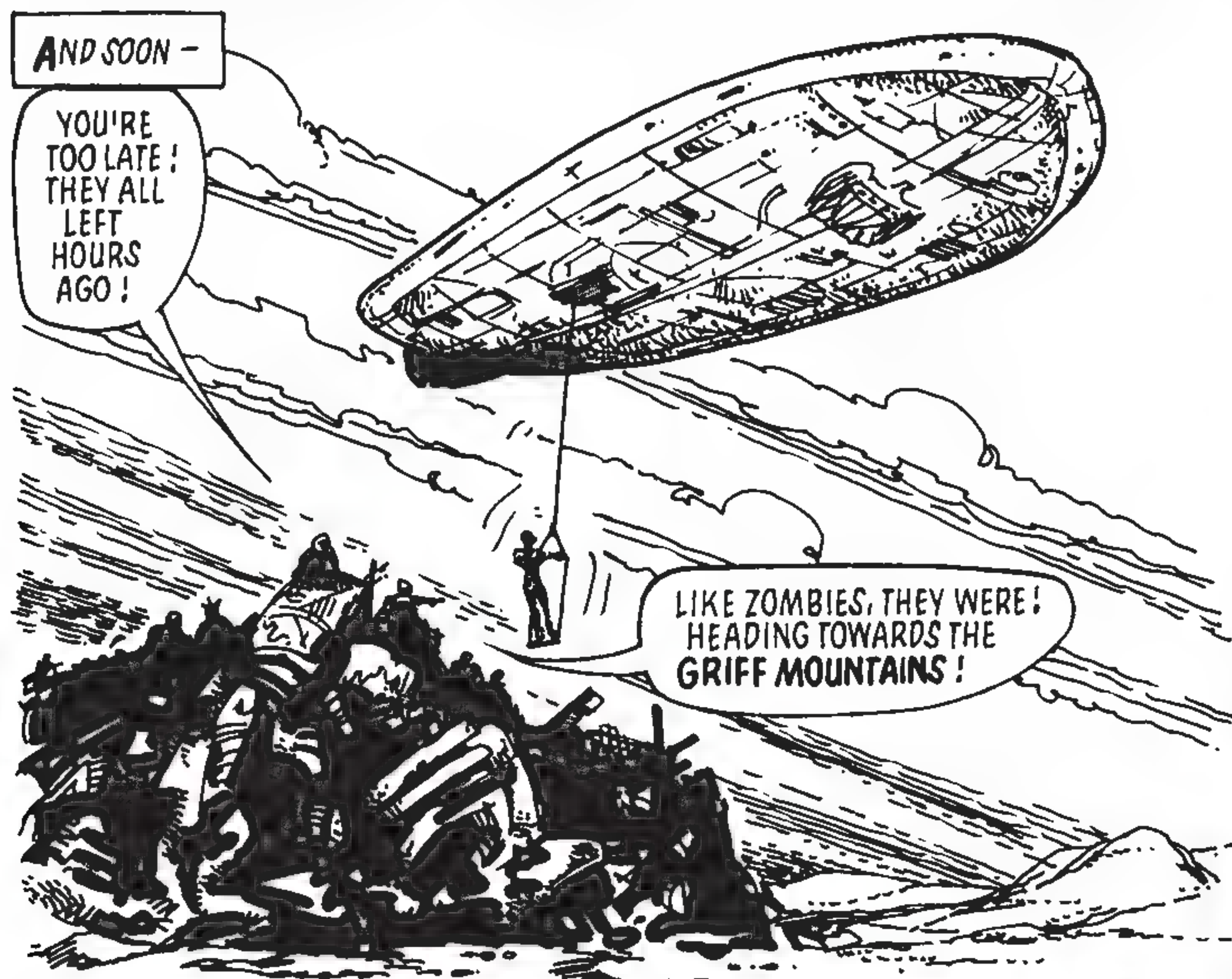
WRONG, CHIEF JUDGE! THE MUTANT SETTLEMENT...THERE COULD BE HUNDREDS MORE LIKE ME OUT THERE!

DROKK!

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T. FRAME



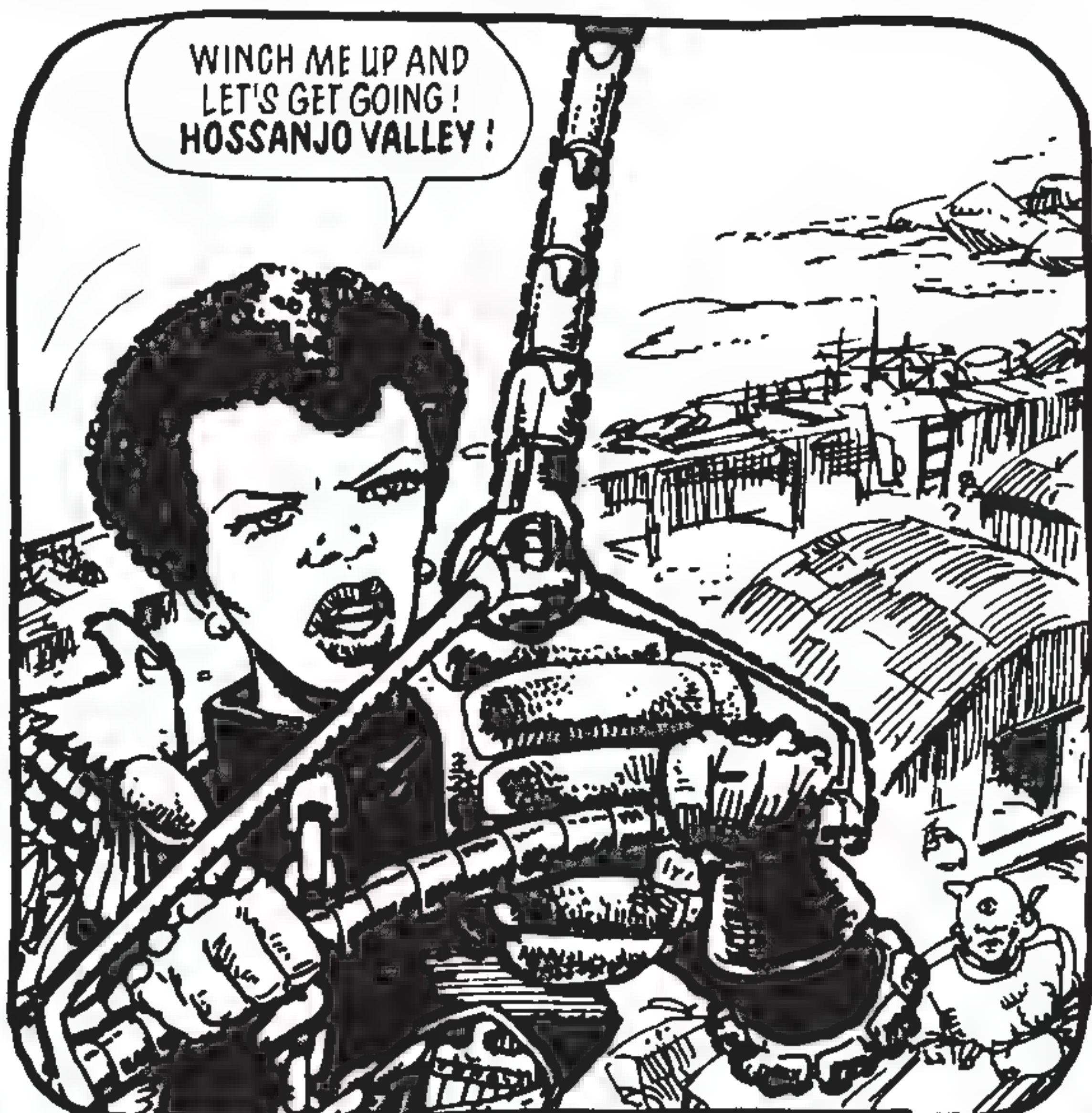
WITHIN MINUTES, AN H-WAGON
IS STREAKING FROM THE CITY -



AND SOON -

YOU'RE
TOO LATE!
THEY ALL
LEFT
HOURS
AGO!

LIKE ZOMBIES, THEY WERE!
HEADING TOWARDS THE
GRIFF MOUNTAINS!



WINCH ME UP AND
LET'S GET GOING!
HOSSANJO VALLEY!



IT TAKES THE H-WAGON SCANT MINUTES TO REACH THE
NARROW, WINDING CANYON. AND THERE -

WE HAVE THEM ON VISUAL!
THEY'RE ENTERING THE
SPHERE NOW!



THE NEST!

WE'RE HOME IN
OUR NEST!



H-WAGON TO CONTROL!
THE SPHERE IS **CLOSING UP** -
TRAPPING THE MUTIES
INSIDE!



THEN SUDDENLY -

SENSORS REPORT
MASSIVE MAGNETIC
SHIELD BUILDING UP
AROUND THE
SPHERE!

IT'S TEARING US
APAAAAARRT!



IN MEGA-CITY ONE -

WE'VE LOST CONTACT
WITH THE H-WAGON,
CHIEF JUDGE!

THEN
THEY'VE
HAD
IT!



WHAT
D'YOU
MAKE
OF IT,
DREDD?

WAY I SEE IT, THE SPHERE
IS A **NEST** - A
SOPHISTICATED **PROTEC-**
TIVE COCOON
DESIGNED BY THE
PARASITE.

THE EGGS MUST PRODUCE
HORMONAL CHANGES IN THE
HOST-BODY, COMPELLING
IT TO RETURN THERE!



ONCE INSIDE, THE PARASITES
CAN HATCH OUT IN TOTAL
SAFETY - WITH AN AMPLE
SUPPLY OF LIVE FOOD!

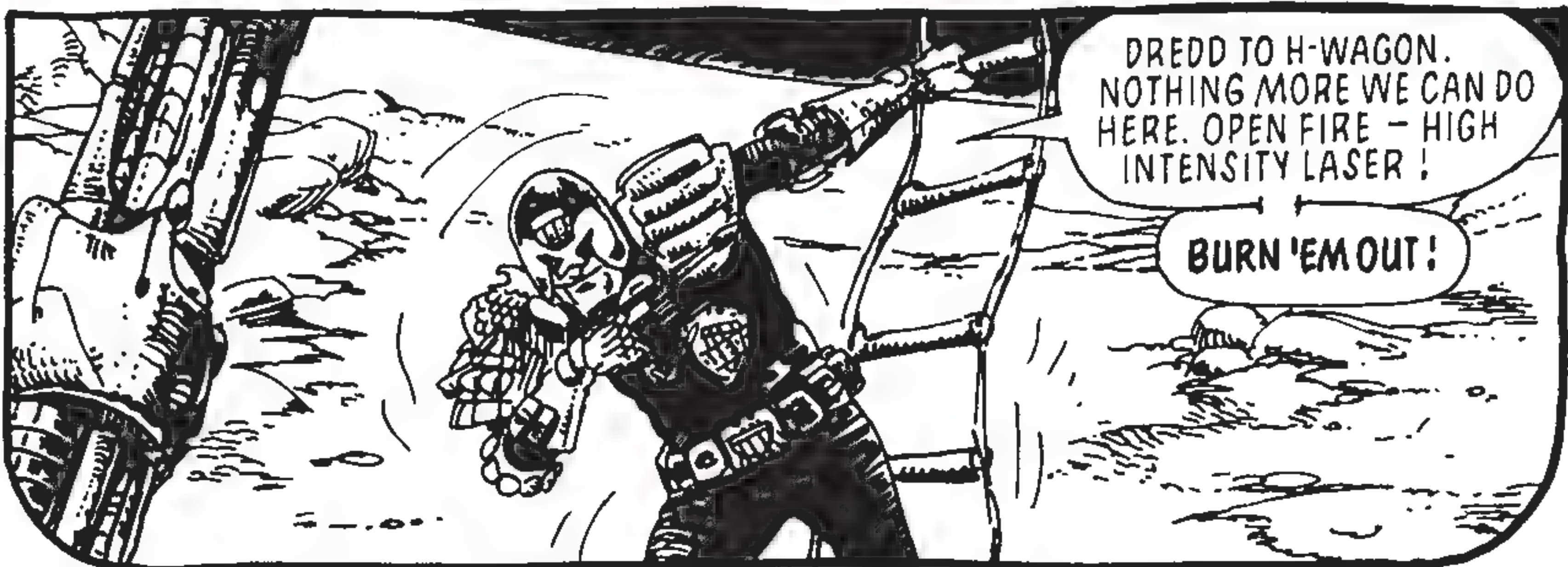


SO WHAT
DO WE
DO
ABOUT
IT?

NOTHING WE **CAN** DO
UNTIL THAT MAGNETIC SCREEN
SWITCHES OFF. IT HAPPENS
JUST BEFORE **HATCHING**.

UNTIL THEN,
WE WAIT!





SO DIED THE STARBORN THINGS. ALL BUT ONE.
FOR LATER, BACK AT JUSTICE H.Q. —

IT PUZZLED ME THAT SUCH SEEMINGLY
PRIMITIVE CREATURES COULD BE CAPABLE
OF THE KIND OF TECHNOLOGY THAT BROUGHT
THE THING HERE.

I CAN NOW SAFELY SAY
THEY'RE **FAR** FROM PRIMITIVE! THEY HAVE
AN INTELLIGENCE THAT MAKES US LOOK
LIKE **MONKEYS!**

HOW CAN YOU
BE SURE?

CHIEF JUDGE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO INCUBATE
THAT EGG WE CUT OUT OF YOU. IT HATCHED
YESTERDAY.

SAY HELLO
TO YOUR
'BABY!'

AS AN EXPERIMENT,
I PUT A FEW ODD
PIECES OF METAL
IN ITS TANK. IN
TWENTY MINUTES
FLAT, IT BUILT
ITSELF A
LAS-ROD!

LUCKY FOR
YOU PLASTEX IS
LAS-PROOF!

THE THING IS A **GENIUS**, DREDD! IT LACKS
DEXTERITY, OF COURSE — BUT JUST THINK
WHAT IT COULD DO USING **MAN** AS ITS
TOOL!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS
WHY IT CAME HERE —
WHAT IT WAS AFTER.

MAYBE ONE DAY
WE'LL LEARN TO
COMMUNICATE
WITH IT — FIND
OUT. THERE ARE
SO MANY THINGS
THAT **BABY** OF
YOURS COULD
TEACH US!

YEAH. TILL THEN, JUST
MAKE SURE YOU KEEP
IT IN THE TANK!

AN' IF I HEAR YOU CALL IT **MY 'BABY'**
AGAIN, **YOU'LL** BE GOING IN TO
CHANGE ITS NAPPIES!

The End



MEGA-CITY ONE, 22ND. CENTURY -

KERRAASHH!

BASIL CUTEY!
I WANT YOU!



WH-WH-WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?

YA SHARK!
YA SOLD ME A
LEMON!



I BOUGHT THIS
ROADSTER HERE
TWO DAYS AGO -
AND IT'S RUN OUT
OF FUEL ALREADY!
I HAD TO RE-FUEL
IT TO GET ME
HERE!

BUT, MR WAGLAN - ALL VEHICLES HAVE TO
BE REFUELLED! THEY DON'T GO ON FOREVER

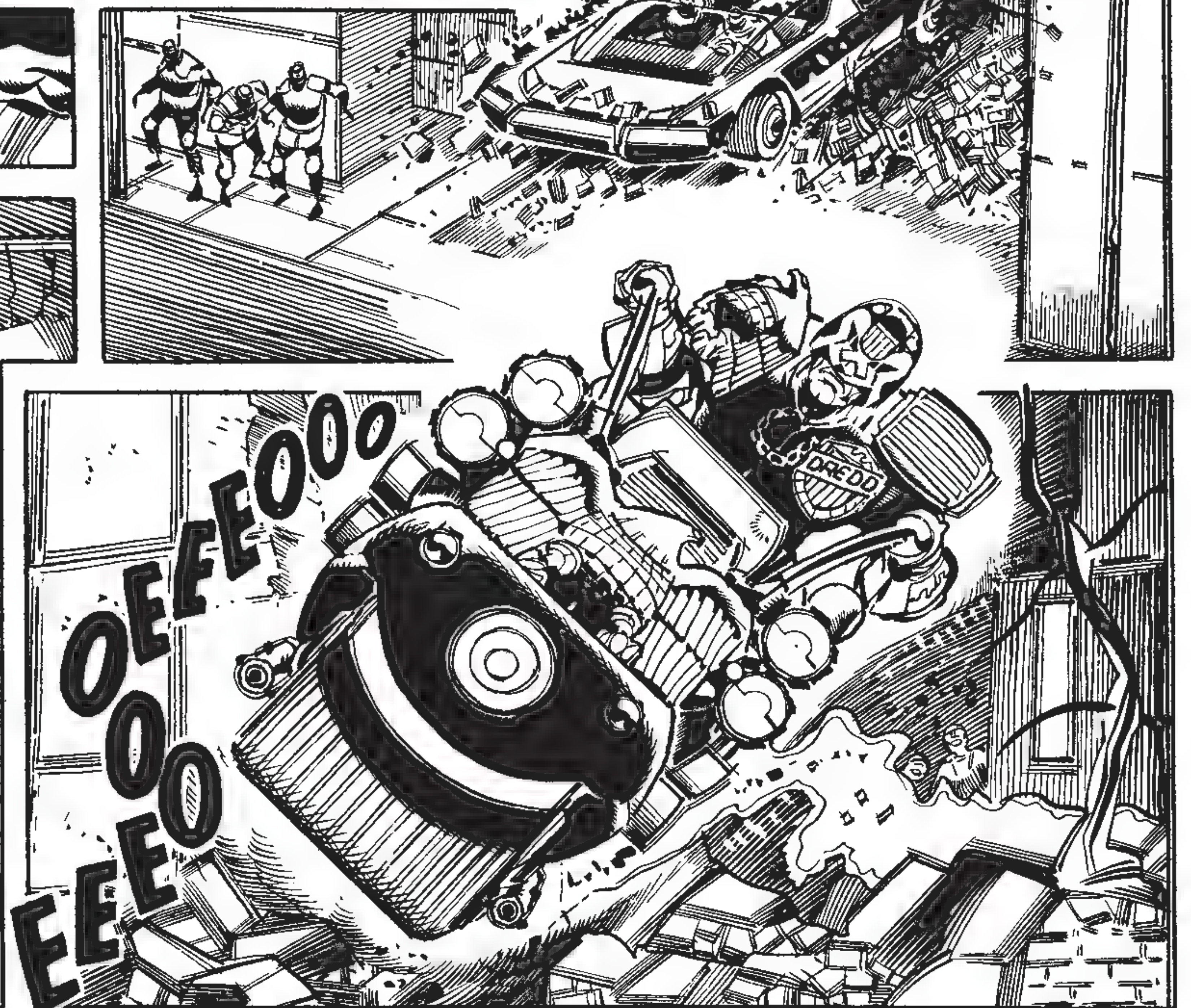
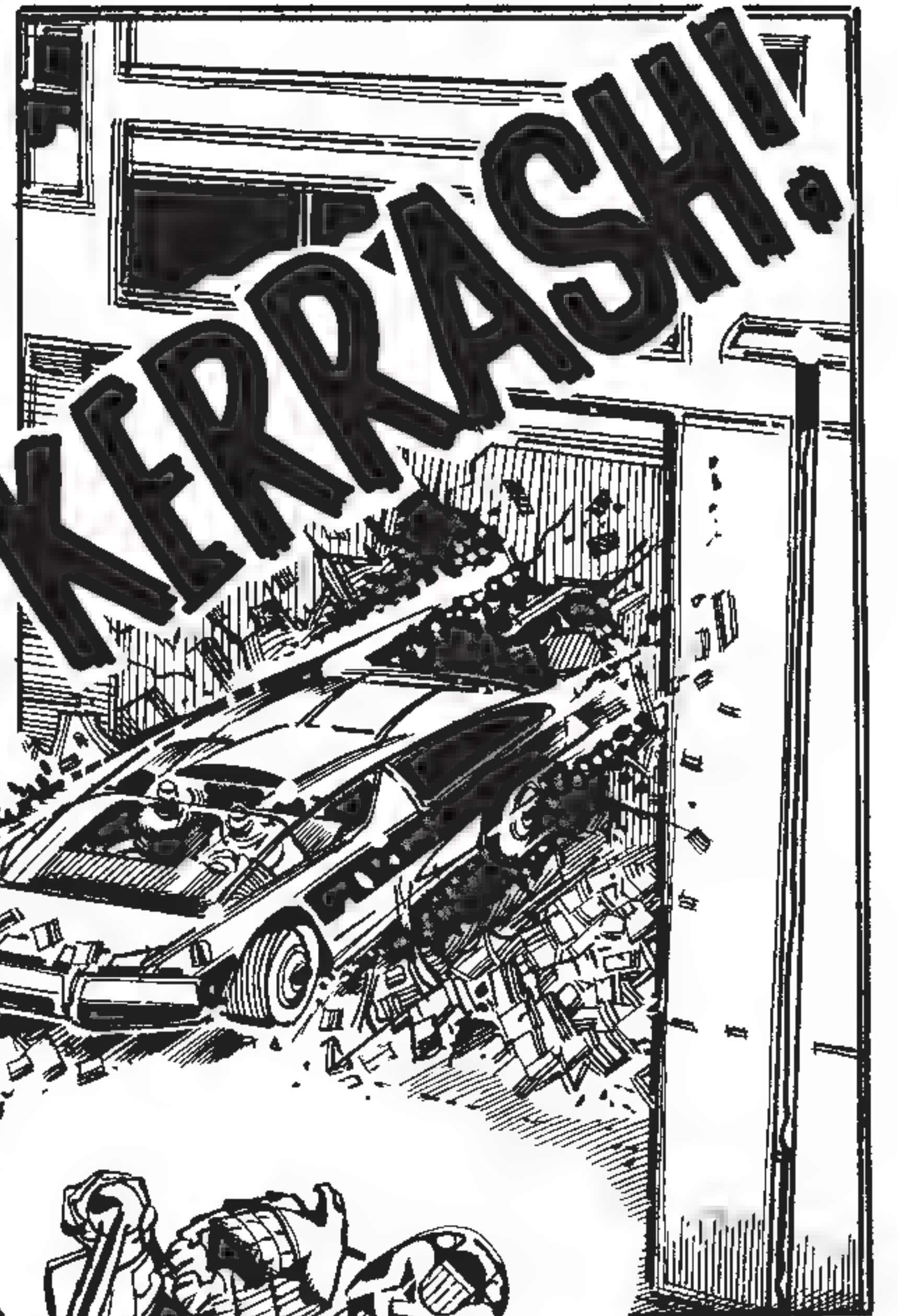
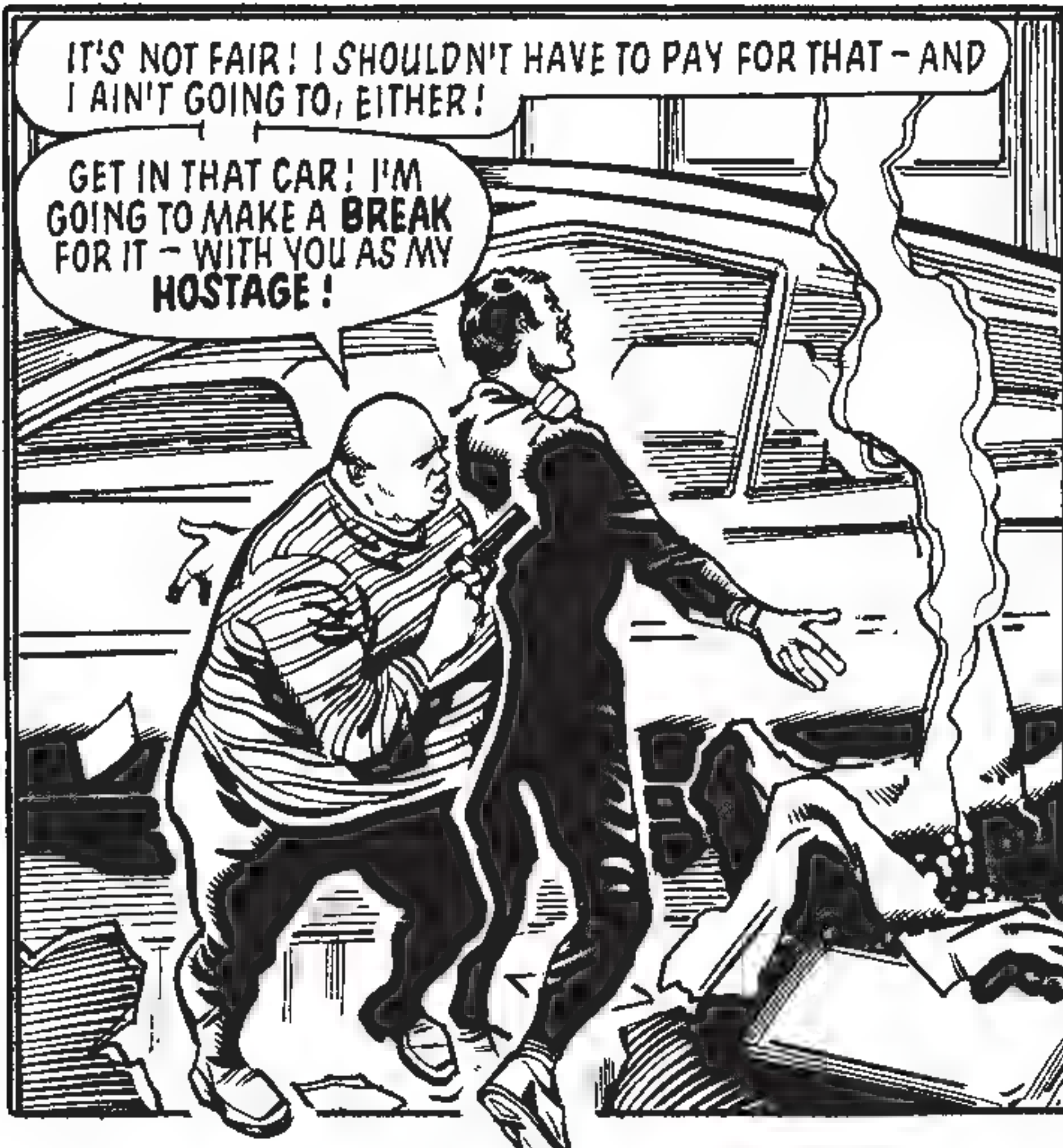


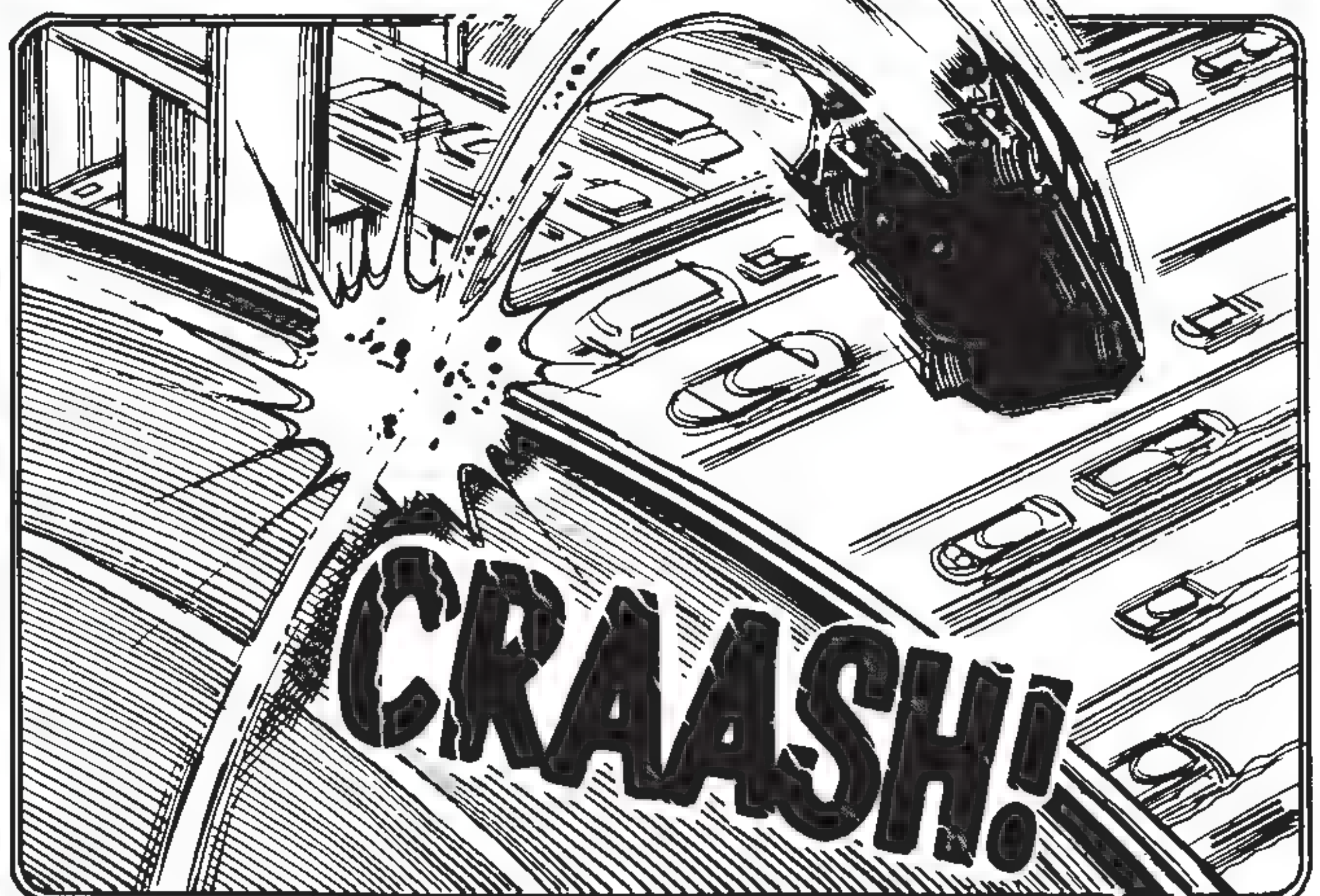
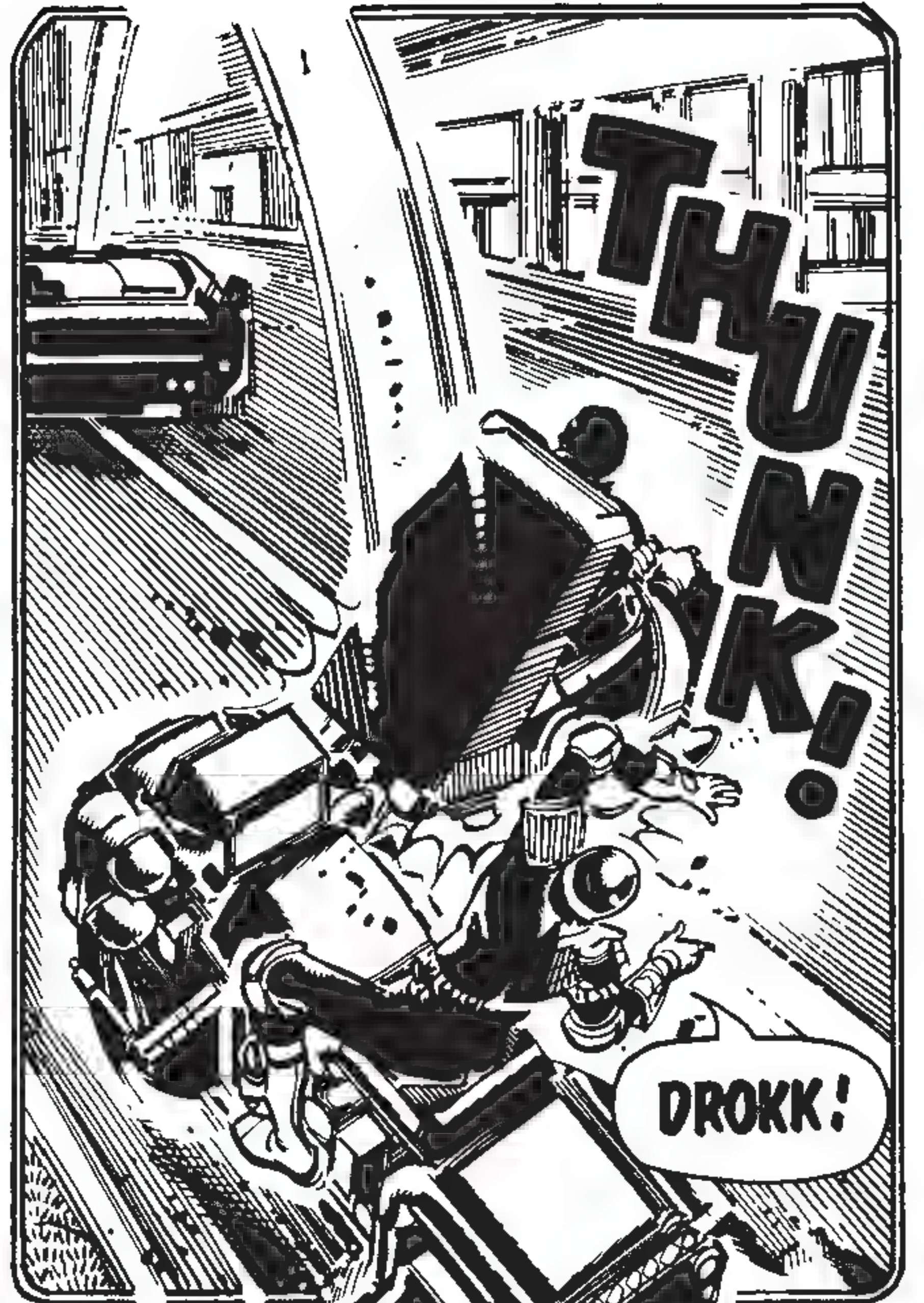
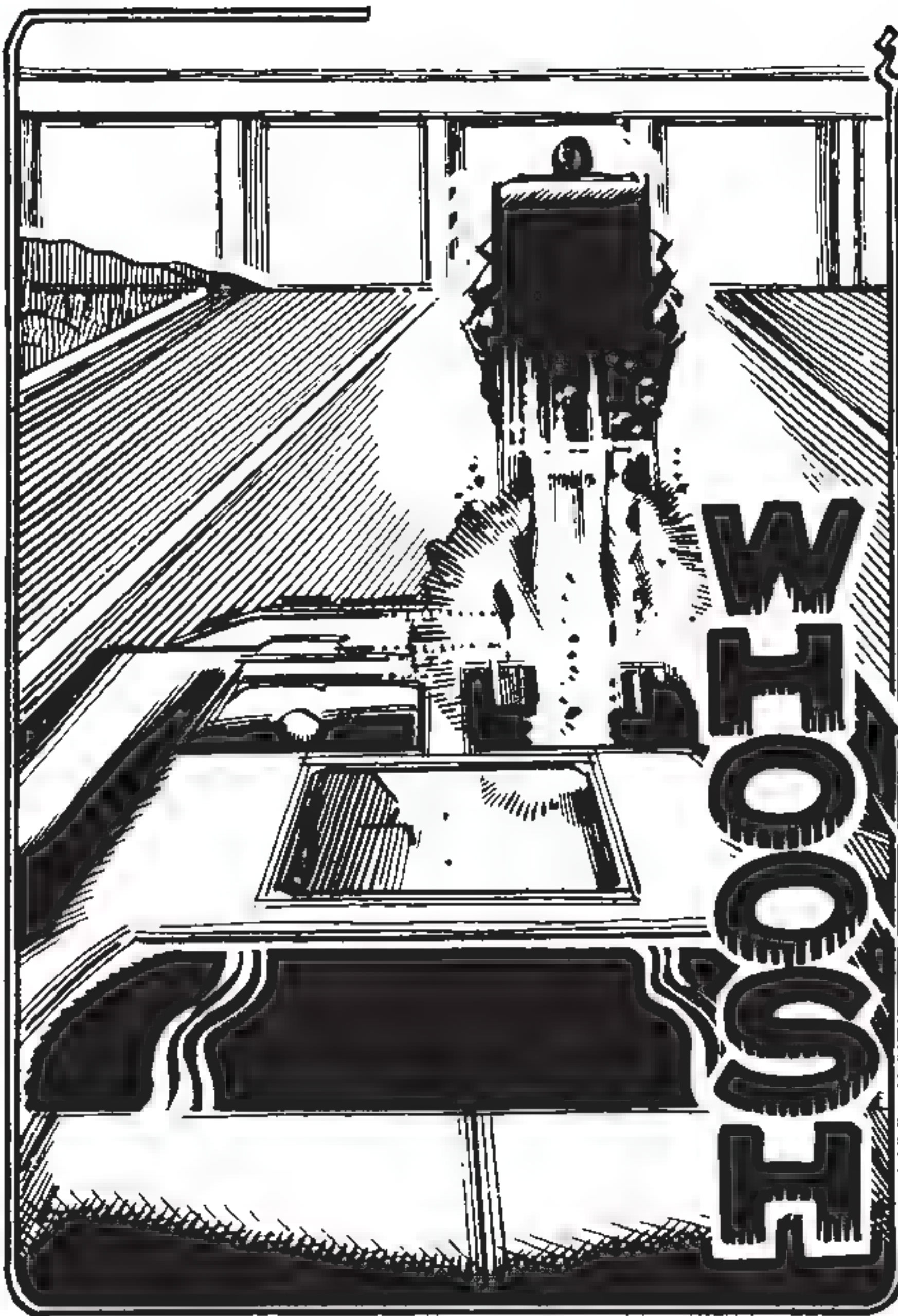
OH!

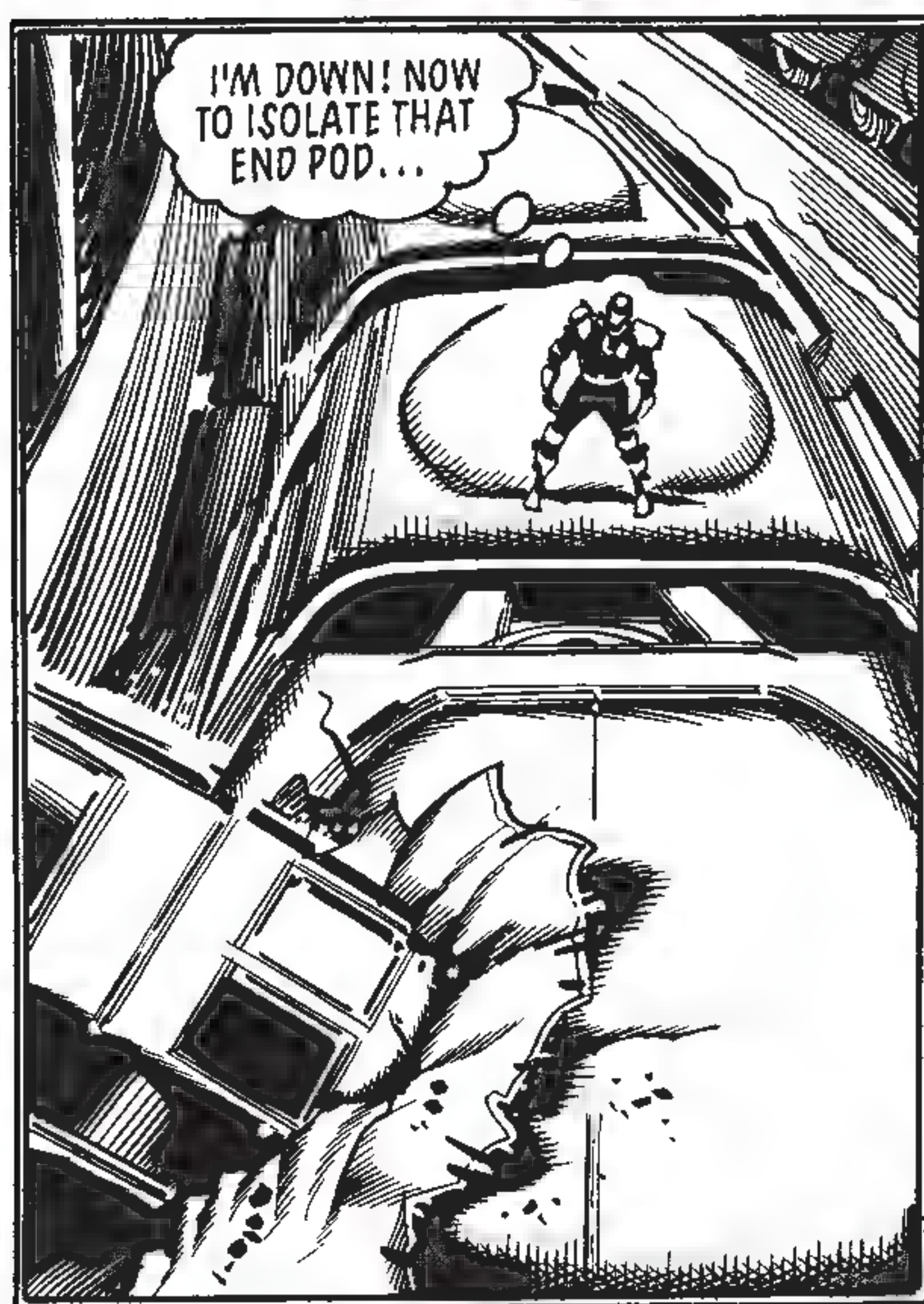
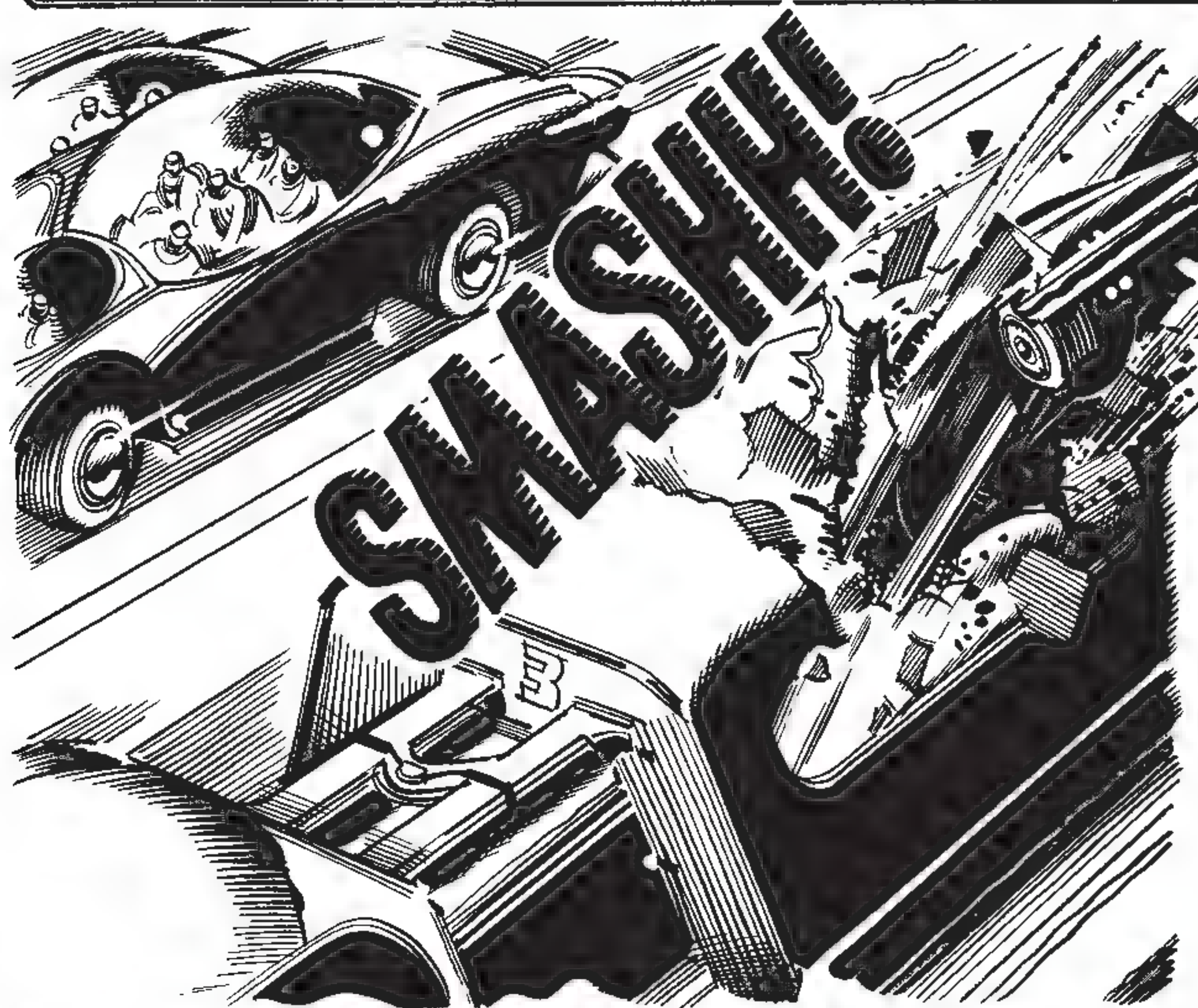


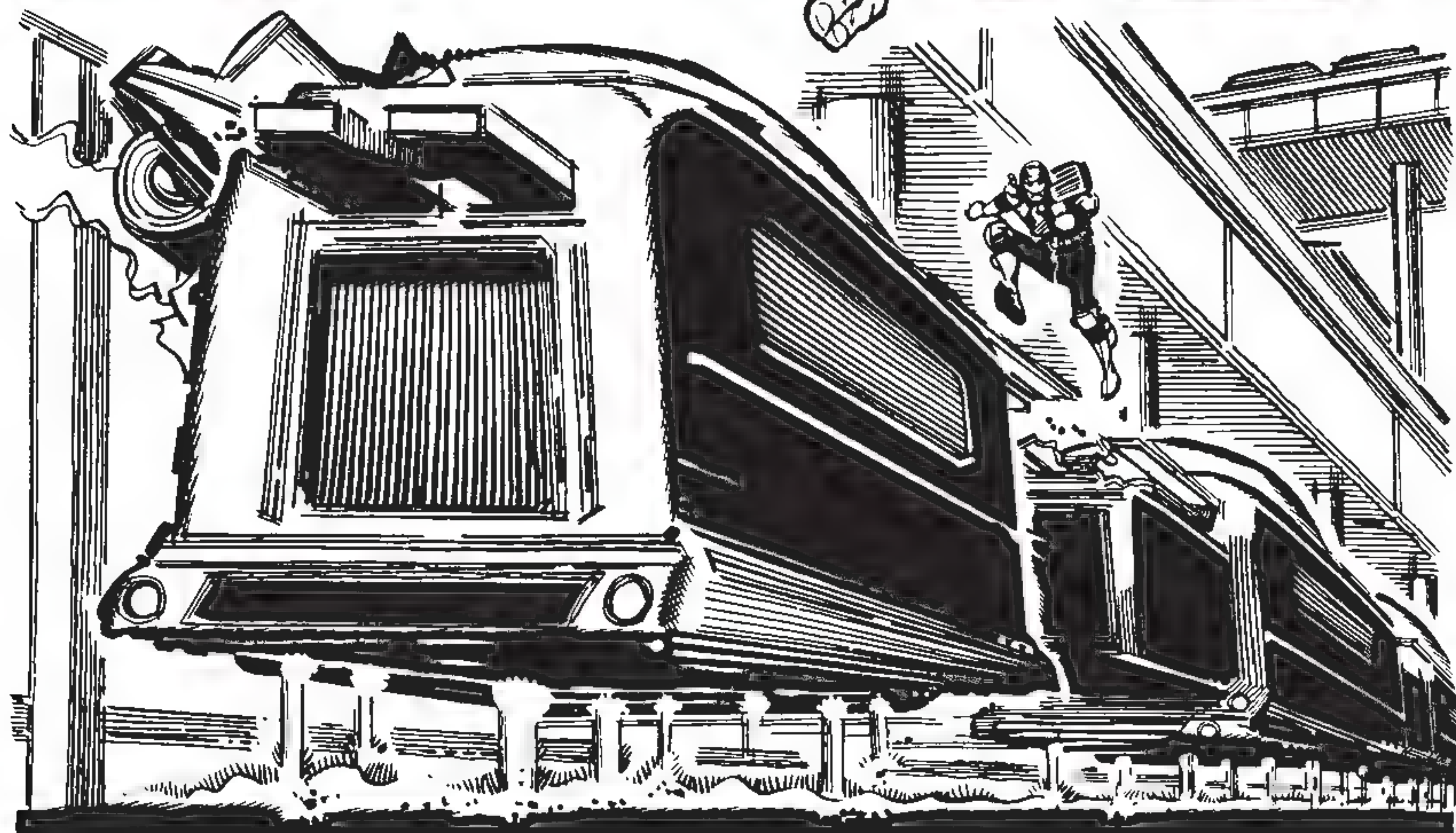
JUDGE DREDD'S
COMING! YOU'LL
PAY FOR THIS
DAMAGE NOW,
WAGLAN!

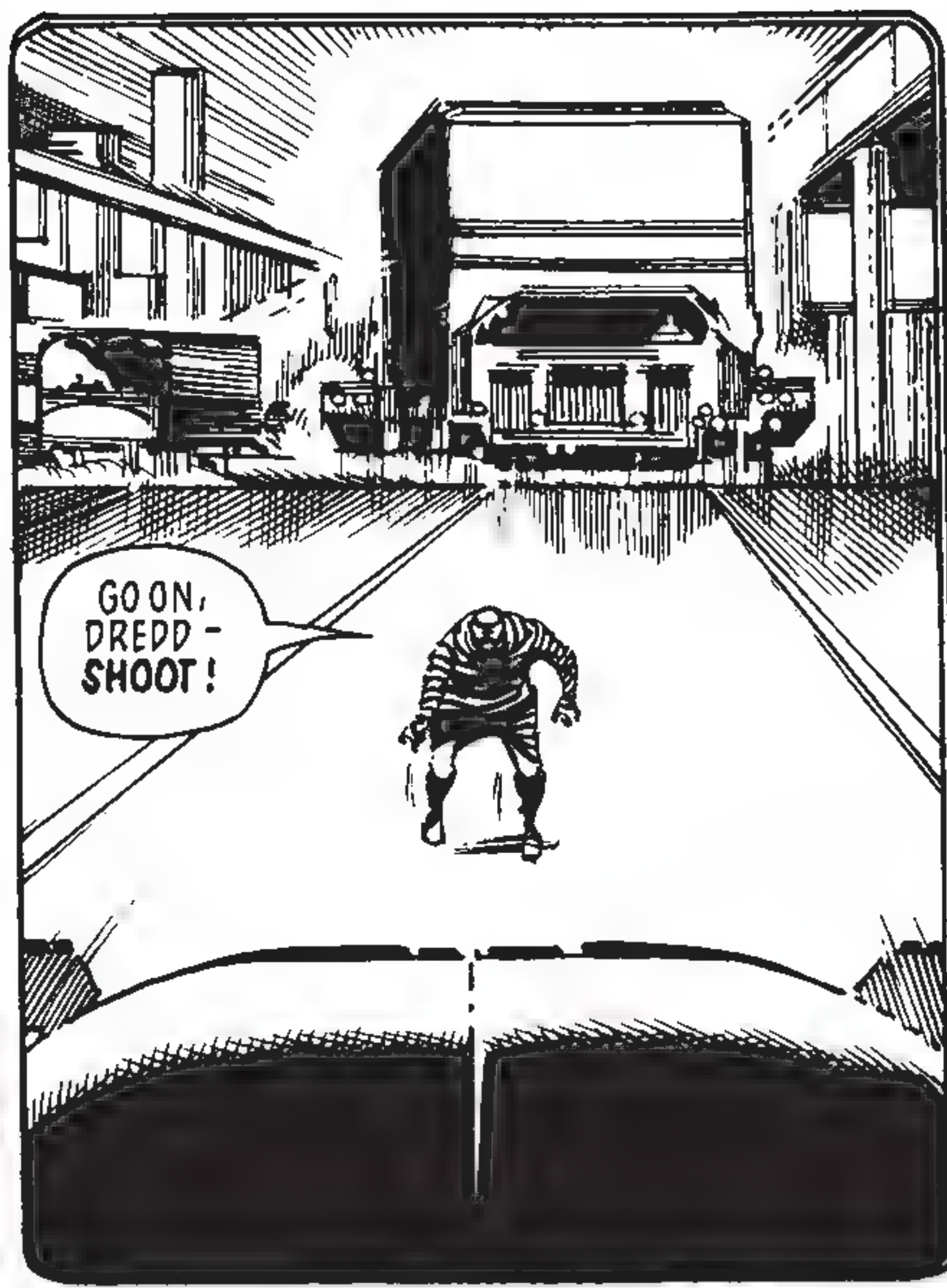
SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME







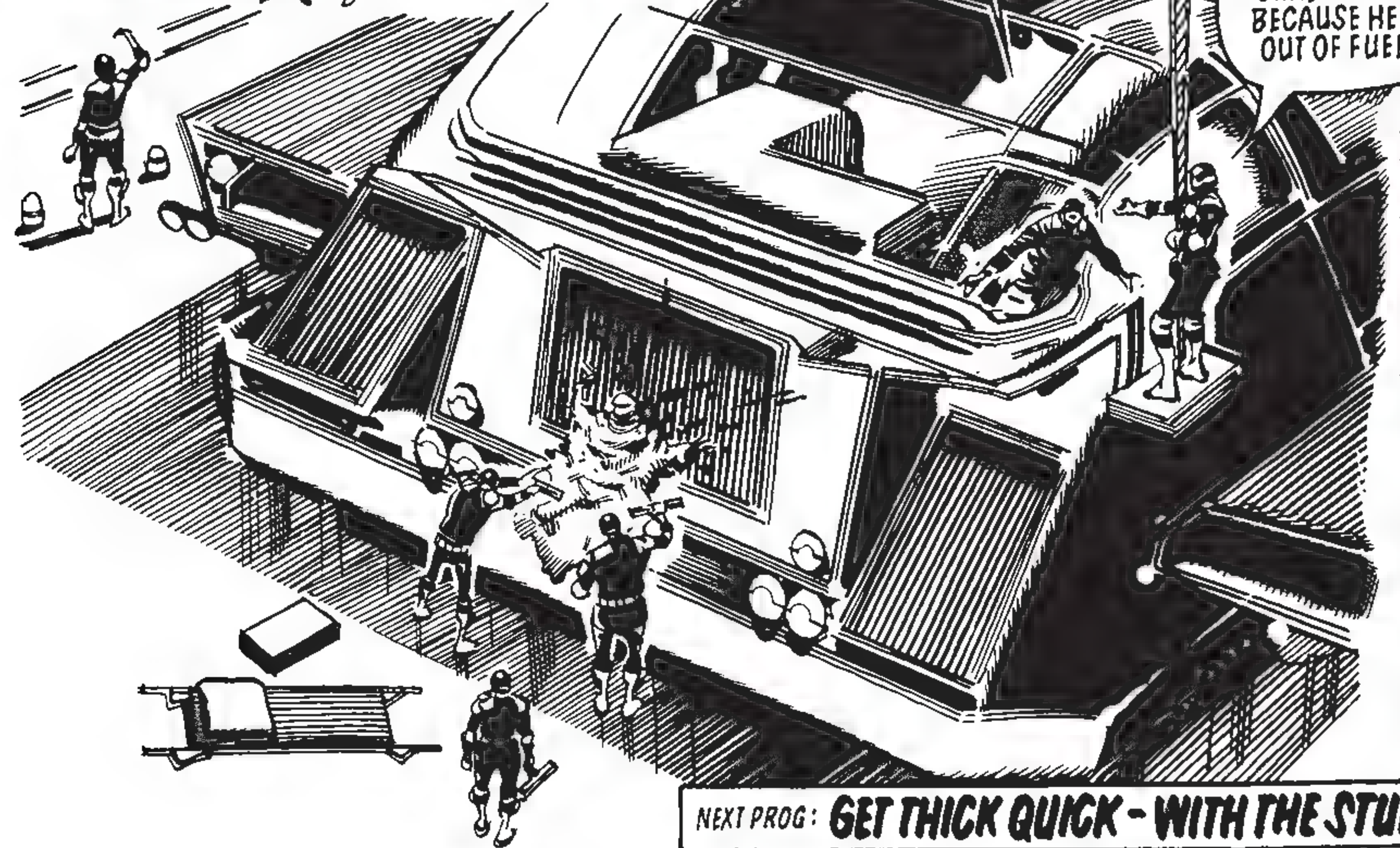




A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT H-WAGON IS SOON ON THE SCENE -

I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME, JUDGE - HONESTLY!

CRAZY. AND ALL BECAUSE HE RAN OUT OF FUEL.



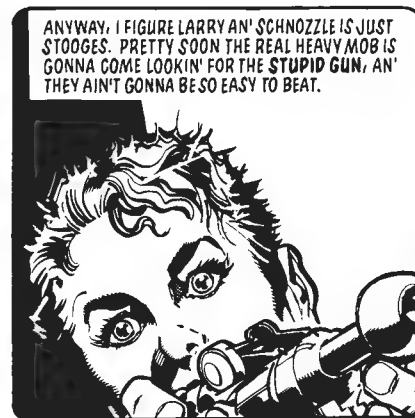
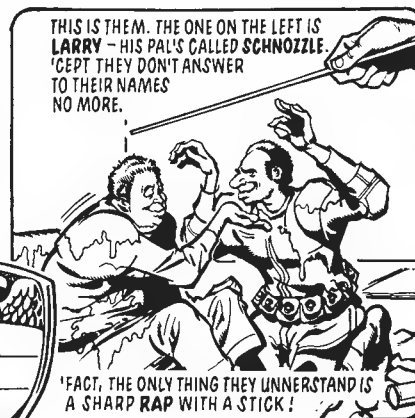
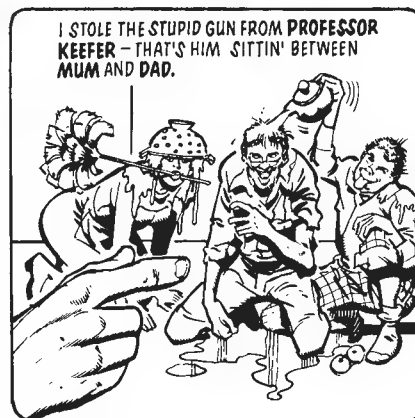
NEXT PROG: **GET THICK QUICK - WITH THE STUPID GUN!**

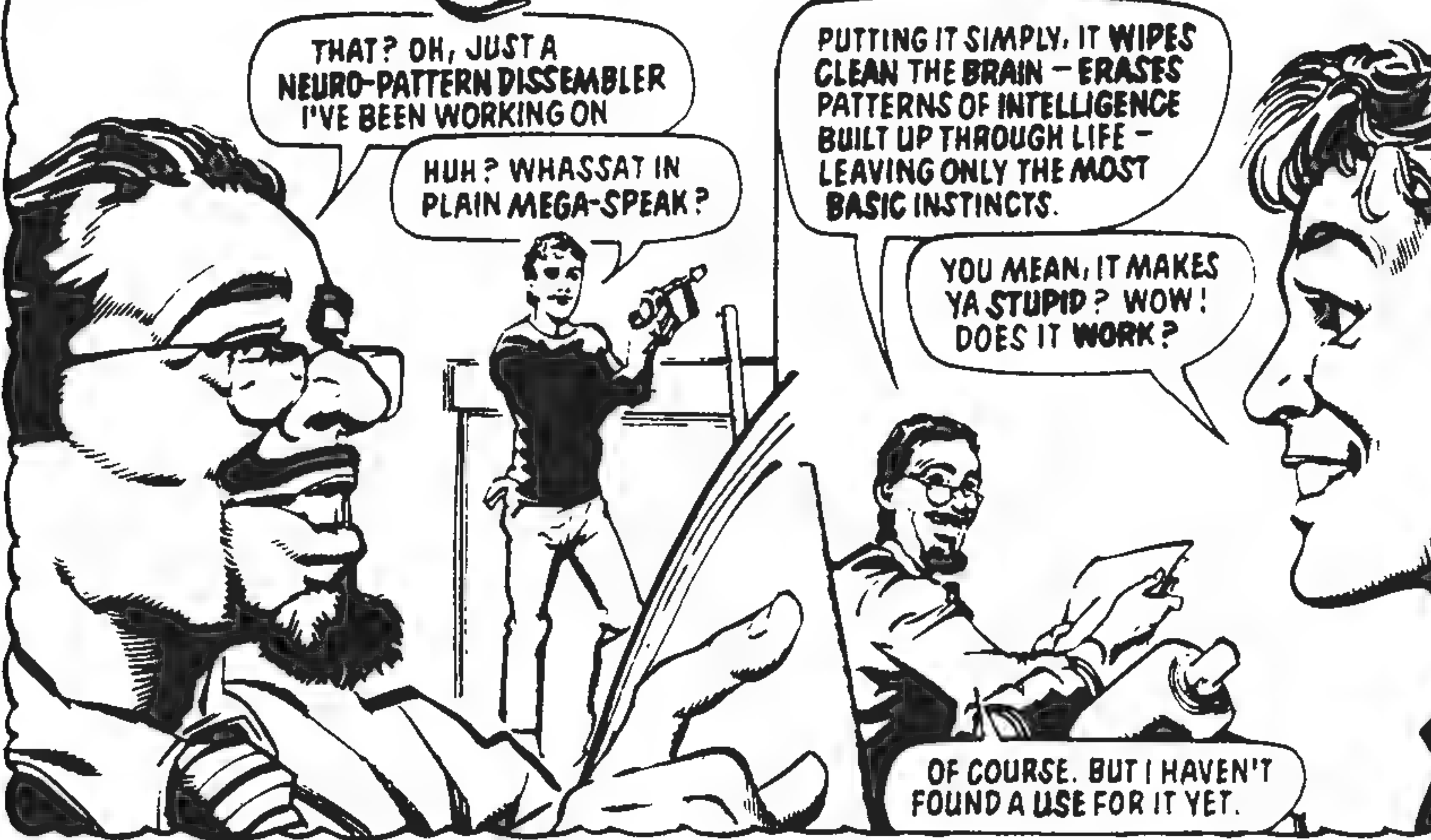


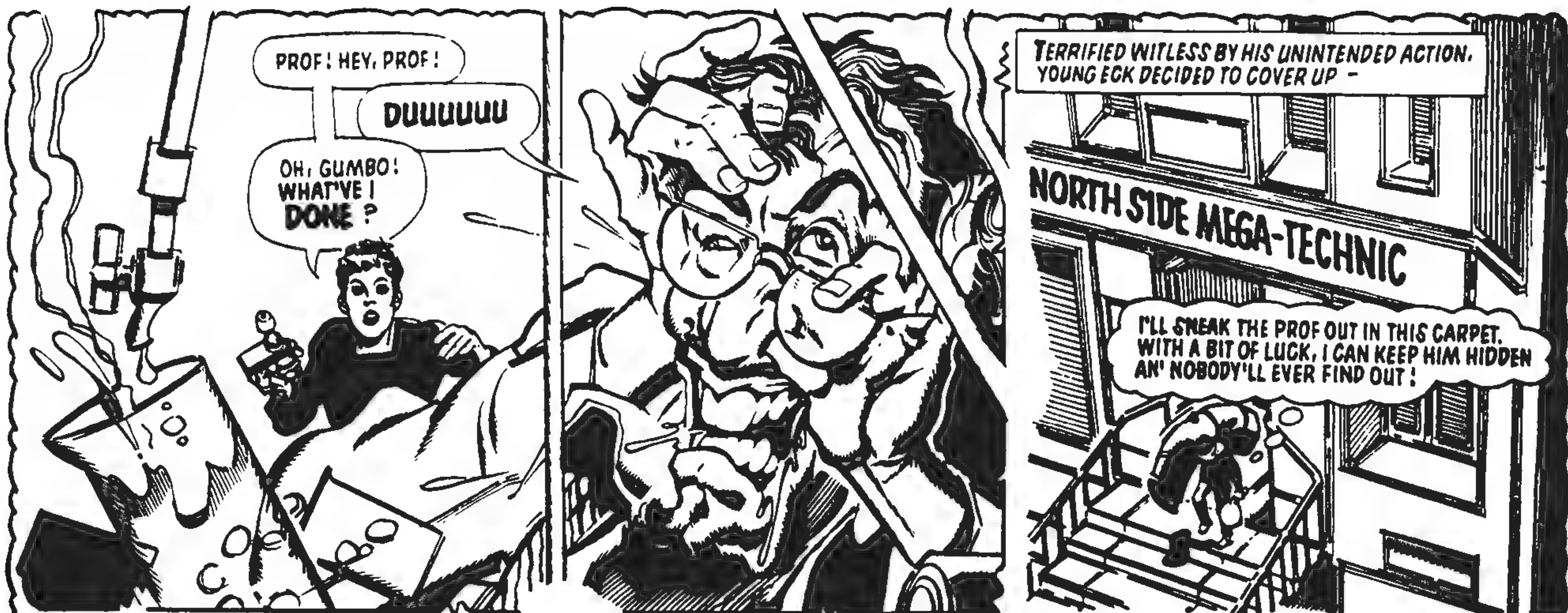
3 IN THE STUPID GUN! PART 1

JUDGE
D
G
E
E
R
E
D
D

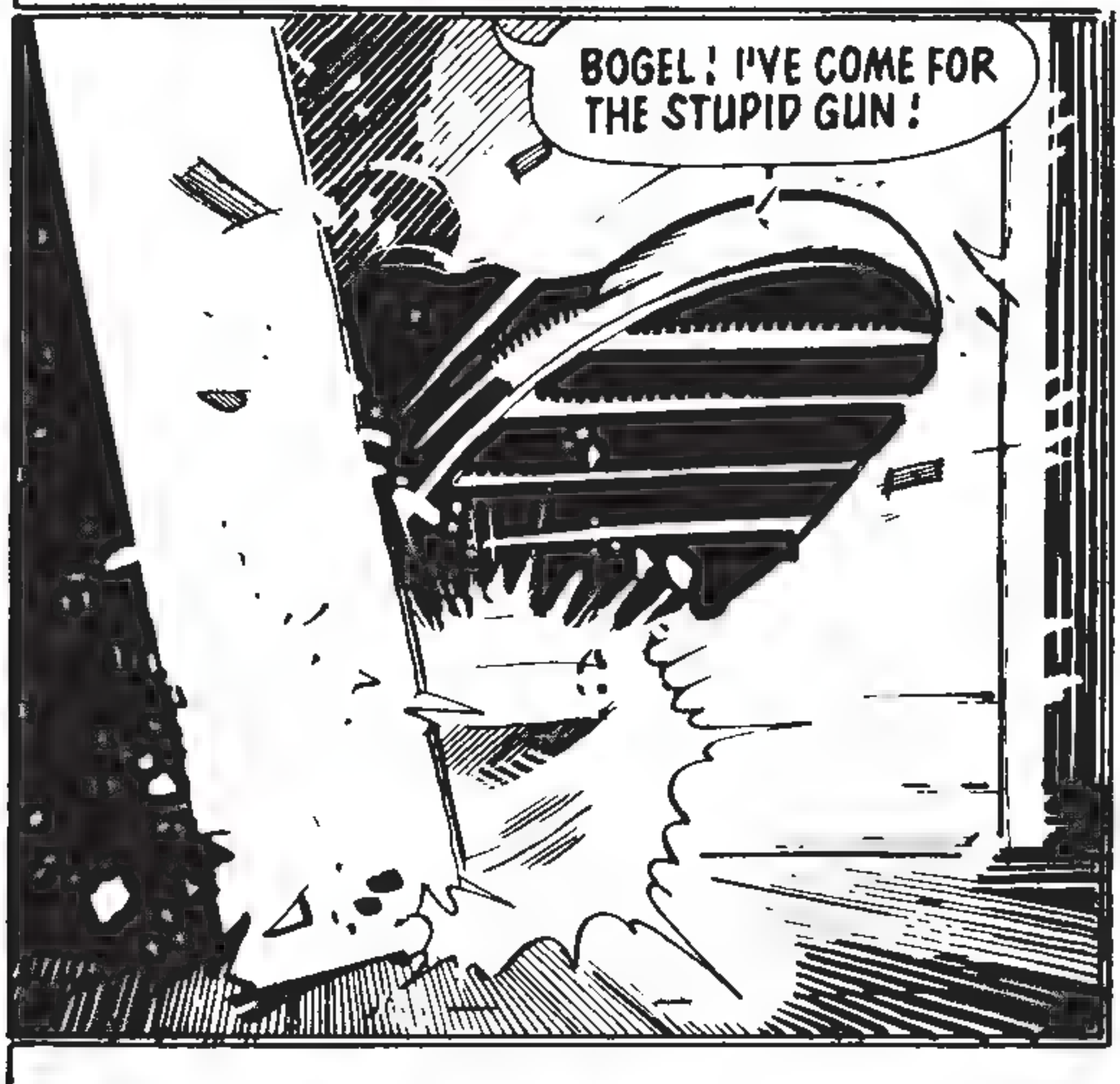
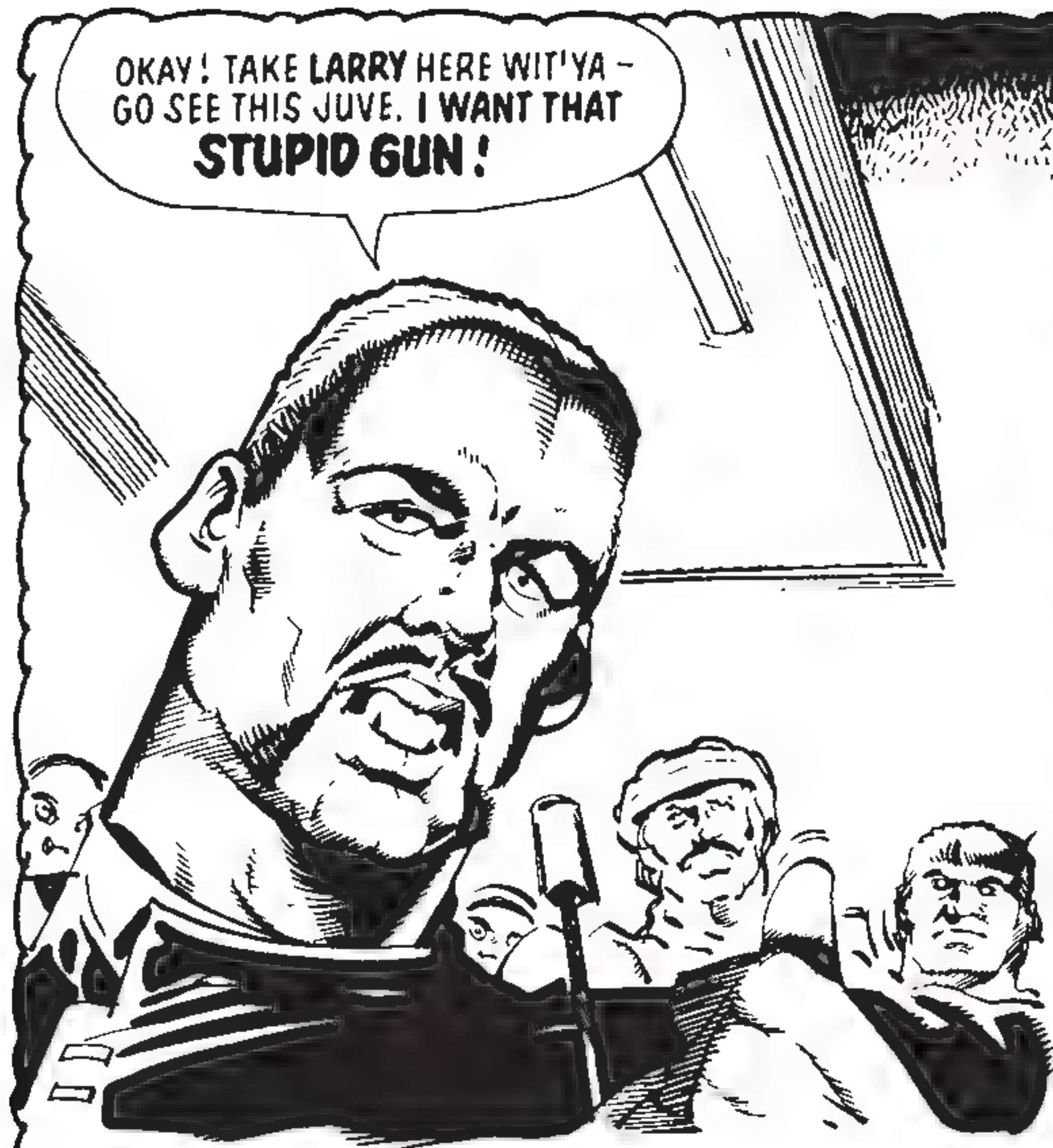
SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T. FRAME





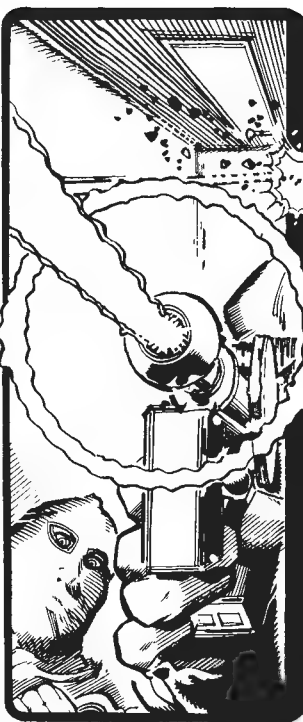






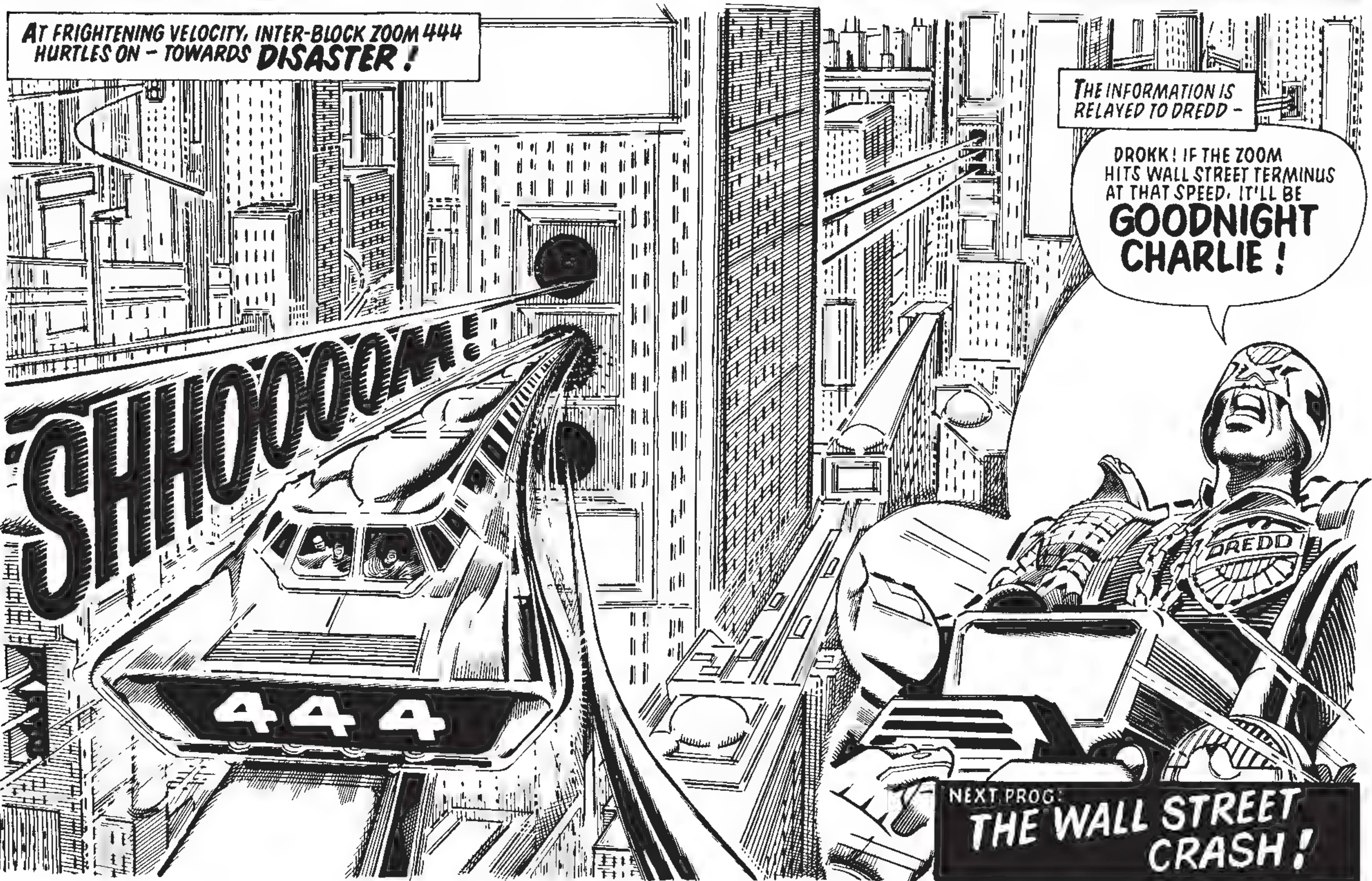
IN THE STUPID GUN!

PART 2



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME



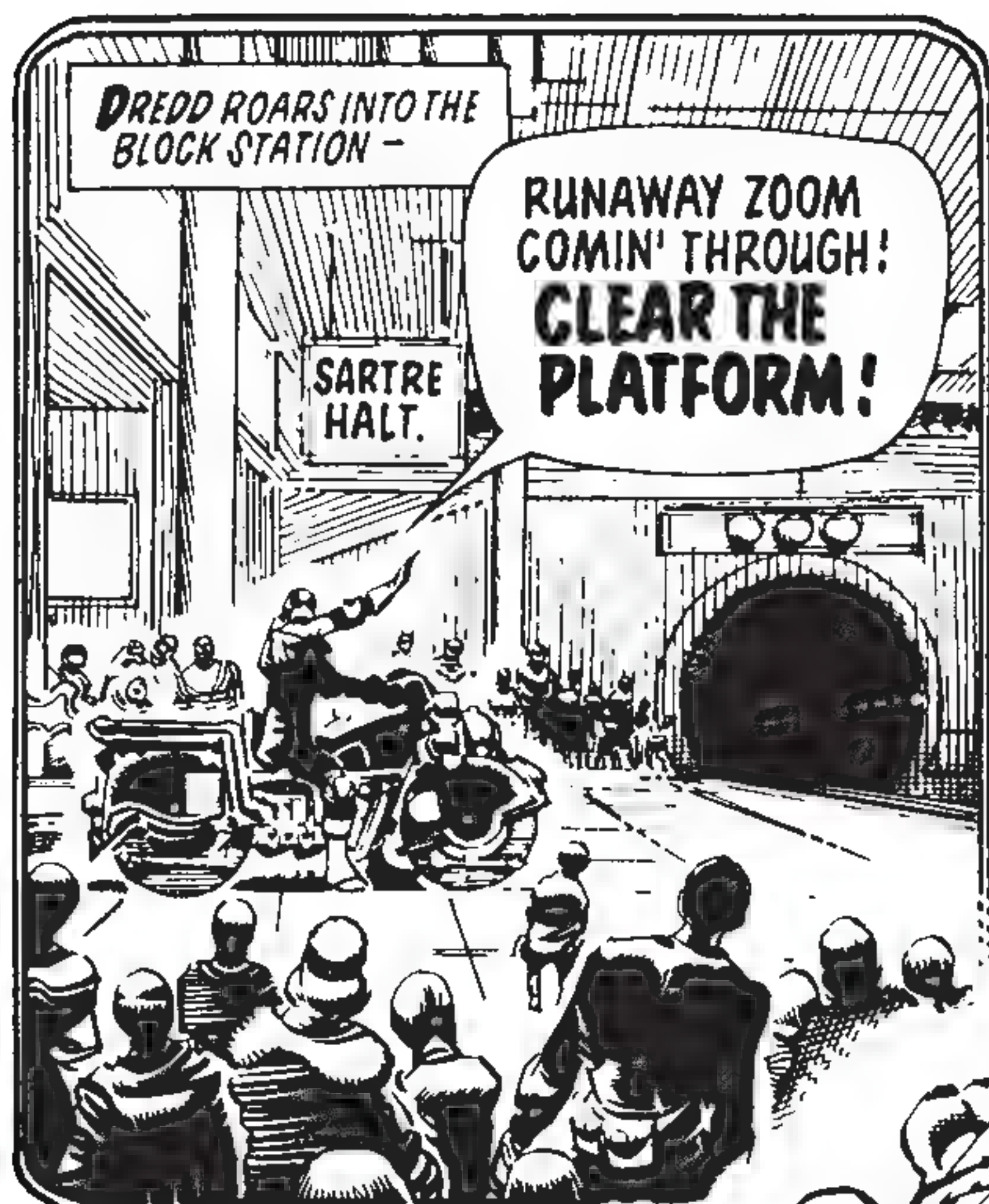


NEXT PROG:
**THE WALL STREET
CRASH!**

**GATHERING SPEED, IT IS RUSHING
HEADLONG TOWARDS DISASTER
AT THE FINAL STOP.
WALL-STREET TERMINUS!**

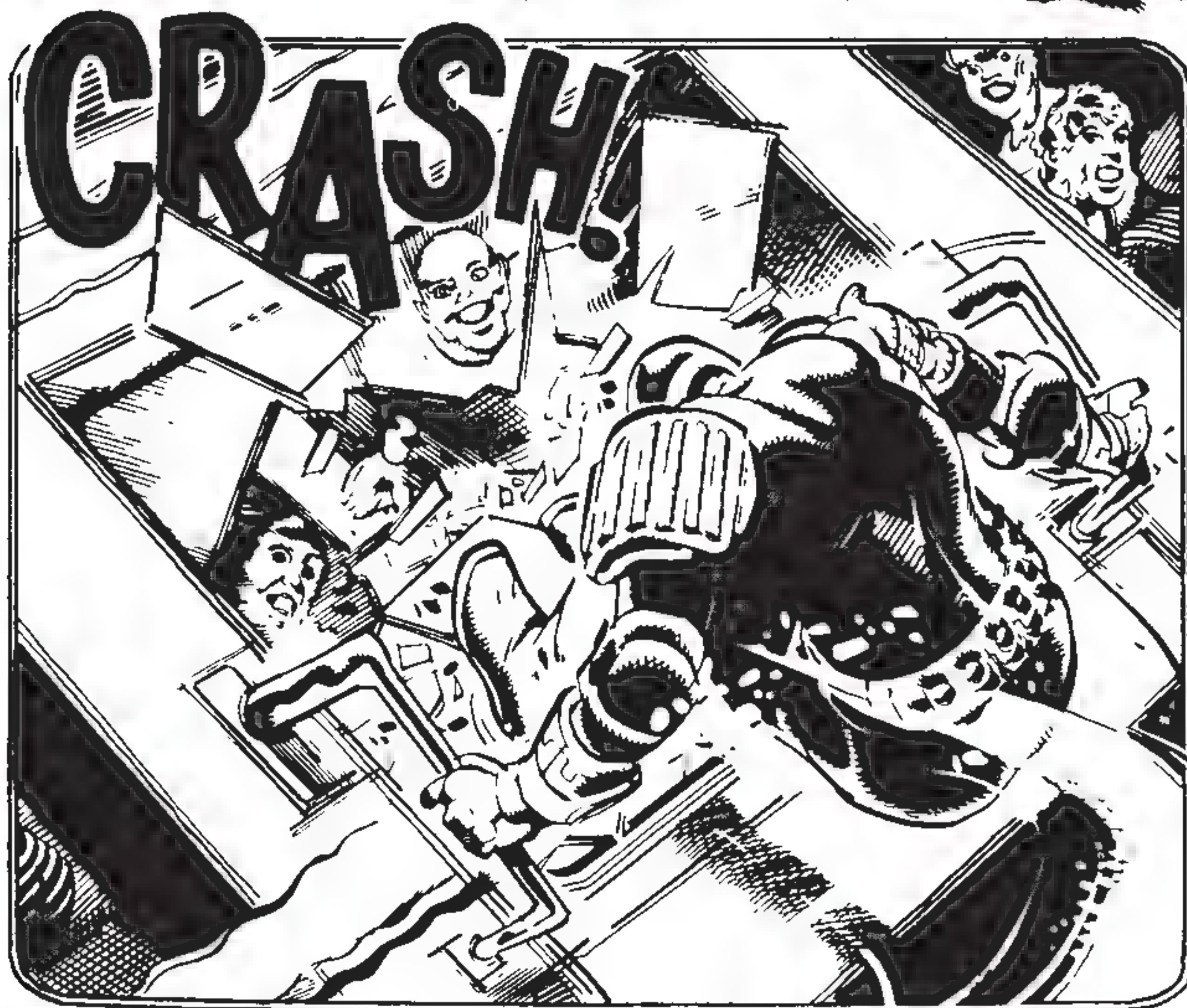
IF THE ZOOM HITS
WALL STREET AT THAT
SPEED IT'LL BE
GOODNIGHT CHARLIE!

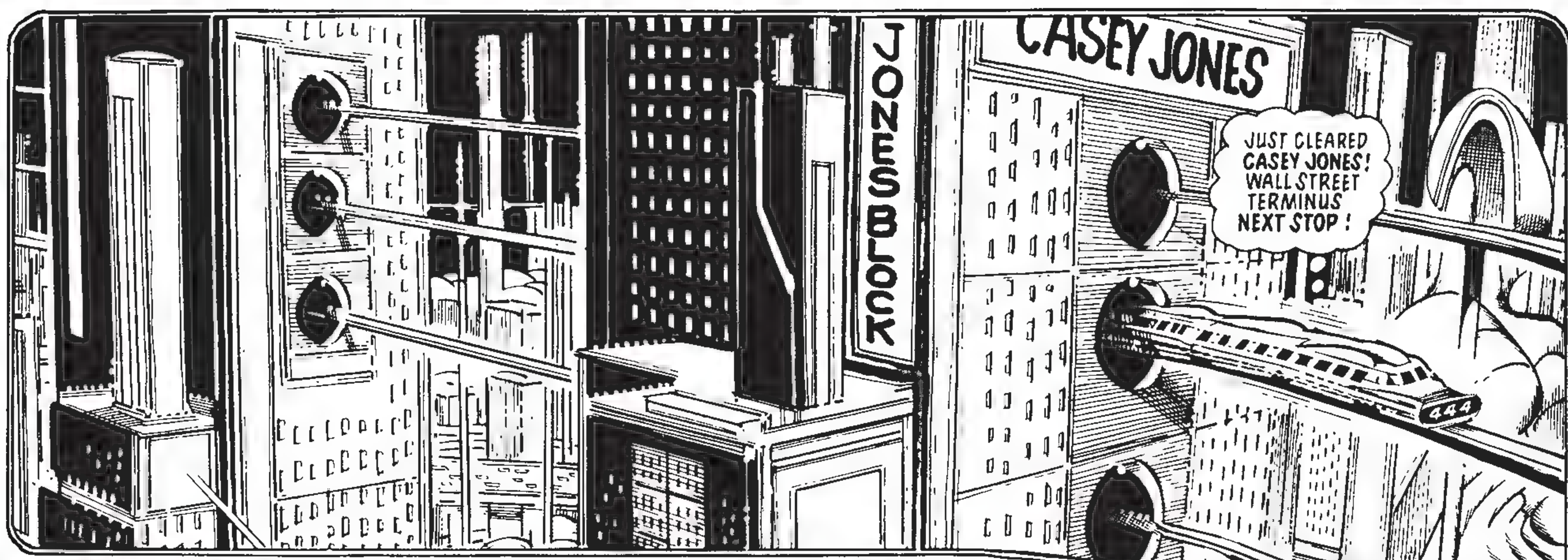
**GOT TO TRY
TO HEAD IT OFF
AT THE NEXT
STATION!**

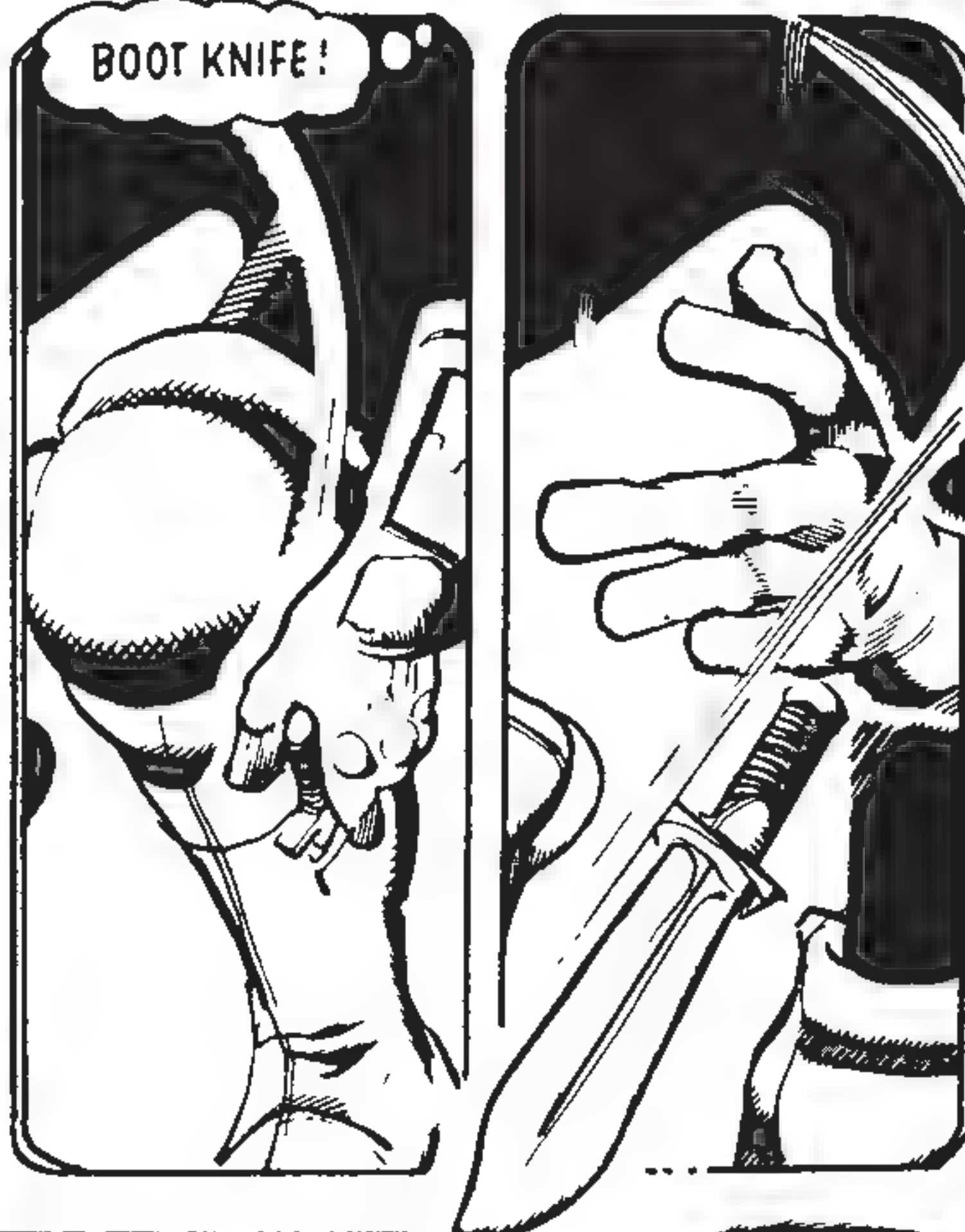


RUNAWAY ZOOM
COMIN' THROUGH!
CLEAR THE
PLATFORM!











THE END





CONDO

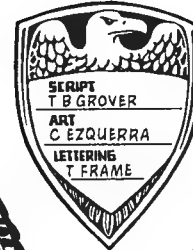
PART 1

A GIANT SPACE CONDOMINIUM*
PLUNGES TOWARDS EARTH —

BOOSTER MOTORS ARE STILL
NON-FUNCTIONAL! OUR ORBIT IS
DECAYING RAPIDLY! WE WILL HIT
ATMOSPHERE IN LESS THAN
THIRTY SECONDS!



*THARG NOTE: SPACE LIVING CO. COMMUNITY.



BURN UP! BURN UP! BURN UP!



AAAGH!

IT'S THE END FOR
GEMINI 2!

IN MEGA-CITY ONE -

CONDO GEMINI 2 IS JUST A HUGE FIREBALL
NOW - HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE CITY!
AWAITING ORDERS, CHIEF JUDGE!

EMERGENCY LAUNCH -
CODE GREEN!

INTERCEPTORS
AWAY!

HIGH ABOVE
THE CITY, THE
MISSILES
STRIKE HOME -

FWKKAMM!

- SPLITTING THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE
INTO MOLTEN FRAGMENTS!

MANY FALL HARMLESSLY
AWAY FROM THE CITY -

SWAASSCH!

- OTHERS ARE INTERCEPTED BY H-WAGONS
IN THE STRATOSPHERE.

VAPE!
VAPE!

ONLY A FEW PASS THROUGH
THE GAUNTLET - WITH
DEVASTATING EFFECT!

BILLY
HERSCHEL
BLOCK

BADDOOONNN!

AIEEE!

EMERGENCY SQUADS TO
BILLY HERSCHEL!

AAAGH!

THERE GOES THE
CEILING, MA!

SURE HOPE WEATHER
CONTROL KEEPS THINGS
FINE, PA!

TWELVE HOURS LATER, JUSTICE3
GLIDES THROUGH A SCATTERING OF
SPACE COLONIES IN SOLAR ORBIT -

CONDO GEMINI 3
TO JUSTICE3 -
YOU'RE CLEARED
TO DOCK.



INSIDE THE COLONY -

WELCOME, JUDGE DREDD. I'M RUPERT BAYER, COLONY LEADER. ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU ROUND OUR CONDOMINIUM.

I DIDN'T COME FOR A GUIDED TOUR, BAYER. JUST SHOW ME THE STIFF.

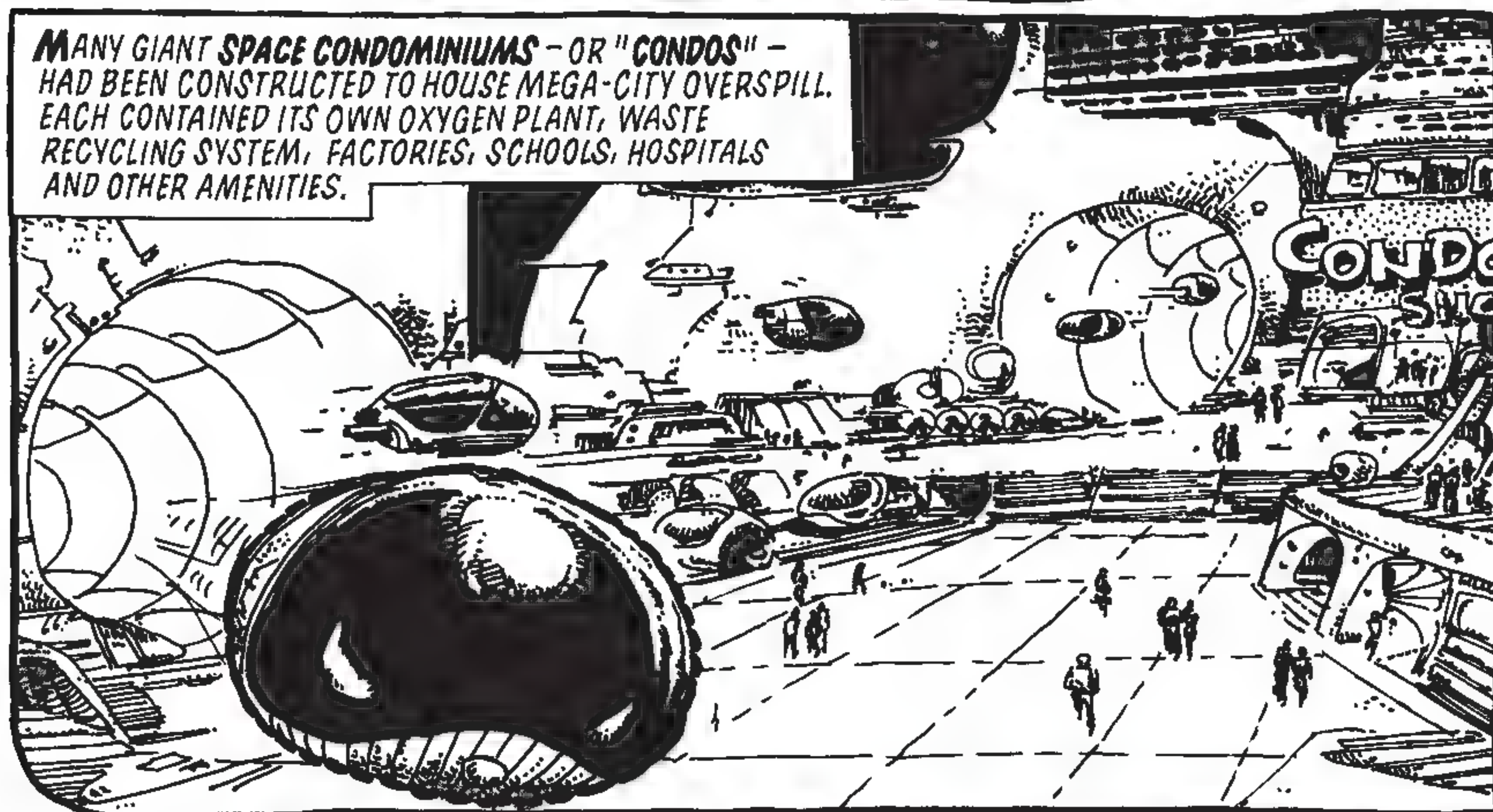


ER... OF COURSE! HOP IN THE POD - I'LL TAKE YOU STRAIGHT TO THE MORTUARY.

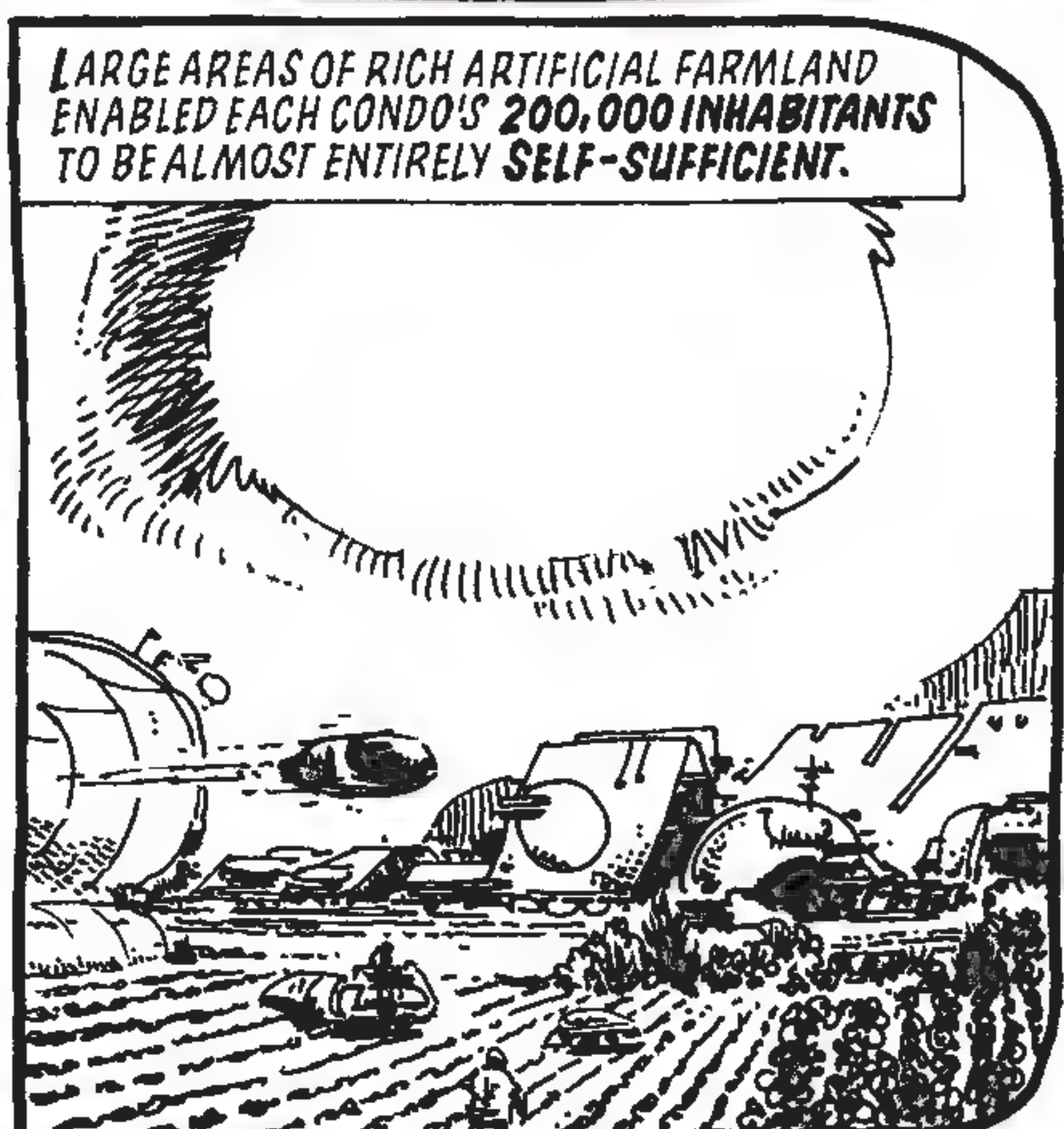


I'M AFRAID IT GETS RATHER WARM IN THESE TUBEWAYS. WE STAY AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE SUN TO MAXIMISE SOLAR ENERGY ABSORPTION.

CAN'T LET ANY RESOURCE GO TO WASTE ON A CONDO.



MANY GIANT **SPACE CONDOMINIUMS** - OR "**CONDOS**" - HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO HOUSE MEGA-CITY OVERSPILL. EACH CONTAINED ITS OWN OXYGEN PLANT, WASTE RECYCLING SYSTEM, FACTORIES, SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS AND OTHER AMENITIES.



LARGE AREAS OF RICH ARTIFICIAL FARMLAND ENABLED EACH CONDO'S 200,000 INHABITANTS TO BE ALMOST ENTIRELY **SELF-SUFFICIENT**.



IN GEMINI 3'S MORTUARY -

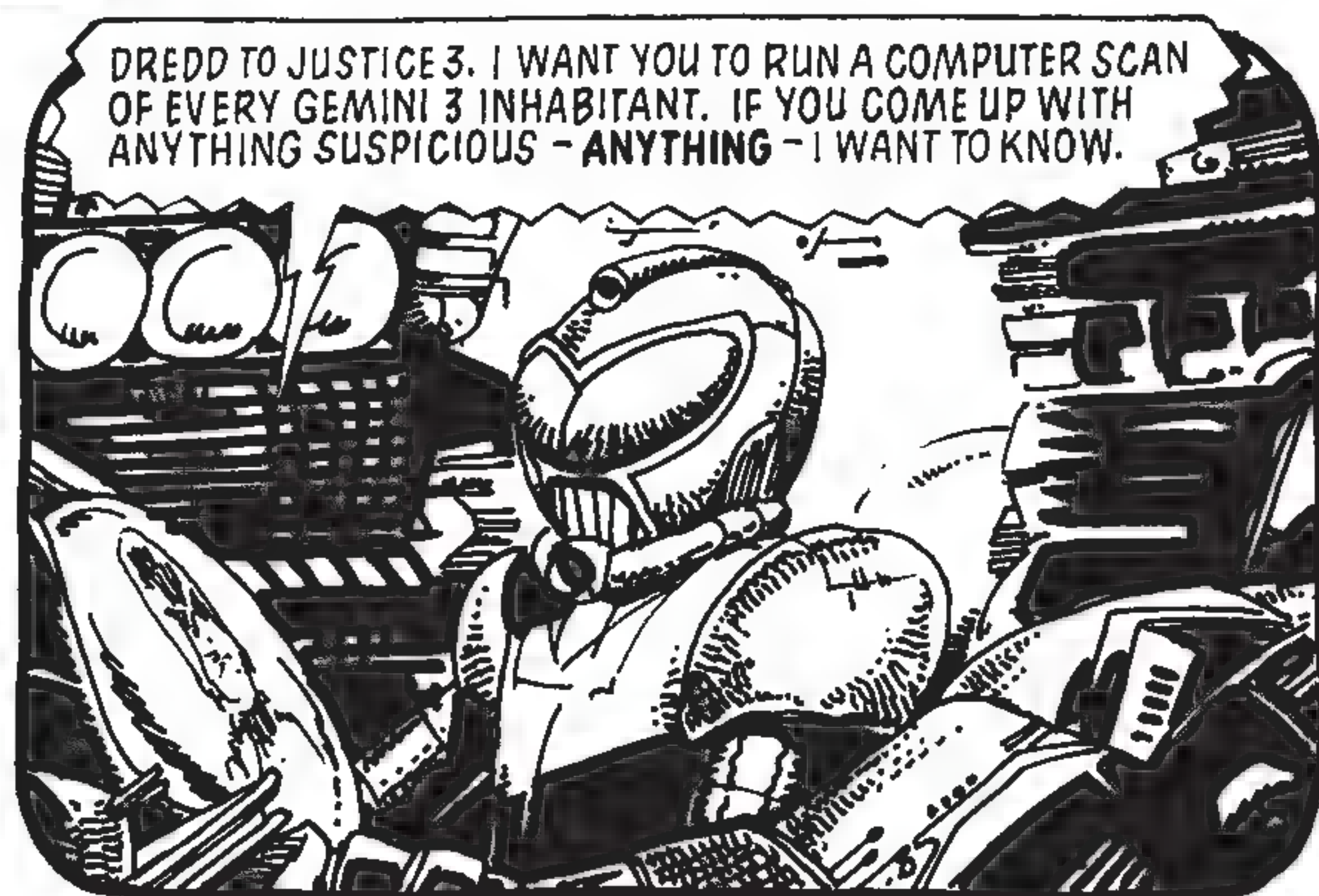
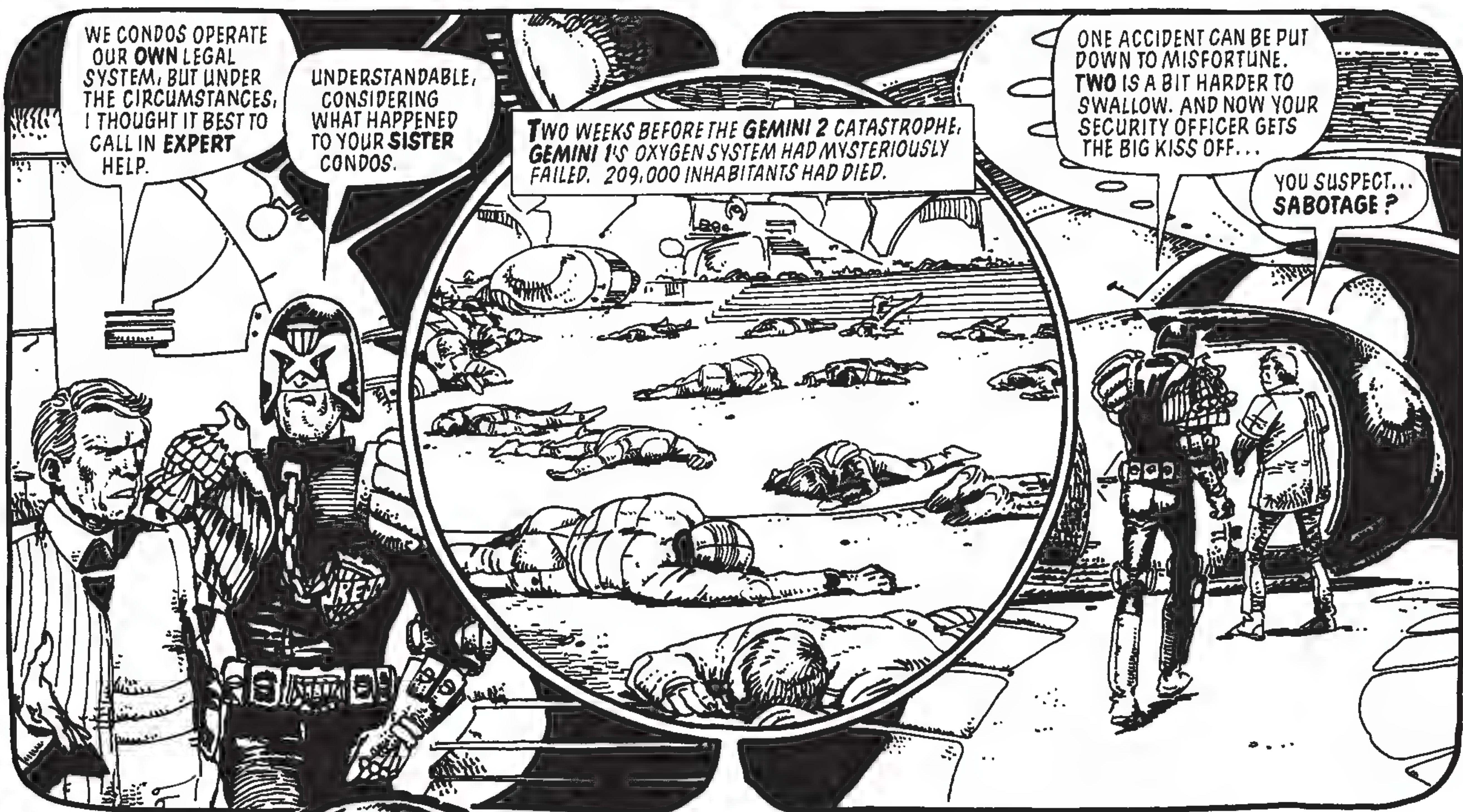
SALAMAN - CONDO SECURITY OFFICER. WE FOUND HIM BENEATH A HAB-UNIT BALCONY - **BROKEN NECK**.

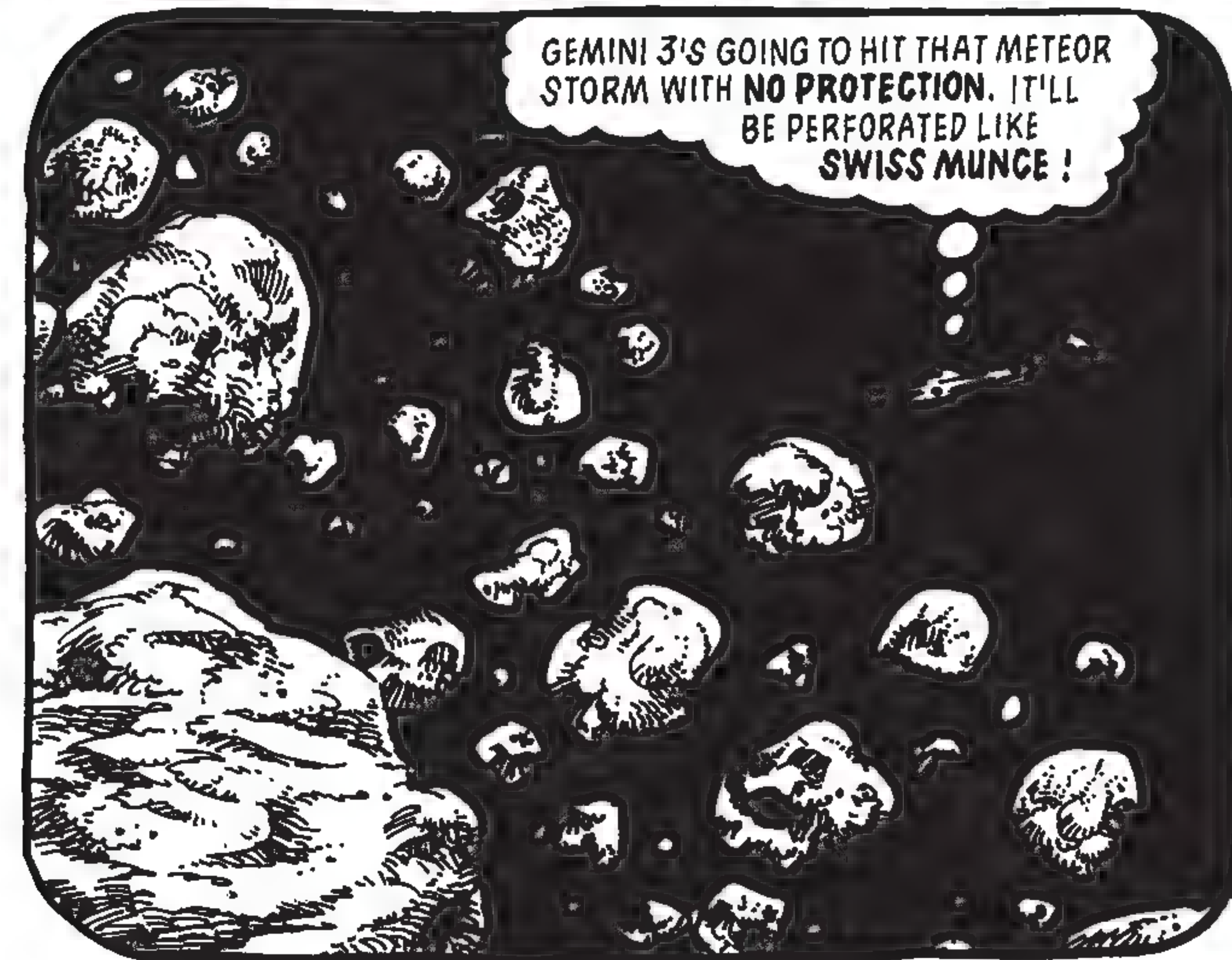
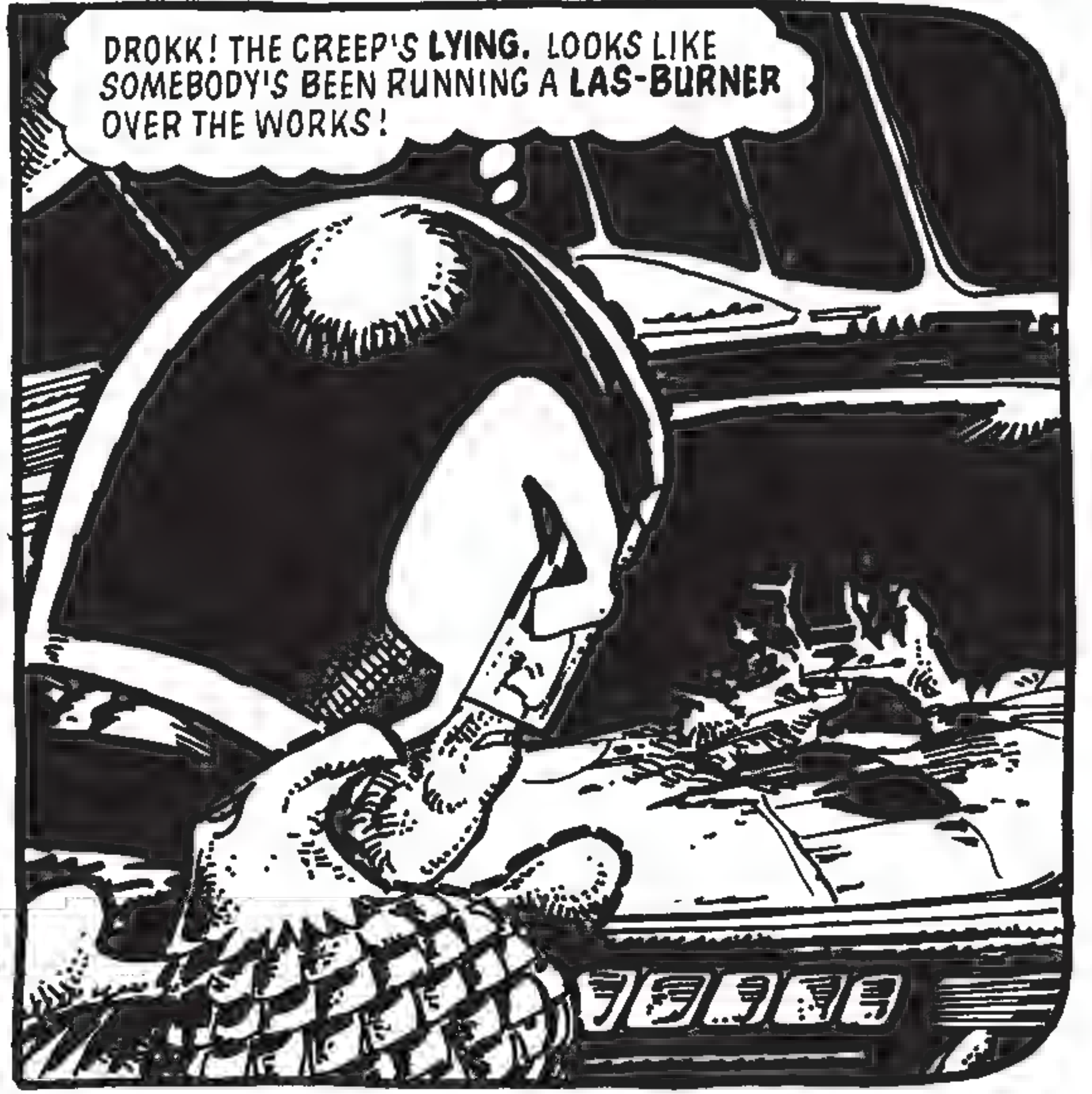
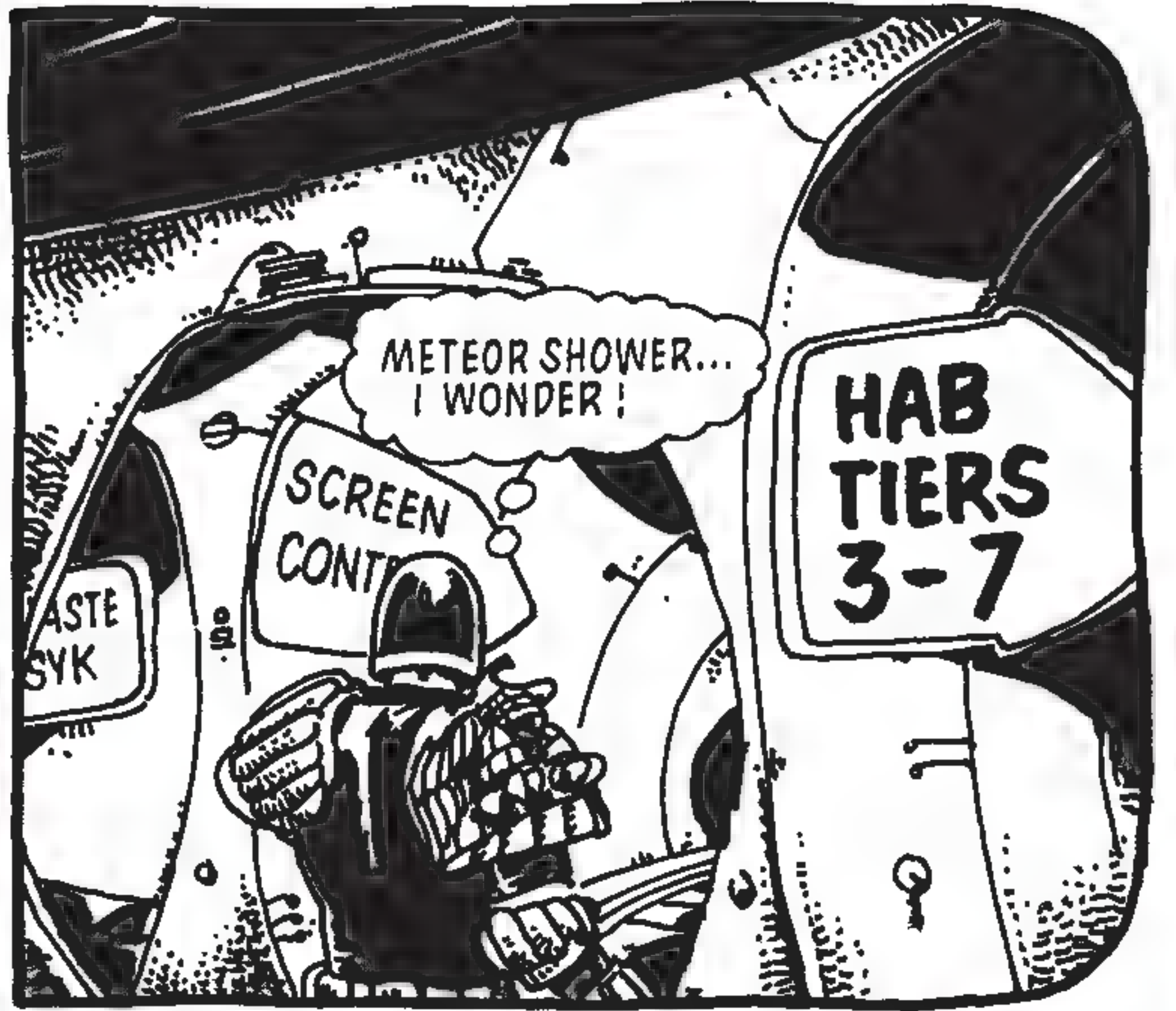
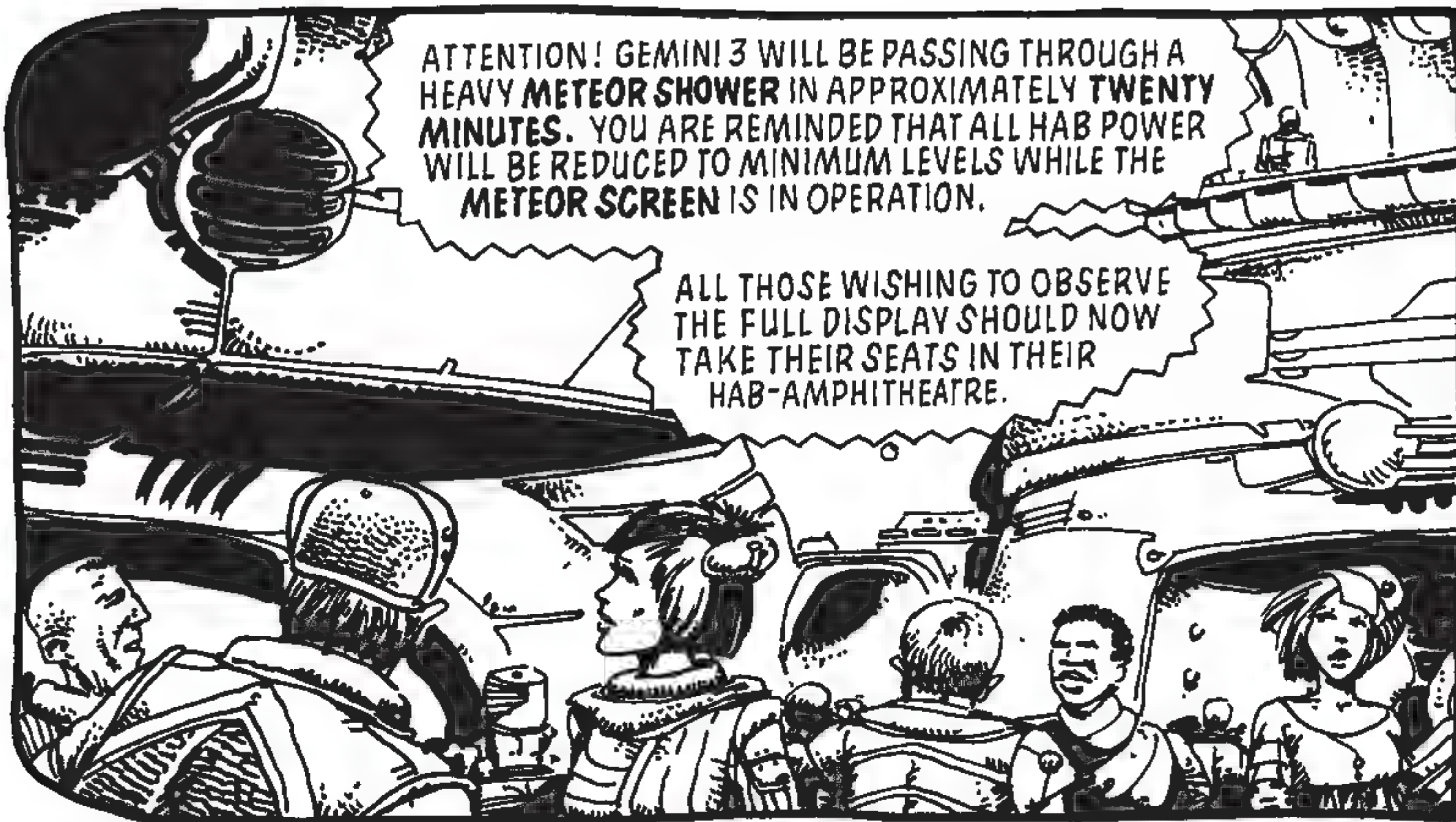
I SEE YOU'VE DONE AN **AUTOPSY**.

IT DIDN'T TELL US ANYTHING. NO BRUISES OR ABRASIONS - NO INDICATION OF A STRUGGLE.



BUT THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS... DID HE FALL - OR WAS HE **PUSHED**?





PART 2

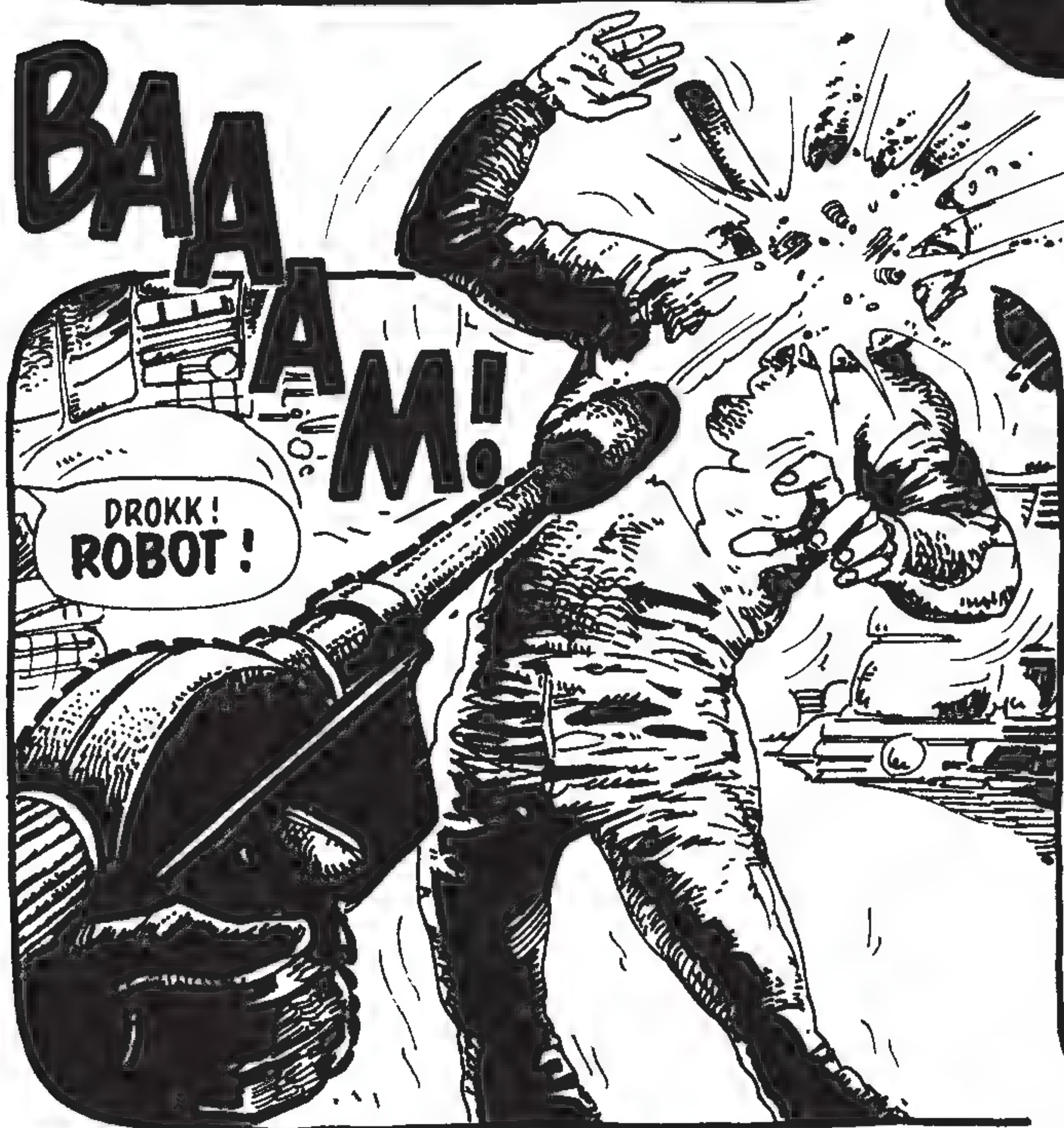
**RETROS CAN'T
STOP US IN TIME!
WE'RE GONNA GET
PULVERISED!**

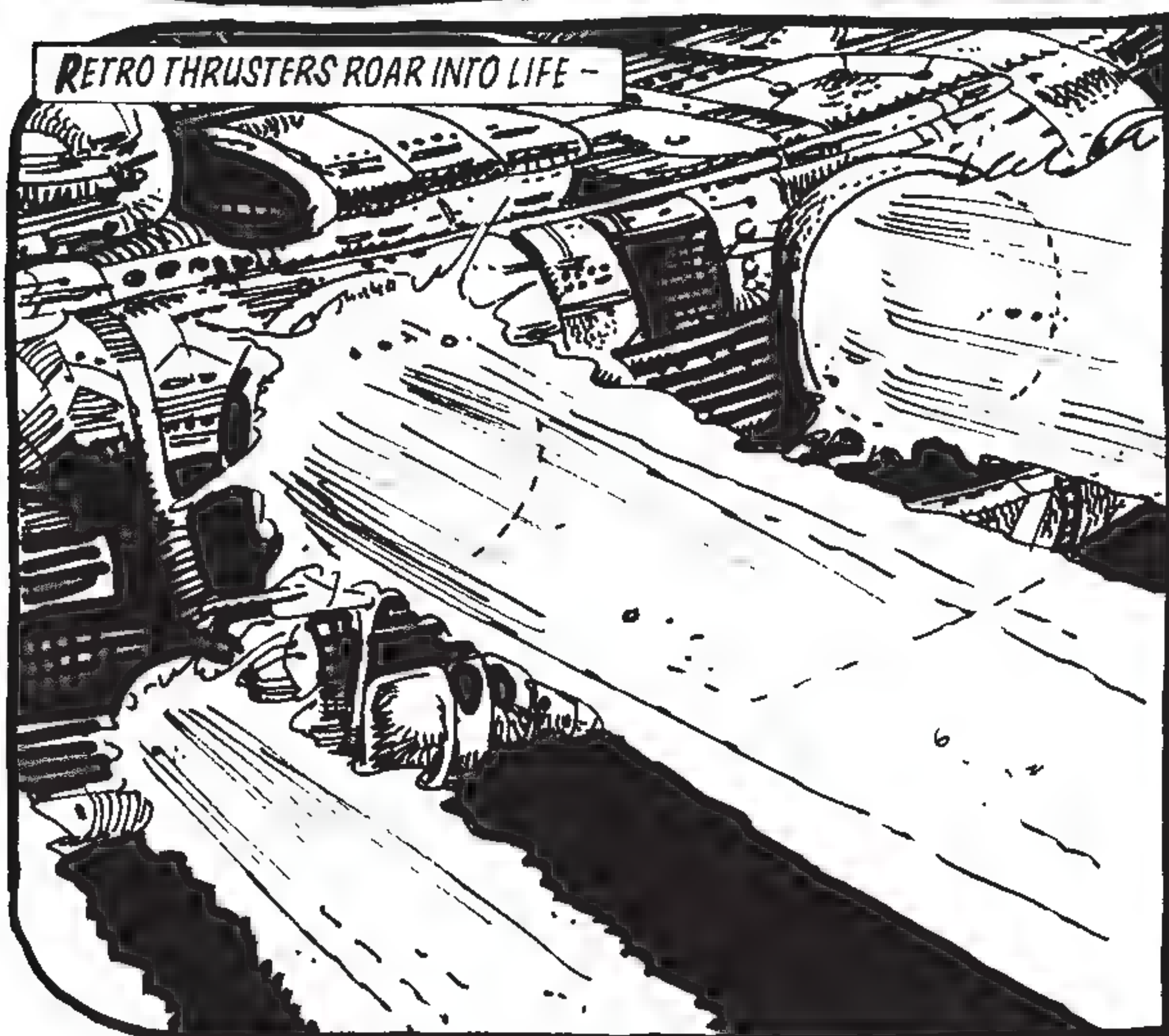
IT'S THE END OF GEMINI 3!

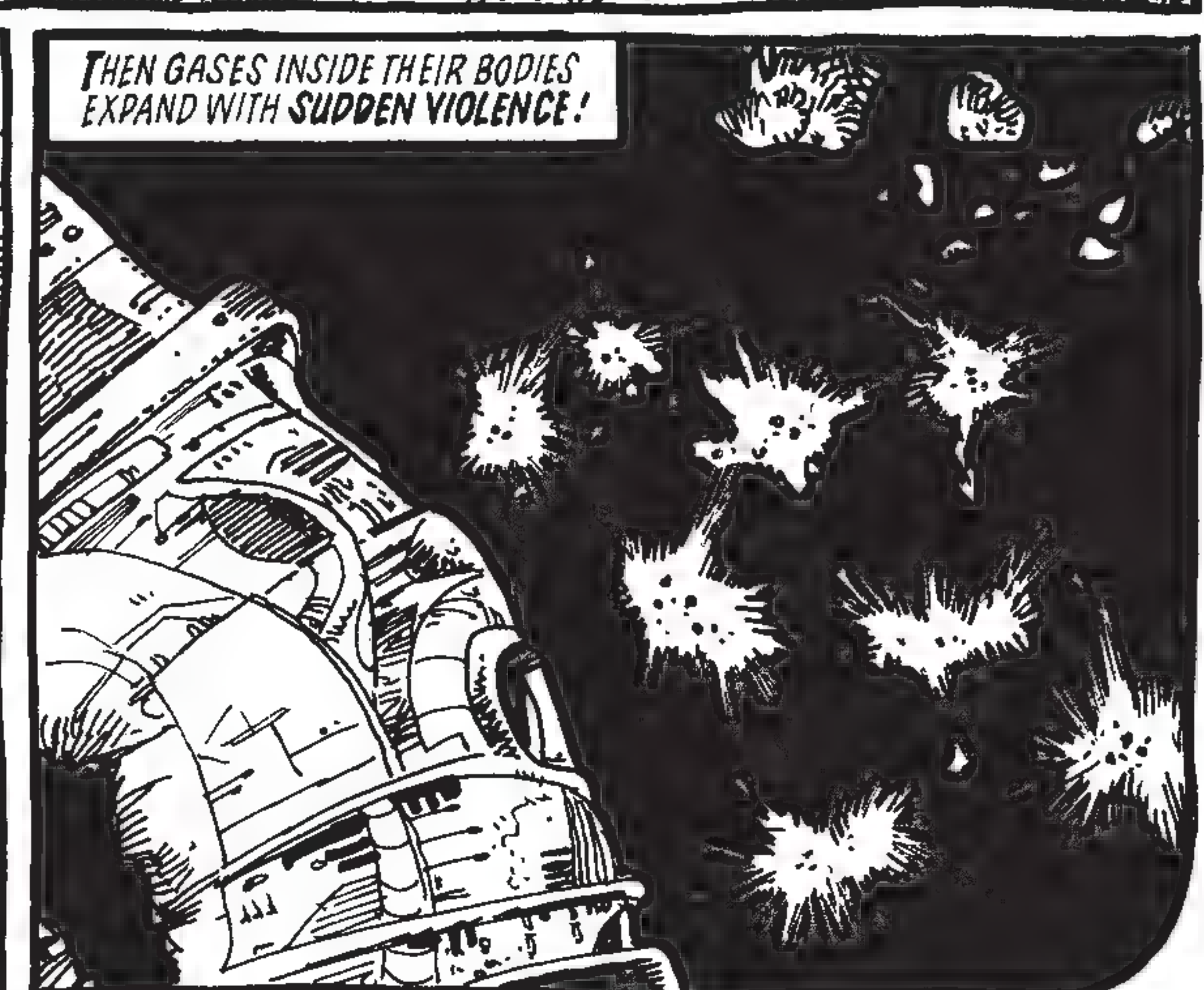
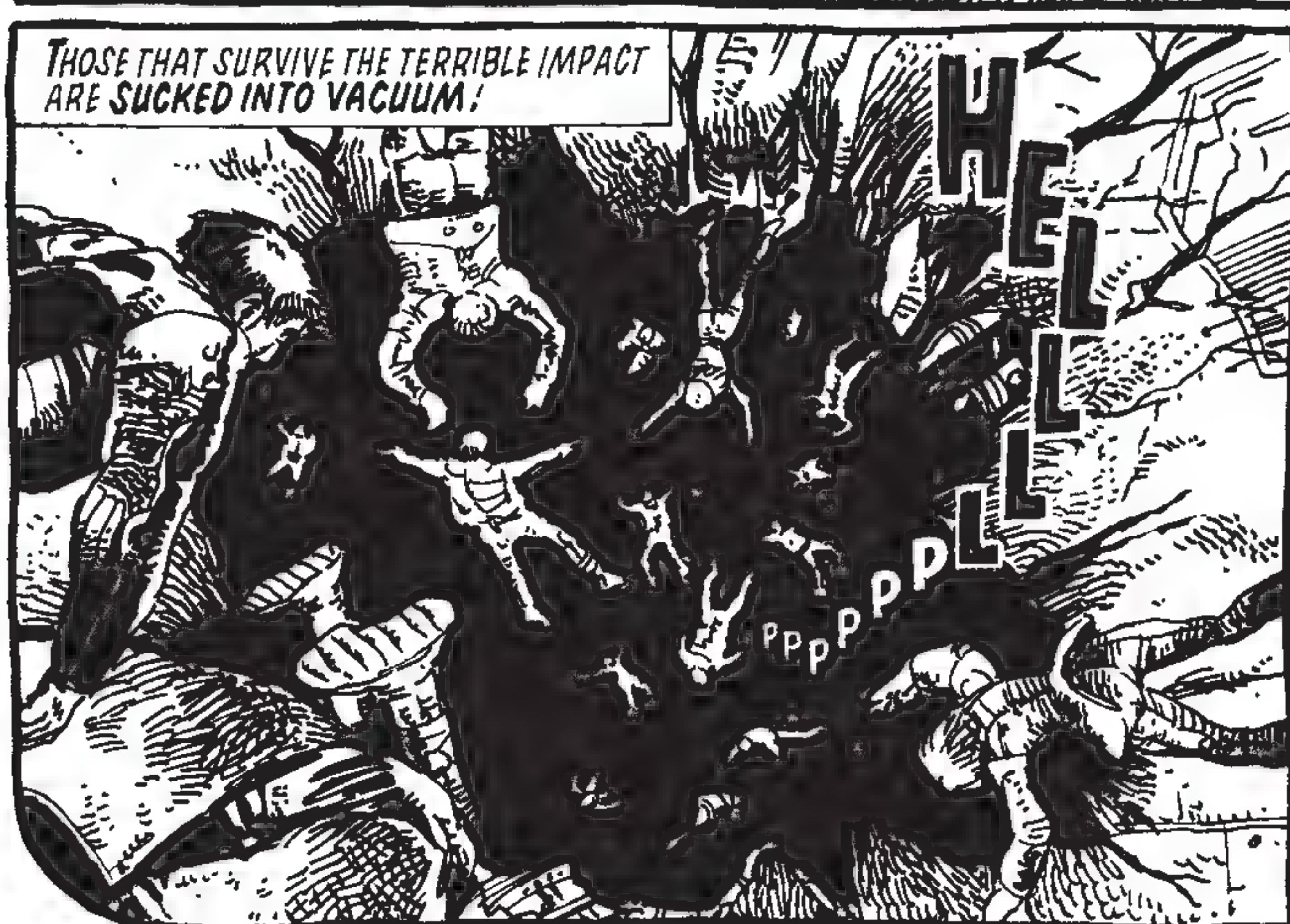
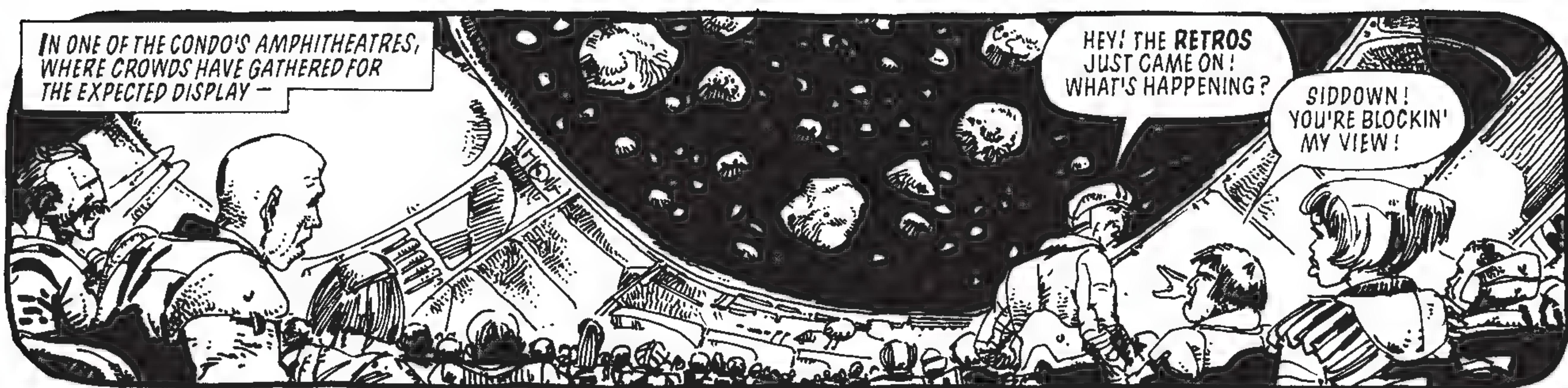
SHBLAMM

MINUTES EARLIER, IN THE CONDO'S SCREEN CONTROL -

INTERFERIN' JUDGE! YOU'LL NOT
LIVE TO GIVE THE WARNING!







HELPLESSLY, COLONY LEADER RUPERT BAYER
WATCHES THE CARNAGE —

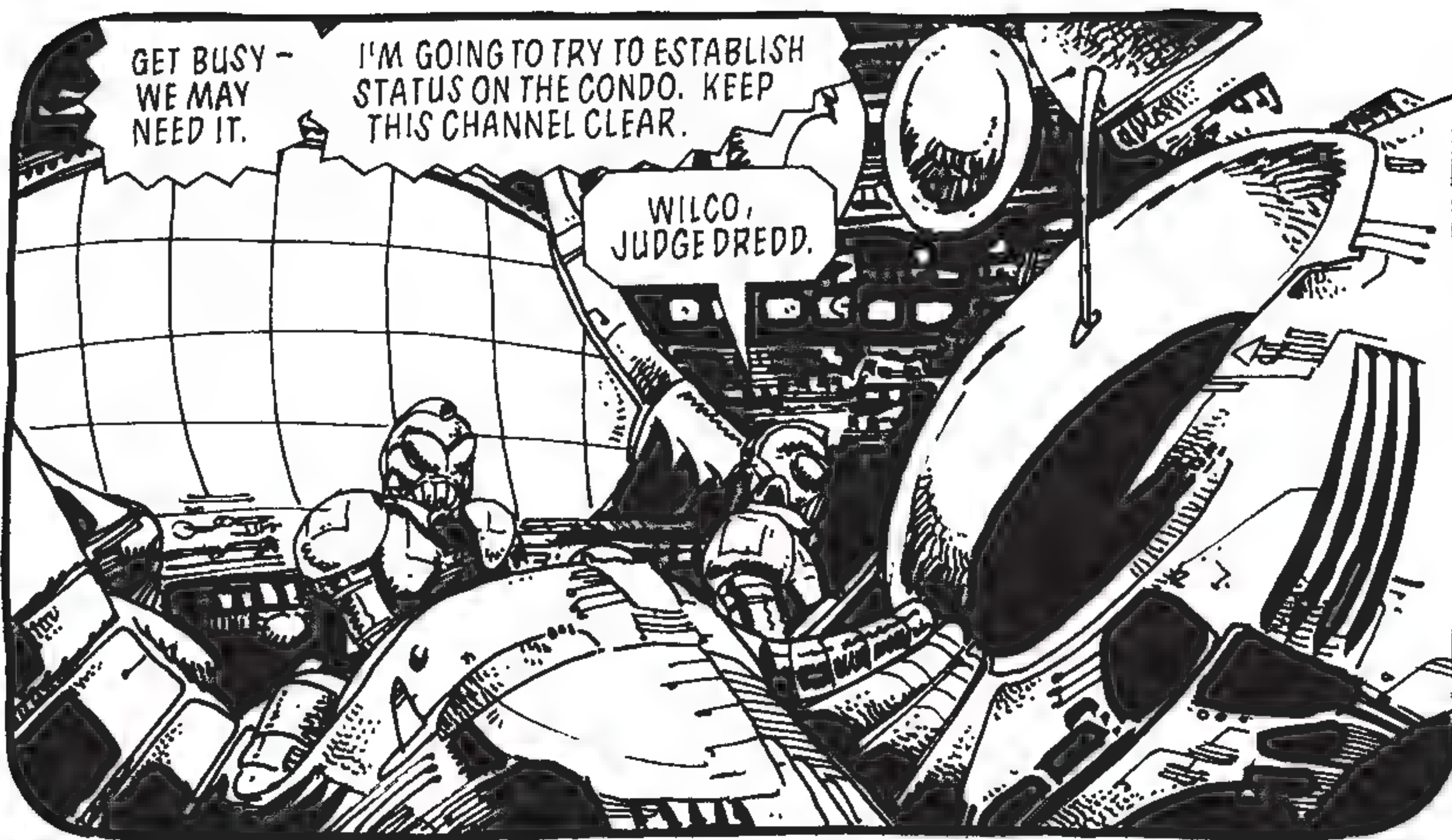
WE'RE BEING
RIPPED TO
PIECES!

MY CONDO! MY CONDO!

THEN THE IMPACT WITH THE HURLING MAELSTROM
COMPLETES THE TASK OF THE RETROS — AND THE
GIANT SPACE COLONY IS FLUNG CLEAR!

JUSTICE 3 —
REPORT!

WE ARE STILL INTACT, JUDGE DREDD.
CONDO DOCKING BAY HAS SUSTAINED
MINOR DAMAGE, BUT IT CAN BE
REPAIRED.



GET BUSY - WE MAY NEED IT.

I'M GOING TO TRY TO ESTABLISH STATUS ON THE CONDO. KEEP THIS CHANNEL CLEAR.

WILCO, JUDGE DREDD.



CONDO CONTROL - THIS IS DREDD. DO YOU READ ME?

CONDO CONTROL! WE READ YOU!

THANK DOK FOR THAT. WHAT'S THE SITUATION?



GRIM. WE'VE LOST AN ESTIMATED FORTY-SEVEN PER CENT OF OUR POPULATION. FARM AREAS ARE A TOTAL WRITE-OFF.

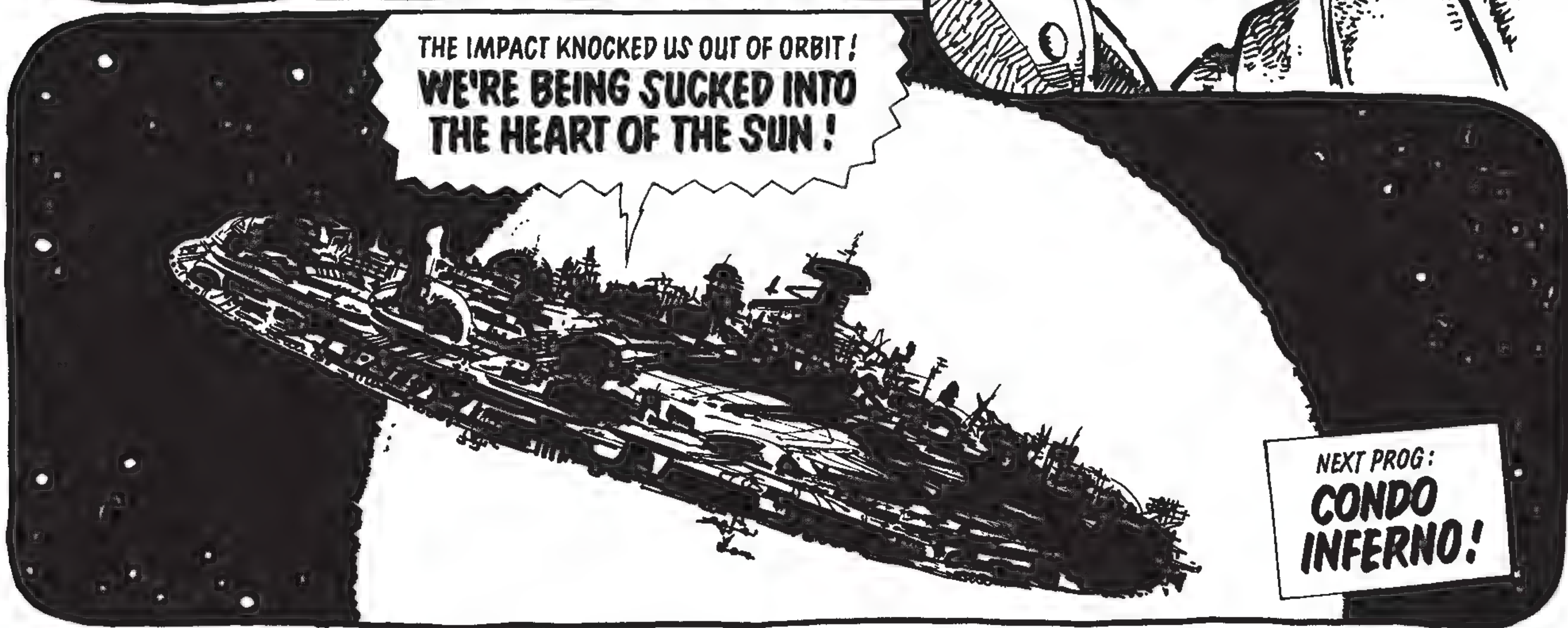
STILL GETTING SOME INPUT FROM THE SOLAR ABSORBERS, BUT ALL THRUSTER ENGINES ARE INOPERATIVE.

TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE OXYGEN PLANT IS GONE. THE ONLY AIR WE'VE GOT IS TRAPPED IN THE SEALED SECTIONS.



NOW DO YOU WANT THE BAD NEWS?

HIT ME.



THE IMPACT KNOCKED US OUT OF ORBIT! WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE HEART OF THE SUN!

NEXT PROG:
CONDO INFERNO!



GONDO

PART 3

DISABLED BY A METEOR STORM, THE GIANT SPACE CONDOMINIUM GEMINI 3 IS OUT OF CONTROL -

ALL THRUSTER ENGINES ARE INOPERATIVE!
WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE HEART OF THE SUN!



ON BOARD, JUDGE DREDD -

CONDO CONTROL - YOU'VE GOT TO ABANDON. OPEN UP ALL AVAILABLE TUBEWAY ROUTES TO THE DOCKING BAY.

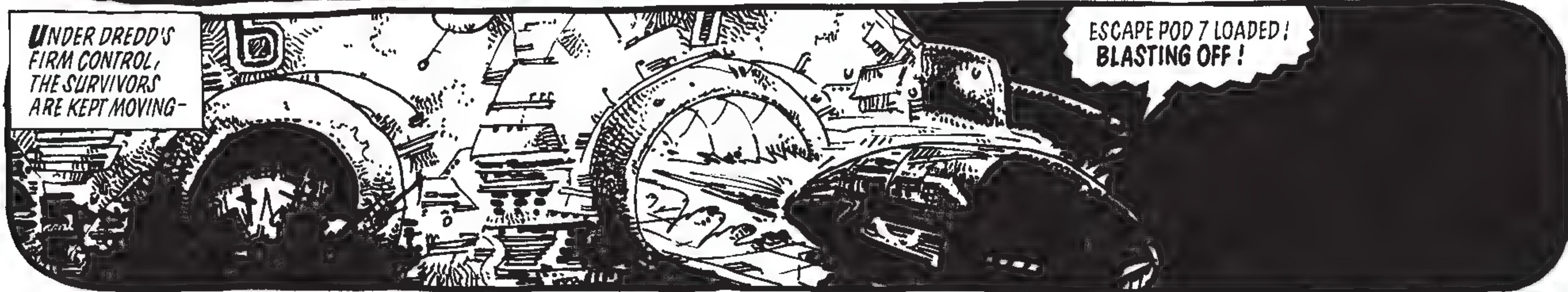
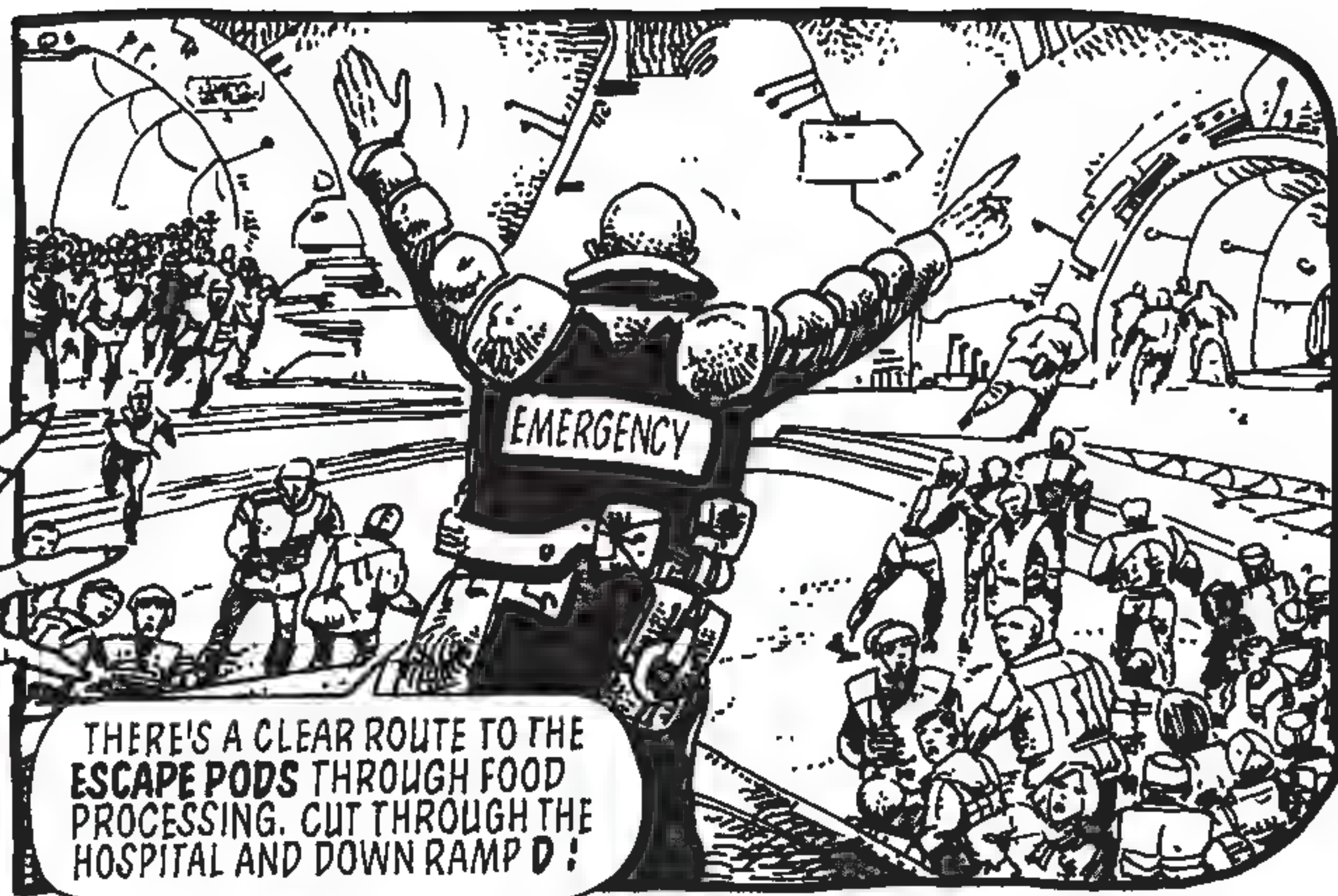
EMERGENCY COMM-LINK

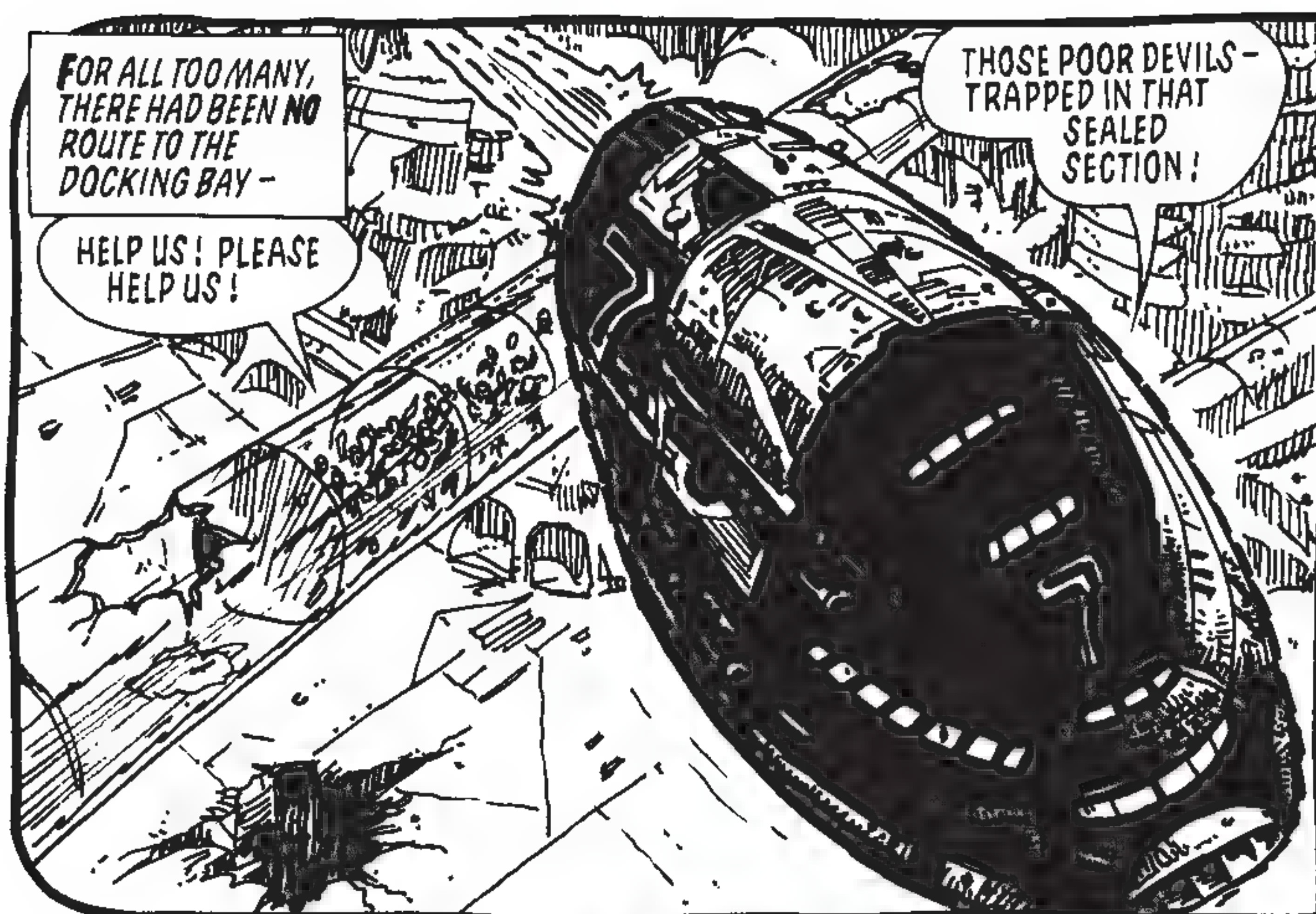


ABANDON CONDO!
ABANDON CONDO!

ALL PERSONNEL MAKE THEIR WAY TO DOCKING BAY!

EEEEEE





FOR ALL TOO MANY,
THERE HAD BEEN NO
ROUTE TO THE
DOCKING BAY -

HELP US! PLEASE
HELP US!

THOSE POOR DEVILS -
TRAPPED IN THAT
SEALED
SECTION!



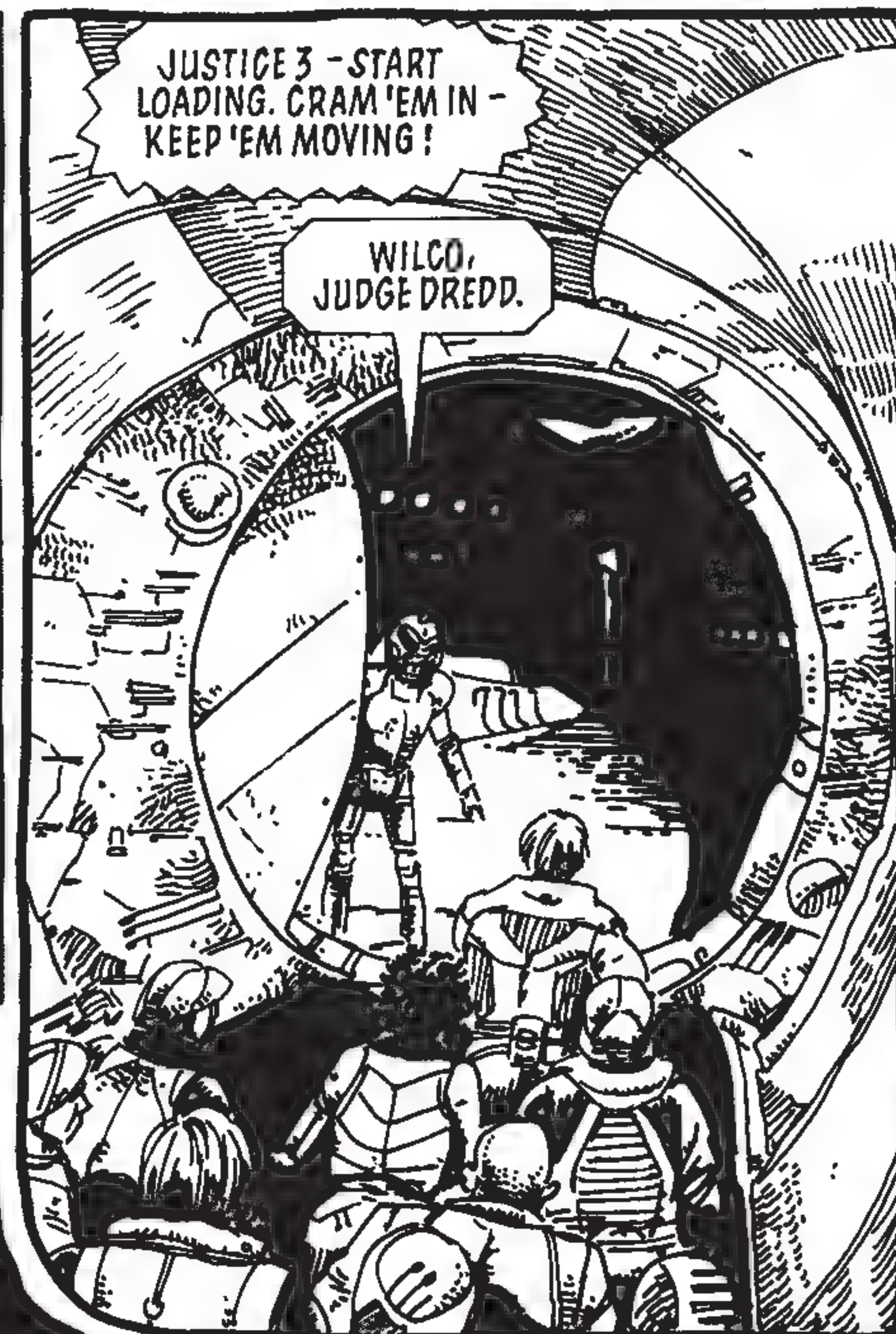
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM,
NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO!

COME BACK! DON'T
LEAVE US TO DIE!



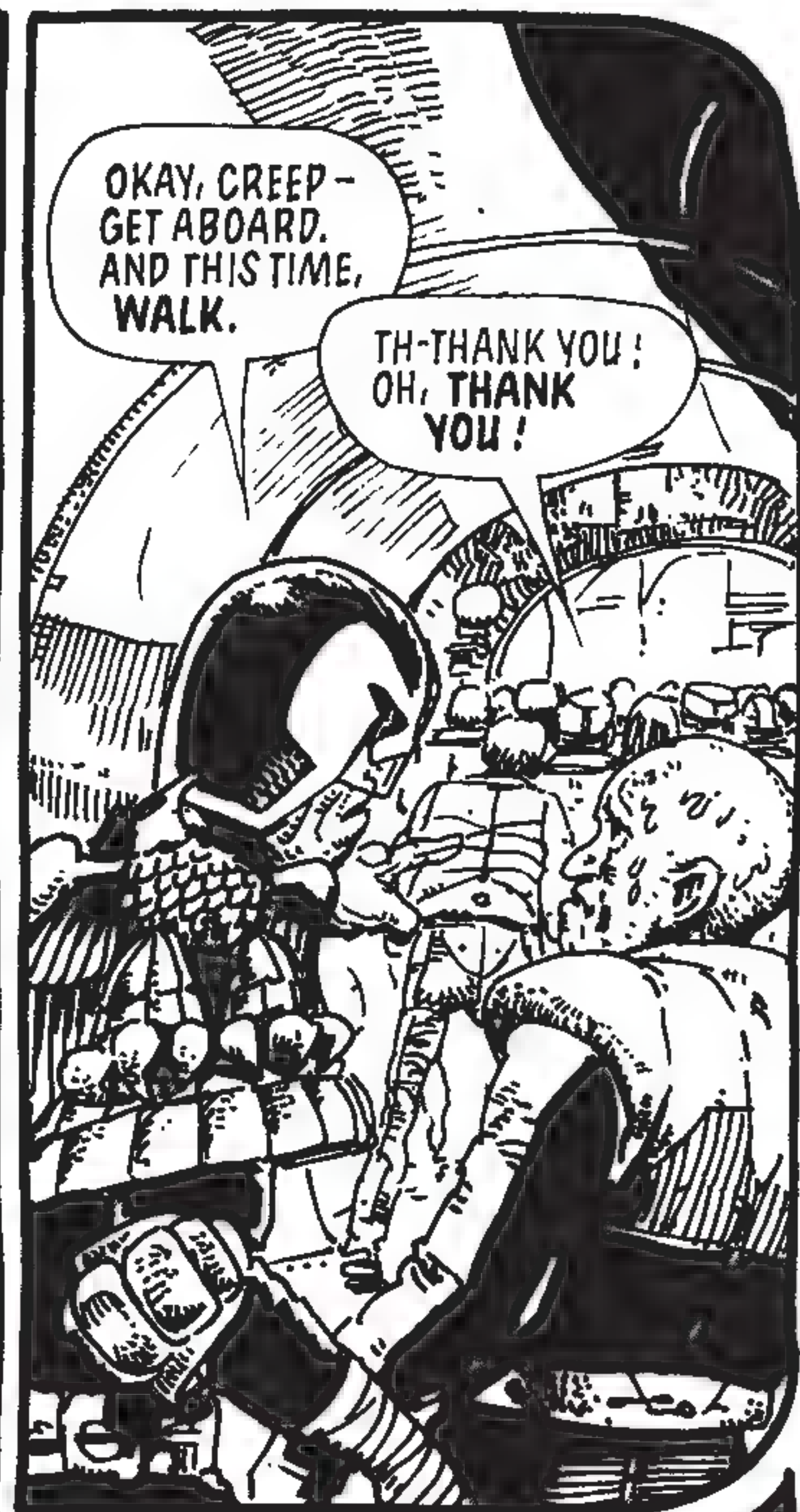
A-ALL THE PODS
ARE FILLING UP!
WH-WHAT ABOUT
ME, S-S-SIR?

SHUT UP AND
WAIT.



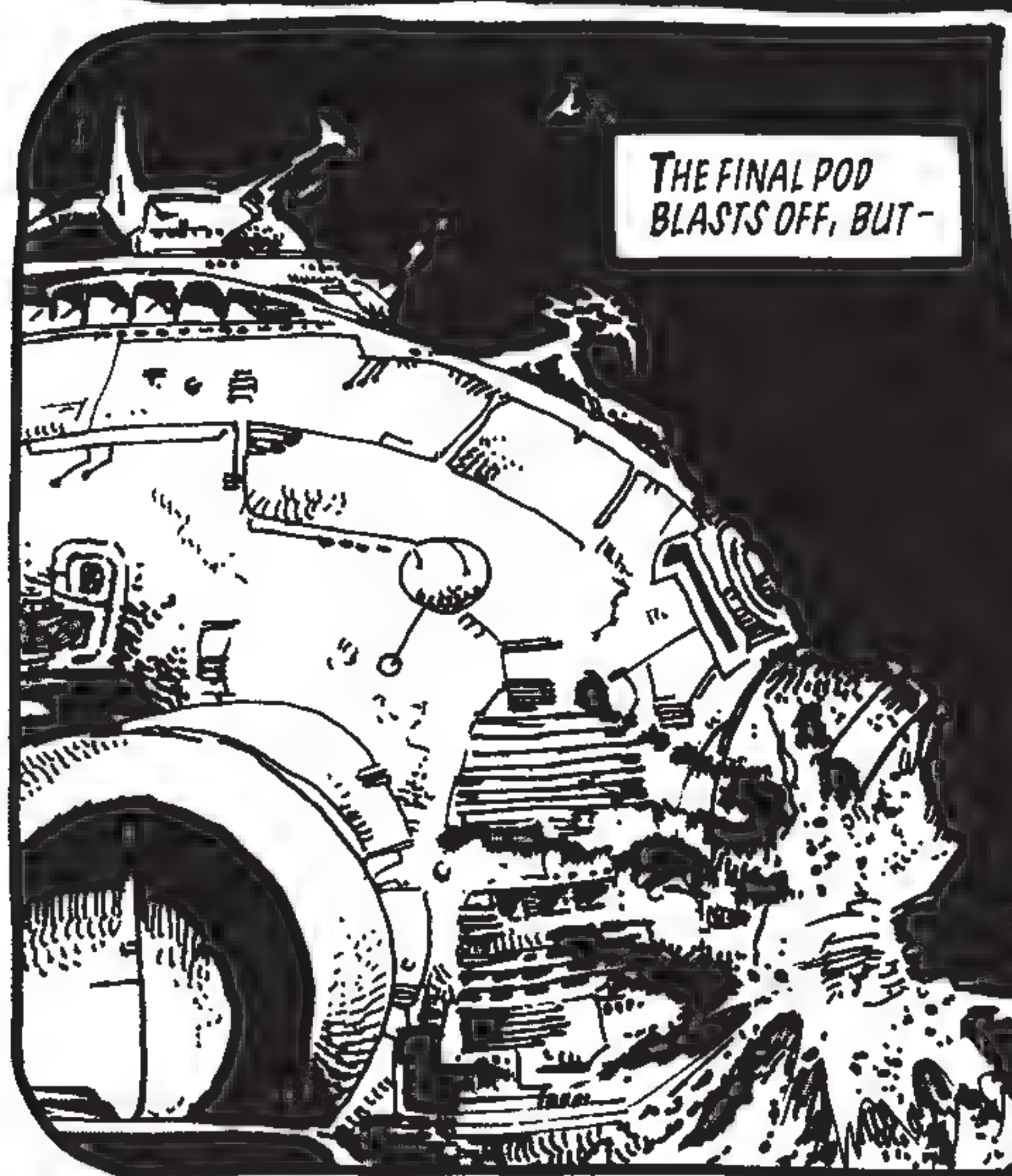
JUSTICE 3 - START
LOADING. CRAM 'EM IN -
KEEP 'EM MOVING!

WILCO,
JUDGE DREDD.



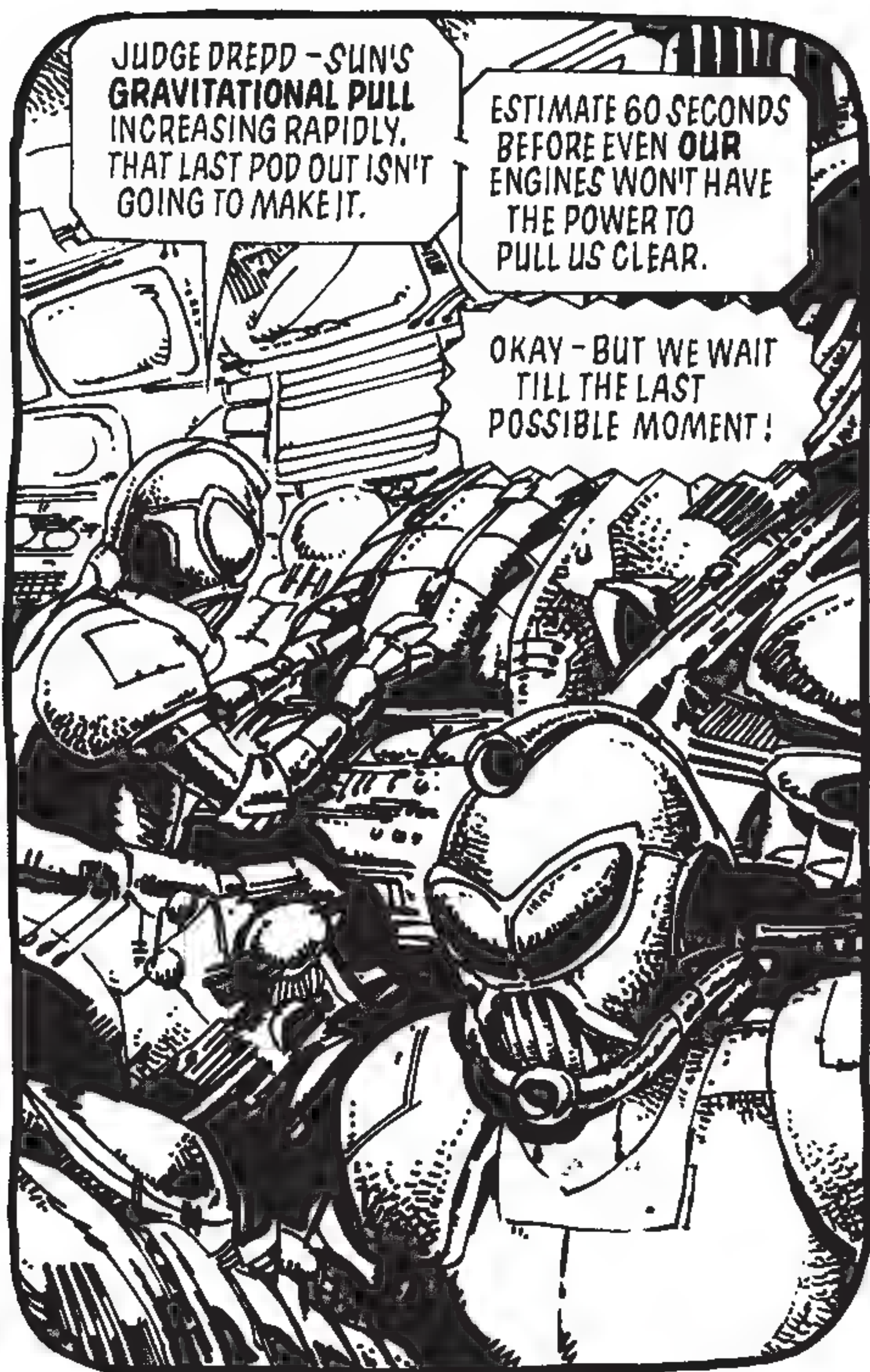
OKAY, CREEP -
GET ABOARD.
AND THIS TIME,
WALK.

TH-THANK YOU!
OH, THANK
YOU!



THE FINAL POD
BLASTS OFF, BUT -

HELL! ENGINES AREN'T
STRONG ENOUGH! WE'RE
DRIFTING BACK!



JUDGE DREDD - SUN'S
GRAVITATIONAL PULL
INCREASING RAPIDLY.
THAT LAST POD OUT ISN'T
GOING TO MAKE IT.

ESTIMATE 60 SECONDS
BEFORE EVEN OUR
ENGINES WON'T HAVE
THE POWER TO
PULL US CLEAR.

OKAY - BUT WE WAIT
TILL THE LAST
POSSIBLE MOMENT!



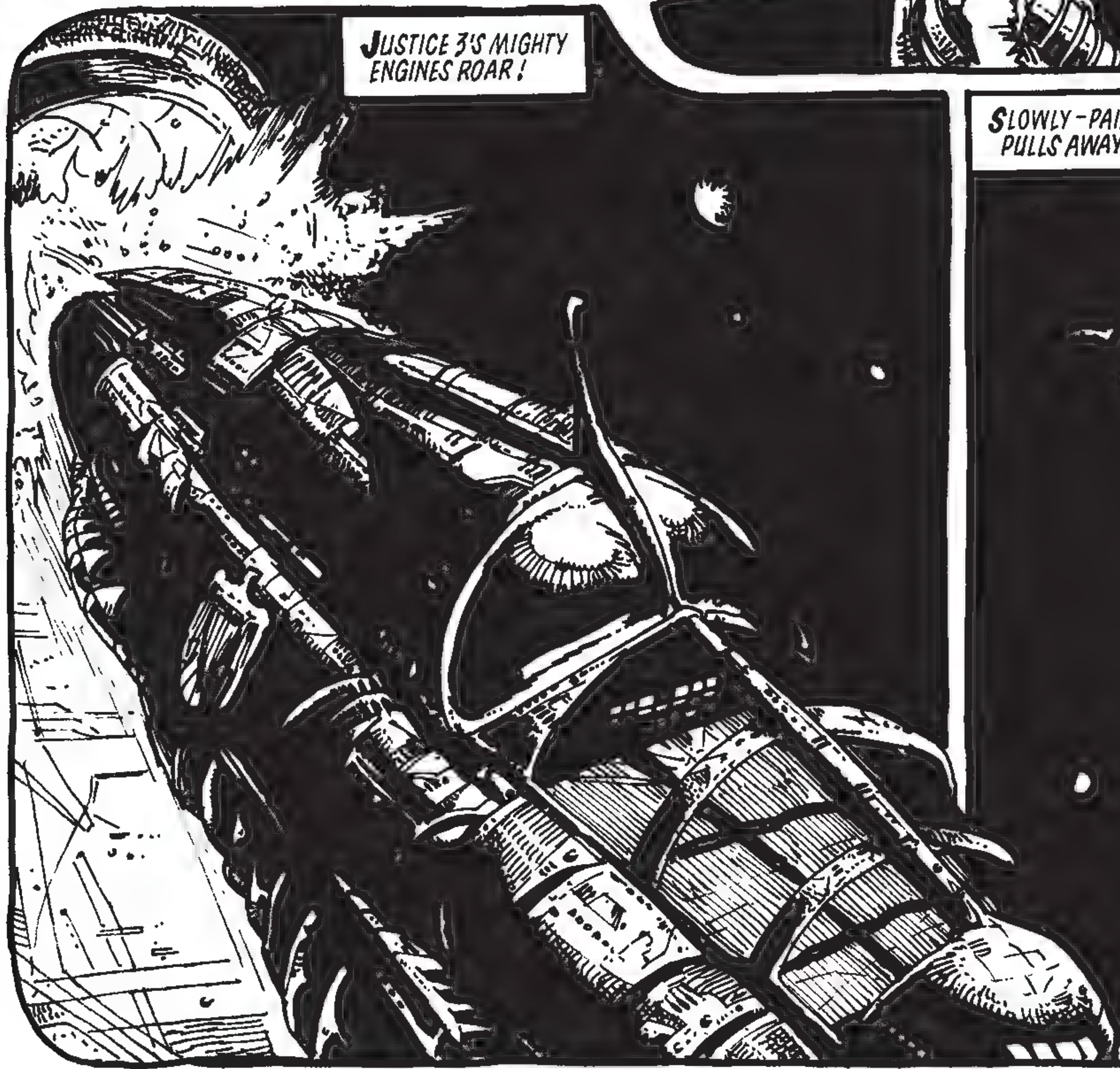
THE SECONDS RUSH BY -

TIME'S UP, JUDGE!
WE GO NOW - OR
NEVER!

YOU'RE
THE LAST!
MOVE!



THEY'RE IN!
CLOSE THE
HATCH AND
BLAST
OFF!



JUSTICE 3'S MIGHTY
ENGINES ROAR!



SLOWLY - PAINFULLY SLOWLY - SHE
PULLS AWAY. AND THEN -

WE'VE MADE IT!
WE'VE BROKEN
LOOSE!

AND BEHIND, CONDO GEMINI 3
PLUMMETS TOWARDS HER
FIERY GRAVE!

STILL ABOARD, COLONY LEADER BAYER -

MY CONDO!

MY CONDOOOOOO!

KRAKOOOM!

JUDGE DREDD - CONDO GEMINI 3 JUST
DISAPPEARED FROM SCANNERS.

OKAY, INFORM THE SURVIVORS -
SET COURSE FOR HOME.

NEXT DAY, IN
MEGA-CITY ONE -

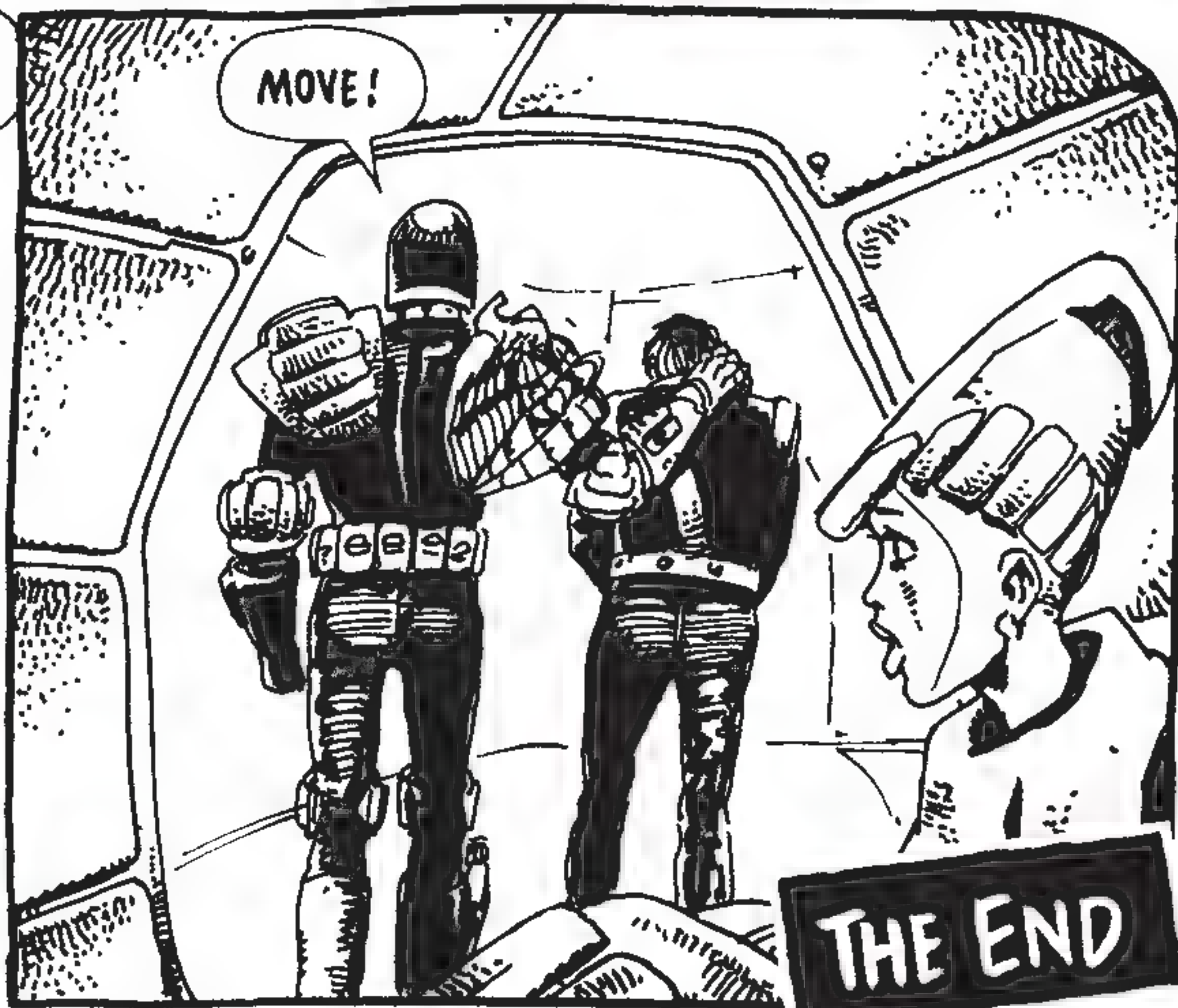
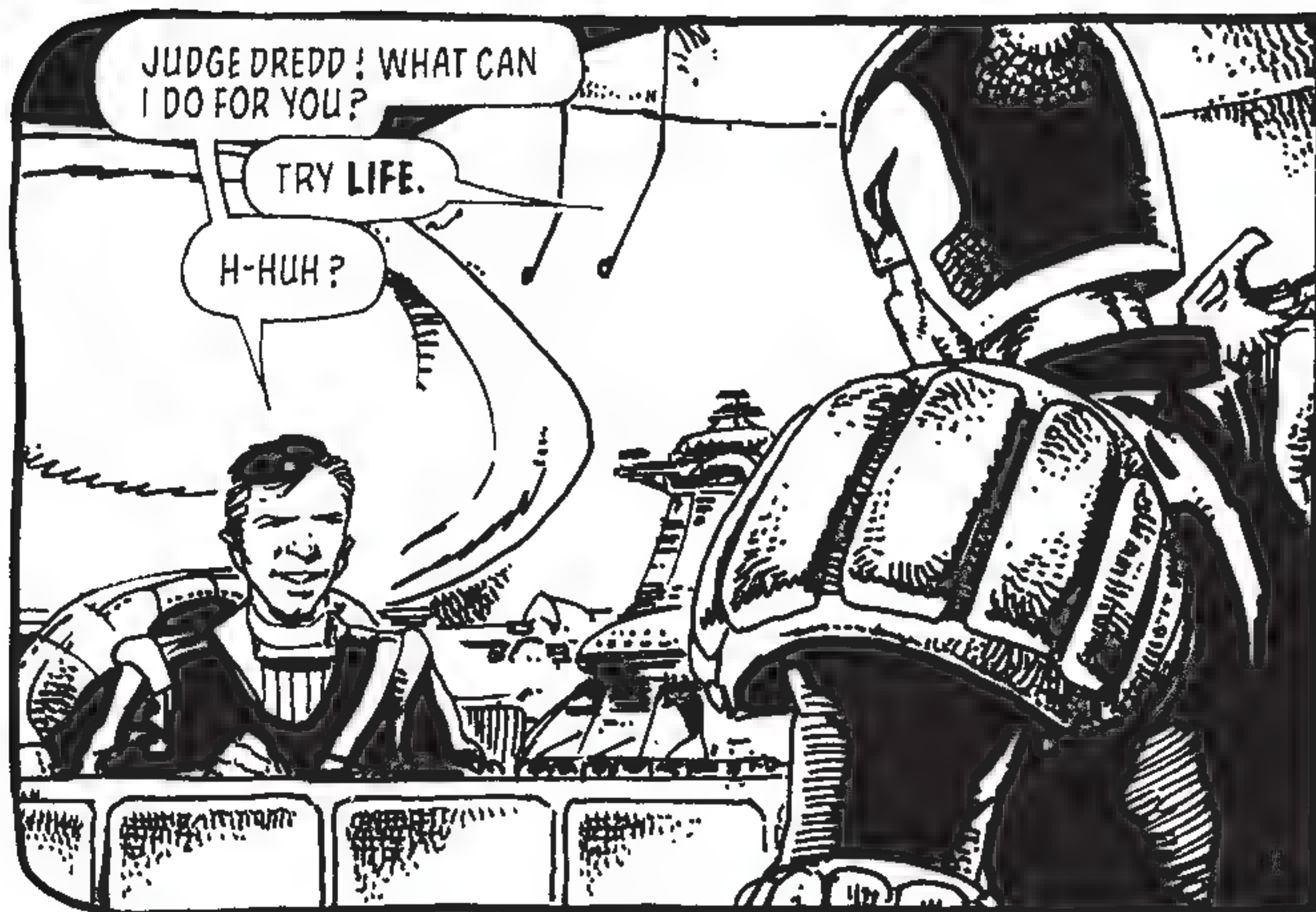
I WANT TO SEE RONAN
ROXBOROUGH.

DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, JUDGE?

DO YOU HAVE A DESIRE TO SPEND TIME IN
AN ISO-CUBE FOR OBSTRUCTION?

HE-HE'S RIGHT
IN THERE!

R. ROXBOROUGH
ARCHITECT



PART 2 OF YOUR ZARJAZ ROBO-WORLD POSTER

PROG 284
2 OCT 82

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.35 Malaysia
50c Australia
28p IR (inc. VAT)
75g Mercury
98g Venus
50g Mars
8g Asteroid Belt
99g Saturn
8g Neptune
1g Pluto

This Prog
18p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

HOWDY!
THIS HERE'S
A HIJACK!



2000 AD No.1: FINAL MICRO-PAGES THIS PROG!

PROG 307
12 MAR 83

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.35 Malaysia
50c Australia
27p IR (inc. VAT)
75g Mercury
98g Venus
50g Mars
8g Asteroid Belt
99g Saturn
8g Neptune
1g Pluto

18P
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD



WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

The only writer to even come close to John Wagner's astonishing *2000 AD* record is, perhaps unsurprisingly, his long-term writing partner **Alan Grant**. With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star Judge Dredd strips – Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, and has also written *The Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *JLA: Riddle of the Beast*, *L.E.G.I.O.N.*, *Lobo*, *Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*.

ARTISTS

Jose Casanovas has illustrated several *2000 AD* strips, including *Judge Dredd*, *Max Normal*, *One-Offs*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg's Dragon Tales* and *Time Twisters*.

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later (with the absorption of *Starlord* into the Galaxy's Greatest Comic) he came to *2000 AD*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce, who appears in several *Judge Dredd* stories. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Mean Arena*, *One-Off*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Captain Britain*, *Deadline*, *Global Frequency*, *Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd* **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Eath Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

**Be PURE!
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